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THE FORUM

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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

WHAT IS AMERICANISM?

Forum Definitions — First Series

SO far only one man has been discovered who protests against THE FORUM's Definition Contest. Above the chorus of approval that greeted our announcement in the March number came this single discouraging voice (and from a cherished friend of THE FORUM too): "You can define 'Americanism' about as successfully as men, in two thousand years of wrangling, have defined 'Christianity'. The best minds have covered the pages of THE FORUM for the best part of a year trying to define the latter; and I wrote a longish book showing that what is claimed as 'Americanism' certainly is *not*. No, no: whoever else in your office thinks that we can get anywhere by definitions, you certainly can't. That's too simple — too easy. Even if the United States Supreme Court 'defined' Americanism, the spirit, and the glory, and the suffering, and all the history that dwell in that word could not be imprisoned in a judicially exact opinion!"

Possibly, — but even if it couldn't, it wouldn't hurt the Supreme Court a bit to have a try. After reading the hundreds of definitions of "Americanism" that have poured into THE FORUM office in response to our invitation, the editors are convinced that

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a useful purpose has been served. In a great number of cases the definitions have been accompanied by comments of which the following is typical: "Here's my feeble definition of Americanism; I was sure I knew what it meant and sat down with the utmost confidence to tell you, but you wouldn't believe how many papers I had to tear up even to produce this humble candidate. Your contest may not succeed in producing the perfect definition, — how can it when America herself isn't yet quite sure what she's all about? — but I can bear witness that it will produce some healthy cogitation. At any rate we shall never know what Americanism is until we stop, think, and compare opinions about it. I can hardly wait for the June number."

Another man writes that the task proved "more fascinating than the crossword puzzle in its palmiest day."

In judging the manuscripts submitted, it became apparent at the outset that it would be virtually impossible to find one succinct definition that comprehended all the shades and meanings that attach to the term. The definitions fell into several groups which the Definition Editor, with the phlegm of his kind, laconically labeled as follows: (1) Dithyrambic (Cherry-tree-Gettysburg-my-country-right-or-wrong); (2) 1776 (Mayflower-Fathers-Liberty-Equality); (3) Earnest (constructive adaptation of inherited principles to modern conditions); (4) Fifty-fifty (holdup gangs vs. uplift ditto); (5) Radical (axe-hammer-tongs); (6) Wisecracks; (7) Cuckoo. The great majority fell into the first three groups.

As was to be expected, many of the most thoughtful and readable manuscripts submitted were not strictly definitions at all, and could not be entered as candidates. Into this class falls an exceedingly neat remark which was offered by Professor Harry W. Ayres as an "aside" to the Editor. "Americanism," he reflected, "is the sum of the emotions which I should experience if I learned my daughter proposed to marry a foreigner. I might be all wrong about it, but it is what I should feel, and I should feel there was something to justify the feeling. O mores!" That is far too vague for the dictionary, but is there any American in whom it does not evoke as clear a concept as the everlasting references to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

The definitions finally selected for publication are not neces-

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sarily the most clever, nor the most original, but those which in the opinion of the editors best cover the whole ground. For most of those selected there are scores which might with almost equal reason have been substituted. Many admirable contributions must go unrecognized. As the object is to offer a composite picture of the things meant by "Americanism" in the public mind, we have in some cases chosen definitions from a minor group which agree in substance though varying in shade.

We now leave the floor to the public:

(1) Americanism is the uncrystallized and murmuring expression of organized America, as she endeavors for her own protection to locate the roadway of her destiny, among the crisscrossing bypaths of all nations. (*Clark Clement, Lemoore, Calif.*)

(2) Americanism: the developed national consciousness of a nation of many races — conceived in an ideal, begotten of the practical, nurtured and grown to manhood in the school of necessity — evidenced in its laws, its customs and in all its pursuits of human activity as a characteristic self-confidence, self-reliance, self-sufficiency, and pride that it as a nation is the best and shall ever remain the best, though quite readily stirred to experiment upon itself in methods of self-improvement by law, well satisfied that so it can work out its own destiny and thus stand as a leader of nations. (*Adelrick Benziger, Denver, Col.*)

(3) Americanism: a word of strictly subjective meaning, denoting our likes or dislikes, according as we like or dislike America. (*Francis F. Davis, New York.*)

(4) Americanism: an idea of loyal patriotism, religious tolerance, righteous freedom, fearless courage, honest integrity, abiding faith in the commanding destiny of the United States, and a fathomless love for the principles which led our forefathers to found this commonwealth. (*Ivan C. Hall, Denver, Col.*)

(5) Americanism: an attempt to secure maximum expression in all directions at once; maximum internationalism and maximum self-sufficiency; maximum spiritual attainment and maximum materialism; maximum freedom of speech and thought and maximum security; and maximum education everywhere, in every way, for, of, and by everybody. (*Elizabeth E. Hoyt, Ames, Iowa.*)

(6) Hardy sons and daughters of Britain, truthful, loyal, adventurous, resourceful, sea-loving, seek new lands and new freedom in America, subdue Indians, cross rivers and mountains, fell forests, till farms. With faith in God and love of home they build churches, schools,

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colleges, in honor of law, of property, of equal duties and rights. From stockades and settlements arise well-ruled towns and states. In the break with the motherland they renew the older choice of their best manhood, their strongest and wisest counselors, — Washington, then Lincoln. Free yet controlled, independent yet united, slow to war yet ready to fight for righteousness. (*Henry Fairfield Osborn, New York.*)

(7) Americanism is *not* identical with Americanitis, that unhappy combination of selfishness and conceit which, shouting "America first!" and purblind to whatever faults America may have, covets a maximum of possessions, prosperity, and influence, with a minimum of obligation to the rest of the world; but genuine Americanism combines, rather, an intelligent and discriminating appreciation of the achievements and the perils of America, and of her transcendent opportunities for greatness and usefulness, with a loyal and unselfish devotion to her ideal development, material, political, social, and moral, including the fulfilment of her preëminent possibilities for world service and international leadership. (*K. P. Harrington, Middletown, Conn.*)

(8) Americanism means: Tolerance to the Tolerant. An excuse for Intolerance to the Intolerant. Glory to the Patriot. A Mask to the Traitor. Tradition to the Brave. A Refuge to the Coward. A Mecca to the Oppressed. Liberty to the Oppressor. Opportunity to the Poor. A Nationality to the Homeless. It symbolizes Party to the Partisan. A Platform to Congressmen. A Rumor to Wall Street. A Plot to Main Street. Rehabilitation to Noblemen. Easy money to Europe. Mixed feelings in Mexico. Extinction to the Indian. An Experiment to God. (*Steve Baker, Lincoln, Neb.*)

(9) Americanism is the heart of the typical American as evolved in a century and a half of American independence. Its roots are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; its flowers are American ideals unsurpassed in beauty and fragrance; its fruits satisfaction and service, progress and peace. (*W. S. Pitts, Brooklyn, N. Y.*)

(10) Americanism is the national inferiority complex of the citizens of the United States. (*H. T. Stowell, Buffalo, N. Y.*)

(11) Americanism consists in knowing America intimately, loving her passionately, and being ever ready to ward off the attacks of her enemies from within as well as from without. It is a sacred word denoting sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others. It is synonymous with genuine patriotism which is founded upon stanch, robust, sterling, self-sacrificing moral character. It means obedience to and respect for our laws and ordinances, and a deep appreciation of our national principles. It is service "For God, for home, for country." (*Patrick J. Shelly, New York.*)

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(12) Americanism is Little Jack Horner enlightening the world. (*T. J. Mosley, Madison, Wis.*)

(13) Americanism stands for world-wide freedom and democracy. It is akin to that age-old, universal yearning to be free from tyranny and oppression, and is not a product of America so much as America is a product of it. Indeed its universality is its cardinal principle and insures the abundant life for all humanity. Wherever a people, tolerant and forbearing, scornful of haughtiness and bigotry, stand together mutually striving to make free to all an equal opportunity to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, there is Americanism pure and undefiled. Americanism is applied Christianity. (*A. V. Curtis, Terre Haute, Ind.*)

(14) Americanism is that marvelous combination of sentiment, optimism, and acumen which permits a great nation to retain a sober face while transacting modern business with the aid of a coin stamped "In God We Trust." (*Valance Patriarche, Winnipeg, Canada.*)

(15) Americanism: the essential character of a nation more versatile and less casual than the English, more shrewd and less intellectual than the Scotch, more ingenious and less melancholy than the Irish, more open-handed and less subtle than the Jew, more stable and less flamboyant than the Italian, more enterprising and less abstractly logical than the French, more nimble-witted and less methodical than the German, more business-like and less spiritual than the Russian. (*Llewellyn M. Buell, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

(16) Americanism: a snarled and frayed string of prejudice and instinct, upon which an amorphous population, suddenly self-conscious, is trying to crystallize a racial character and a national purpose. (*Stanley Frost, Oakland, N. J.*)

(17) Define Americanism? Simple enough! Just find the common denominator for: George Washington, Washington Irving, Irving Berlin; Mary Garden, Mary Pickford, Mary Baker G. Eddy; Henry Ford, Henry Adams, O. Henry; Joseph Smith, Al Smith, Smith Brothers; Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson; Stephen Wise, Jesse Lasky, Oscar Straus; Judge Gary, Gene Debs, Babe Ruth; Jackie Coogan, Marion Talley, Red Grange; Jonathan Edwards, Billy Sunday, Harry Emerson Fosdick, and so forth. (*Llewellyn M. Buell, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

(18) Americanism: the greatest common denominator of vast physical resources, opportunity, greed, and organized philanthropy; Puritanism, Harvard, and the Y. M. C. A; women's clubs, Rotary, and the K. K. K; Roman Catholicism and African Methodism; architecture, plumbing, and shoes; advertising, mass production, and instalment sales; commercialized sports, bootlegging, murder trials, and irrespon-

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sible statements; jazz and the movies; steam, electricity, and gasoline; Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln; Emerson, Longfellow, and Phillips Brooks; Mark Twain, Poe, and Stephen Foster; Robert E. Lee and Theodore Roosevelt; Morgan, Gary, Ford, and Bishop Manning; Edison, the Mayos, Goethals, and the Rockefeller Foundation. (*F. D. Rose, Muncie, Ind.*)

(19) Americanism is Democracy with partisanship; Patriotism without apathy; Liberty with fetters; Faith without question; Free speech with censorship; Enthusiasm without restraint; Religious freedom with the Klan; Progress without parallel; Sincerity with prohibition; Pride without limit. (*A. L. Babcock, Massapequa, Long Island, N. Y.*)

(20) Americanism: the nationalistic catchphrase of the heirs of Jefferson, rising crescendo as they rewrite his last will and testament. (*Hartwell Hatton, Clinton, S. C.*)

Vote for the Winner

Which of these twenty definitions is, in your opinion, the best definition of "Americanism"? At the end of the Toasts in this issue you will find a coupon upon which you are invited to record your vote. If you will cut this out and mail it to the Definition Editor it will be credited to the ballot for the successful definition of "Americanism", which will be reprinted in a future issue along with the most popular definitions of the eleven other terms to be defined.

From a woodcut by J. J. Lankes

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FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST

A QUEER sensation, isn't it, when you've told your favorite funny story, and glance around to find that everyone is looking bewildered, not even "cracking a smile"? Perhaps it's a more basic fault than merely the story; perhaps it is a case of definition, for after all, what *is* humor? There are fifty-seven varieties, — all neatly bottled and labeled, — conscious and unconscious, native, shrewd, quiet, crude, dry, and — wet! But what of the commodity itself? Many people have attempted to define it, with none too conspicuous success. One of the most casual but arresting attempts in recent literary history was that of the late Sir Walter Raleigh who described humor as "thinking in fun while feeling in earnest."

THE FORUM, by inviting its reading public to define common words with ambiguous meanings, is making an honest attempt to induce clearer thinking. "Americanism" has been defined; "Success" and "Immorality" have been announced to follow in turn. And now what is the meaning of

HUMOR

Any one who uses words may enter the contest, our only hope being that he will use them neatly, briefly, and in the sincere spirit in which this contest is being conducted. All definitions must be typewritten; and none will be returned, even though postage be included. Limit your definitions to *one hundred words*, remembering that brevity is the soul of wit and the salvation of time, and that short, epigrammatic remarks linger longest in the mind. Write your name and address plainly on your manuscript, as payment will be made at the rate of five dollars for each definition selected for publication. The Editors plan to publish fifteen or twenty of the best definitions of each term announced.

Definitions of "Humor" must be in THE FORUM office by midnight of July 1, 1926. If received later they cannot be considered for competition or publication in the September number. In fact the sooner you send them in to us, the better.

All definitions should be addressed as follows:

Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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IS A WAR WITH JAPAN POSSIBLE?

NO:

SAYS General Maurice. Through the treaties concluded at the Washington Disarmament Conference the possible causes of such a war have been reduced to a minimum. To occur at all it would have to be a war of aggression, and it is not reasonable to suppose that Japan would commit suicide. Modern warfare depends upon raw materials of which the United States has an overwhelmingly greater supply than Japan. This lack will deter Japan from waging war under the conditions imposed by the Washington treaties.

YES:

SAYS Mr. Bywater. There is the precedent of the Russo-Japanese war. The disparity between Japan and Russia was no less enormous, yet Japan emerged victorious. The disparity in raw materials would be of no consequence in a war between Japan and the United States. Japan would seize the Philippines. She would be impregnable in the Western Pacific. The United States would be forced to exert pressure far from her base of supplies. Under these circumstances it would not be suicidal for Japan to take a chance.

I — THE FACTOR OF RAW MATERIALS

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

EVEN before the Treaty of Versailles was signed, those watchers of the skies who make it their business to look for clouds on the horizon had determined that the Pacific would be the scene of the next storm. Certainly the problems of the Pacific were grave enough. The United States and Japan were those of the world's great powers which had been least exhausted by war. Both indeed had emerged from the struggle with increased prestige and power, and therefore had less reason than others to dread the test of war, while the possible causes of friction between the two were serious. The restoration of peace found Japan with the third navy and the second army in the world, judged by the ordinary standards of comparison in times of peace. This combination of power made her supreme in the Western Pacific. Her islands had become more secure than the shores of the British Isles had been made by the sinking of the German

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fleet, for they were in no danger of attack by air. There was no power in existence which could even contemplate invasion of Japan in any form. The collapse of Russia had left her in a position which could not be assailed.

It was to be expected then that Japan, proud of her history and conscious of her strength, would assert herself more definitely in the adjustment of the world's affairs in the years which followed than she had in those which preceded the Great War. The uncertain political situation in China might at any time give an excuse for another scramble for trade or for territory, and in such a scramble there were many possible clashes of interest between Japan, Great Britain, and the United States. But most serious of all was the colony question, which the Anglo-Saxon races had never squarely faced. Japan might follow a notorious example and demand a place in the sun for her teeming and rapidly increasing population; as the one representative of the colored races on the Council of the League of Nations she might legitimately regard herself as the champion of their rights and interests. She might refuse to submit to the declared immigration policy of the United States and of Australia. She might even, from a desire to assert openly her equality with the white powers, attempt an extension of her control of the Western Pacific into a domination of the whole ocean.

These then were seeds which might grow into a formidable crop of trouble, and the prophets of woe received the more attention partly because of the existence of opinion, which has long subsisted, that the real Armageddon will be fought between the white and the yellow peoples, and partly because of the apprehension that the Mongol races in general, and the Japanese in particular, are inscrutable and strange. The feeling that we had done something unnatural and even that we had betrayed our trust to humanity by allying ourselves to Japan was by no means negligible in the United States, and the relief and satisfaction, when we terminated our alliance in favor of an agreement with Japan to which the United States as well as ourselves were parties, was both real and widespread. The happy conclusion of that agreement at Washington in 1921 caused what the diplomatists call a marked *détente*, but recently those who still see causes of trouble in the conflict of interests in the Pacific have again begun to express their anxieties,

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and one of them, Mr. H. C. Bywater, whose writings on the problems of the Pacific are well known, has recently worked out the course of a possible struggle between the United States and Japan (*The Great Pacific War*).

The Washington Conference was called primarily to bring about a limitation of naval armaments, but a very cursory examination of that problem showed that the sphere in which the interests of the three chief naval powers met was the Pacific, and that before an agreement to reduce armaments could be reached, it was necessary to regulate the outstanding questions in the Pacific in which the three powers were interested.

The provisions of the Limitation of Armaments treaty which was at the time regarded with the most satisfaction by those who were looking eagerly for the establishment of a reign of peace in the Pacific, was that contained in Article XIX. By this article the United States, Great Britain, and Japan agreed that the *status quo* at the time of the Washington Conference with regard to fortification and naval bases should be maintained. As is now well known this article was deliberately so drawn as to exclude Singapore, just as it excluded for the United States the Hawaiian Islands. The two British naval bases within the Western Pacific, Hong Kong and (temporarily) Wei-hai Wei, were both out of date and unsuitable for use by battleships, so that under the terms of this article the nearest effective bases would be for Great Britain, Singapore, when completed, and Sasebo for Japan, these being 2600 miles apart; for the United States, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and for Japan, Yokosuka, these being 3300 miles apart.

One of the chief causes of apprehension had been the extension during the preceding twenty-five years of the territory and of the naval power of the United States in the Pacific, and, when as a result of the Great War, Japan obtained mandates for the administration of the former German islands north of latitude 5°, it was felt that two of the chief rivals in the Pacific were steadily drawing nearer, and that a collision was becoming very probable. The conclusion of an agreement which kept the naval bases of the three chief powers as far apart as the width of the North Atlantic was therefore a cause for congratulation, and there was a widespread impression that the possibilities of collision had been eliminated. To this impression Mr. Bywater gives a direct chal-

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lenge in his imaginary description of a Pacific War, and, as far as a landlubber may be permitted to judge of such things, he seems to me to have made out a very good case. He has worked out his naval war without requiring either side to do the impossible, and he has eventually brought the main fleets of the United States and of Japan into battle in mid-Pacific. The argument that the separation of naval bases by a sufficient space will of itself prevent naval war has always seemed to me to be somewhat thin. It did not prevent Rodjestvensky from challenging the Japanese fleet in its own waters, and though the consequences were to him disastrous, they were not solely due to the fact that he had brought his fleet from Europe. Recently an American fleet has visited Australia and New Zealand, and the admiral in chief command has reported that as a result of that experiment he is satisfied that he could maintain his battle fleet at sea for four months. A far shorter period than this would suffice to bring about a fleet action in the Pacific, and when every allowance is made for the differences between the conditions of peace and war it cannot be said that the agreement as to the maintenance of the *status quo* in regard to naval bases in the Pacific has removed the possibility of naval war in that ocean.

The agreement is, however, very far from being useless. It has prevented that kind of competition in preparation for war, which each side regards as defensive for itself and provocative in its neighbor. Without it the United States might well have insisted on the necessity of having a base for battleships in the Philippines as a means of assuring the safety of those islands, and Japan might equally have found that the erection of such a base required her to establish one of the same kind in Formosa. Dangerous rivalry of this nature has been prevented, while as long as the *status quo* is maintained it is out of the question for Japan, no matter how large or how efficient her army may be, to invade the mainland of the United States, and it is equally out of the question for the United States, no matter how many millions of men she may be able to raise and train for war, to invade the main islands of Japan. I have already referred to Japan's complete security in the Western Pacific. It is probably her growing sense of this security which has caused her to make very substantial reductions in her army during the past few years. In 1913 the peace

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strength of the active army of Japan was 285,800 of all ranks; in 1925 the corresponding figures are 212,643, a reduction of more than 70,000 men. These figures certainly do not indicate that Japan's policy is to rely upon the strength and efficiency of her land forces to compensate her for the relatively inferior position as regards battleships which she accepted at Washington.

As long as the present situation lasts, a war between the United States and Japan must be in the main a naval and air war, and though, as Mr. Bywater explains to us in his book, it is not at all beyond the bounds of possibility that Japan should be able to seize the Philippines, yet the decision of the war must be at sea. As compared with the Great War, the loss of life in such a war would be small, and therefore the immense superiority of the man power of the United States would not be a factor of prime importance. But the wear and tear of material would be tremendous. It would be a war fought out over vast spaces of ocean, and the chances of damaged ships being able to crawl home for repairs, as they did from the battles of the North Sea, would be small. Since neither side could follow up the victory at sea by a blow at the other's heart, the war would only be brought to an end by one side deciding that it was not worth while to continue it, or more probably when the power of one side to replace losses at sea had come to an end owing to the exhaustion of manufacturing resources and of raw materials.

We have then reached the position in our examination of the Washington treaties as a means of preventing war in the Pacific, that these agreements which relate to China must be considered, in view of the disturbed conditions in that country, to be in a state of suspension, and that the agreement of the preservation of the *status quo* as regards fortifications and naval bases is not sufficient of itself to prevent war, but that it could give to war in the Pacific a special and peculiar character. It remains to consider the most important of the Washington agreements, the Four Power Pact, concluded between Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan. These powers agreed to "respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean". They also agreed that "if there should develop between any of the High Contracting Powers a controversy arising out of any Pacific question and

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involving the said rights which is not satisfactorily settled by diplomacy and is likely to affect the harmonious accord now happily subsisting between them, they shall invite the other High Contracting Parties to a joint conference to which the whole subject will be referred for consideration and adjustment." This treaty remains in force for ten years from the time it shall take effect, that is from August 1923, when it was ratified, and after August 1933 it may be terminated at twelve months' notice, which makes it effective at least till August 1934.

Now it is obvious that any aggression or threat of aggression by Japan against Australia, a danger some persons fear as likely to arise out of the policy of a "white Australia", becomes a Pacific question within the terms of the treaty. It is further obvious that in the extremely improbable event of Japan attempting such aggression without referring the matter for "consideration and adjustment", she would be guilty of breaking her pledged word, and in danger if she did so of bringing herself into conflict not only with Great Britain, but also with the United States and France. It happens also that Great Britain, Japan, France, and Australia are all members of the League of Nations, and Japan would therefore run the further risk of finding herself declared under Article XVI of the Covenant an outlawed nation. The outstanding difficulty in the way of the application of Article XVI to a Great Power has hitherto been the fact that the United States, a great maritime and commercial power, is not a member of the League, but that difficulty is in this case solved by the fact that the United States is a party to the Four Power Pact. Therefore if the cynics are permitted to attribute to Japan an almost inconceivable moral obliquity and bad faith, it would seem that nothing short of sheer lunacy in her rulers could induce them to bring about a war in the Pacific by aggressive action in support of a claim to populate Australia, and one of the Pacific bogies becomes a hollow turnip lit by a guttering dip.

It may however be fairly argued that a dispute arising out of claims for concessions or territorial rights in China is not a "Pacific question", within the meaning of the Four Power Pact, and that is probably the reason why Mr. Bywater has ignored that Pact in devising the causes of a conflict between the United States and Japan. He makes his war begin in March 1930, that is

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four years before the Pact ceases to operate, if it should be denounced by one of its signatories. Has the state of China, then, so far nullified the aims and objects of the Washington Conference as to bring a conflict between the United States and Japan once more within the zone of political probabilities? It is difficult to conceive of any action of the United States which would force Japan to take arms in self-defense. The policy of the United States as regards China has been consistently that of the "open door", while as regards immigration she asserts her right to determine who shall be settlers in her territories. An attempt by Japan to upset this policy by force connotes aggressive action; indeed it is only by prompt and aggressive action that Japan, militarily the more prepared of the two, could hope to succeed against a power with the immense latent resources of the United States. That is to say, the choice between peace and war rests in almost any imaginable set of circumstances with Japan. In what circumstances could war appear to the statesmen of Japan to offer advantages commensurate with its risks?

Japan could no more expect to conquer the United States than she in 1904 expected to conquer Russia. The most she could hope to do would be to make the United States see, as she made Russia see, that it was not worth while to continue the struggle. As I have explained, such a war must be mainly a naval war, that is to say a war in which the power to keep fleets at sea, to reënforce them, and to make good the losses of battle would be of paramount importance. Now, as Professor C. K. Leith has pointed out, the production of steel, the essential material for naval war is practically confined to the Atlantic Basin. "Of the world's steelmaking capacity over ninety per cent is confined to three regions; the United States centring for the most part about the lower Great Lakes; northeastern England using both local ore and coal; and the Ruhr and the adjacent parts of northeastern France." Of coal suitable for the manufacture of steel about two-thirds of the world's supply comes from the same regions. The United States produces about sixty per cent of the world's copper, and sixty-five per cent of the world's oil. I take from the 1925 edition of the *Statesman's Year Book* a few comparative figures of the production of the United States and Japan in a few of the essential raw materials of war:

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	United States	Japan
Pig-iron	40,361,000 tons	78,000 tons
Steel	45,000,000 tons	nil
Copper	950,000,000 lbs.	100,000,000 lbs.
Bituminous coal	422,000,000 tons	27,000,000 tons (mostly unsuitable for coking)
Petroleum	23,500,000,000 gallons	60,000,000 gallons

In fact a war between the United States and Japan would be a war between that one of the Great Powers which has the largest supplies of raw materials and the most highly developed industries applicable to the purposes of war, and the Great Power which has the least of both.

But it may be said that Japan could draw from Europe the steel she would require, just as she does now for the building and maintenance of her large navy. For this she would have either to lay in sufficient stocks of raw materials before the war came or be assured of a regular supply from the Atlantic Basin. The laying up of stocks for a war which would exhaust the patience of the United States is not a possibility. It could not be done secretly and would involve a financial strain which Japan is not capable of enduring. The importation of stocks from Europe during war could only be with the good will of Great Britain. Now, whatever casuists may argue as to the literal interpretation of the clauses of the Four Power Pact, its spirit is clear. Its intention is that disputes arising in the Pacific should be referred to discussion by conference. As a party to that Pact we would not be in the least likely to support the Power which went to war without reference to a conference. Nor is it in the least probable that Japan, realizing her dependence on Europe for raw materials of war would venture to proceed to extremities with the United States without first assuring herself at least of our benevolent neutrality.

On all these grounds, despite the anxieties to which the uncertain outlook in China must give rise, a Pacific war in the sense of a war involving the United States and Great Britain is amongst the least probable of the dangers to which the world is at present exposed. May I conclude by saying that I have throughout this article assumed for purposes of argument that Japan would have designs which I do not think she would be at all likely to entertain.

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II — THE RUSSO-JAPANESE PRECEDENT

HECTOR C. BYWATER

WHENEVER the question of a Pacific war is mooted, Japan and the United States are instinctively visualized as the principals. This is a suggestive thought. By pondering its implications we arrive at the circumstantial fact that Japan and the United States are, in effect, the most probable adversaries in a duel, not for the command of the Pacific, — for so vast a tract of sea can never be brought under the rule of any one Power, — but for the control of a limited area of the Pacific, within which, however, political and economic interests of the first importance are concentrated.

The purpose of this short paper is not to dwell upon outstanding differences between the two Powers in question, but to consider a thesis which has been advanced to support the view that they can never, under any circumstances, come to blows. Briefly it is this. Modern naval warfare demands an immense expenditure of material, especially steel, coal, and petroleum; of these materials America has an inexhaustible supply, while Japan's reserves are strictly limited; therefore, having regard to this disparity, Japan would never dream of going to war with America. The syllogism is plausible without being wholly convincing. Its initial argument obviously has reference to the history of the World War, on the course and outcome of which productive resources did undoubtedly exercise a decisive influence. It does not follow, however, that all wars are governed by this factor to the same extent. Take, for example, the Russo-Japanese conflict of 1904. The material assets at Russia's disposal were so incomparably superior to those of her antagonist that had the issue depended on this element alone, Japan's defeat would have been a foregone conclusion.

Between the conditions under which that war was fought and those that would obtain in a struggle between Japan and the United States there is an analogy close enough to merit careful study. When Japan challenged the mighty Russian Empire in 1904 she seemed, in the judgment of friends and foes alike, to be courting certain destruction. She had practically no reserves on

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hand to repair her losses in war material. Her industry was not yet competent to build large warships or manufacture heavy artillery. Her navy was almost entirely of foreign construction, and if a ship above the light cruiser class were sunk it could not be replaced while hostilities lasted. Her stocks of coal, iron, and other commodities indispensable to the prosecution of warfare seemed altogether inadequate for a prolonged campaign. Financially, too, she stood at a grave disadvantage with a treasury none too well-filled, whereas the Russia of those days had abundant cash and credit at command. For these reasons a Russo-Japanese war had long been scouted as impossible by many observers in the West. When, notwithstanding their predictions, the impossible happened, they hastened to explain that everything would be over in a few weeks, owing to the exhaustion of Japan's resources. Yet the war continued for nineteen months, and though Japan towards the last was approaching the limit of her endurance, she was able to keep her navy and army supplied with all needful requirements right to the very end.

The error into which the prophets had fallen was in confusing potential with actual resources. Russia was never able to deploy more than a relatively small part of her strength in the war zone, which lay at an immense distance from her centres of production. Had she had the prescience to double-track the Siberian Railway beforehand, the war would probably have ended differently. As it was, all her combatant material, men as well as munitions, had to be conveyed over six thousand miles of single railway track. Great difficulty was experienced in making good the wastage at the front; with all her efforts she at no time succeeded in bringing more than a fraction of her potential force to bear on the enemy. Japan, on the other hand, fighting on her own ground, was able to throw into the contest every ounce of weight she possessed. Russia fought with one hand tied, Japan with both hands free. Such is the explanation, — so far as the material element is concerned, — of Japan's victory over an opponent whose resources immeasurably outweighed her own.

A future war in the Far East, with Japan and the United States as the belligerents, would be waged under conditions not very dissimilar. In this connection the term "Far East" is used advisedly, for it is certain that Japan would confine her major

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activities to the Western Pacific, where she enjoys all the advantages of position. Fundamentally the problem confronting the United States would be one of transport. While it is impossible to forecast Japan's opening move with complete assurance, the consensus of professional opinion is that she would attack Guam and the Philippines in overwhelming force, perhaps simultaneously. If these territories were occupied by her in the first month of the war, as there is good reason to suppose they would be, she could await the American riposte without undue misgiving. From this point onward we must of necessity give rein to conjecture. It may be that the United States, recognizing the peculiar difficulties of its position, would follow the line of least resistance by initiating peace negotiations. But it would have to reckon with public opinion, which would naturally regard such action as a confession of defeat. If "victory at any price" became the national slogan, the authorities would have no choice but to prosecute the war regardless of cost.

In that event they would be faced with the problem of bringing superior force to bear at a point far removed from American territory. Japan's main line of defense would run from the Kurile Islands to the Philippines, with advanced positions in the Bonin, Caroline, and Marshall Islands. It would be America's task to break through this line and secure a firm foothold on ground within easy striking distance of the Japanese coast. In no other way could victory be achieved by armed force. It is often stated, however, that America would win the war without firing a shot, by remaining strictly on the defensive in her own waters, refusing to be drawn into military adventures oversea, and employing her vast wealth to destroy the credit of Japan and reduce her to bankruptcy. Even if this were feasible, the process would be a long one, and it is questionable whether the patience of the American people would survive the strain. Japan in the meantime would be sweeping the Western Pacific clear of American ships; it is even possible that her long-range naval craft would raid the American seaboard and harry coastwise trade. She would certainly leave nothing undone to exasperate her enemy, and in these circumstances the Washington Government would in all probability be compelled by the pressure of public opinion to adopt a more active military policy. This, to be effective, would

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entail the despatch of a great expeditionary force across the Pacific, with one or more of the Japanese islands as the objective of attack. The distance to be traversed would be anything from two to three thousand miles, according to the objective selected, and nowhere along the route would a friendly base be available. Moreover, the expedition would be in constant danger of attack by Japanese submarines after leaving Hawaii, and each day's progress towards the West would increase the desperate hazards of the voyage. Every movement of the force would be observed and reported by Japanese patrols operating from the numerous islands which flank the line of approach from the East, while the American commanders would be entirely in the dark as to the enemy's plans and the location of his main fleet. The annals of war afford no parallel to an enterprise so desperate, or one so devoid of reasonable prospect of success.

It is difficult to say how, in the emergency thus pictured, the United States would derive any special military advantage from her boundless resources in iron, steel, copper, coal, and petroleum. She might, of course, create new fleets and armies on a gigantic scale, but unless they could be brought into contact with the enemy their creation would be so much wasted energy. Japan, on her part, would have no need to make heavy inroads on her material reserves. With a navy quite powerful enough for the work it had to do, it is unlikely that she would embark on a large shipbuilding program. Given adequate supplies of fuel for the fleet, she could await developments with equanimity.

We see, therefore, that in relation to a conflict between Japan and the United States, the question of material resources is less important than it is often assumed to be. To count upon Japanese inferiority in this respect as a positive guarantee against war in the Pacific would surely be unwise. The peace of that ocean is not menaced at present, nor need the shadow of war ever darken its waters if the peoples of East and West practise a mutual forbearance and strive to cultivate a better understanding of each other's domestic problems. If, however, they neglect this duty, choosing rather to pursue invidious national policies regardless of neighboring interests, the danger of an armed clash will be very real, nor will it be mitigated by the superficial superiority of one party or the other in the raw materials which feed the furnace of war.

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THE PERSECUTION OF JEWS IN EUROPE

S. Miles Bouton

The Problem of Anti-Semitism — IV

SINCE the war, even in America, anti-Semitism has been gaining ground rapidly. This feeling has reached its greatest intensity in Germany, where it is estimated that three quarters of the population are at heart antagonistic to the Jews. This writer believes that anti-Semitism is due, not to the fact that the Jews rejected the founder of Christianity, but to the fact that they are by nature internationalists. He suggests means of reducing to a minimum this animosity which endangers the peace of the world.

NO man who knows conditions in Europe to-day can fail to become cynical when he recalls that the World War was avowedly fought to make the world safe for democracy. That millions of upright men believed this to be the purpose cannot alter the fact that this war, or rather the peace that ended it, fanned into flame again embers of racial hatred long believed extinguished, placed hundreds of thousands of Europeans under national yokes that gall and oppress them, and filled the Old World with new breeding places of animosities and probably of future wars. In a half dozen of the new States created by men who did not know the difference between Silesia and Cilicia racial minorities are to-day being harassed and persecuted, denied rights which an enlightened democracy regards as inalienable, treated as citizens of the second or third class. It is again being demonstrated, — what some of us have long known, — that guarantees given to such minorities are not worth the paper they are written on, no matter who the guarantors may be. Peoples liberated from long oppression turn with burning zeal to the oppression of others and employ against these the methods which they learned from their own former masters.

Chief of all these oppressed minorities is the race that has for more than twenty centuries been the object of oppression in all the Eastern world — the Jews. Seldom before in all the years of his sad wanderings has Ahasuerus found so many hands lifted against him as now. A bitter anti-Semitism came into existence in Poland as soon as the German armies had freed the country from the Russians. Even in America anti-Semitism is undoubtedly gaining ground rapidly.

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Strong though anti-Semitism is in nearly all European countries, it has nowhere else reached such heights as in Germany. Its beginnings there go far back. On January 1, 1745, during the second Silesian war, Maria Theresa, Empress of the Holy Roman Empire, which included most of present Germany except Prussia, decreed that "we have for different, very important reasons decided to tolerate no Jews henceforth in our Kingdom of Bohemia." Frederick the Great, who was not least great in his spirit of toleration, employed Jews in many important matters of state, but from the beginning of the nineteenth century anti-Semitism grew steadily and became a real force in the eighties and nineties under the leadership of Stoecker, the court preacher at Berlin.

"The Jews are such a pest that they should be rooted out as one roots out vermin from a bed," said Stoecker in one of his sermons. The head rabbi of Berlin read this sentence to his congregation on the following Sabbath, and said: "Truly, a most Christian spirit." The Jewish Democrats and Socialists of Germany, who are to-day foremost in abuse of Kaiser Wilhelm II, have forgotten that immediately after this sermon the Kaiser announced the dismissal of Stoecker, saying that he could not tolerate a court preacher who attempted to set one class of the people against another.

To-day two political parties, represented by more than thirty-one per cent of the total membership of the German Reichstag, are outspokenly anti-Semitic. A further ten per cent, although containing a few so-called "national German Jews", are also at heart anti-Semitic. The Socialists with more than twenty-one per cent of the Reichstag's deputies, and the Communists, with more than fourteen per cent are in theory strong opponents of anti-Semitism. A considerable part of the Socialist leaders and a majority of the Communist leaders are Jews. And yet, when violent food riots took place in the overwhelmingly red Dresden three years ago, the rioters and looters advanced with cries of "Down with the Jews!" The anti-Jewish excesses committed in Berlin in 1924 occurred only in sections inhabited by the laboring classes, and the great majority of the rooters there as in Dresden, probably at least ninety per cent, were either Socialists or Communists. The situation in Bavaria is still worse. Deny it though

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they may, at least three quarters of all Germans are at heart anti-Semitic.

The recrudescence of anti-Semitism is regrettable not merely from a purely human standpoint; it has a material political importance full of menace for every State where it is found, and above all for those European States that are already rent and dissevered into scores of contending political factions. The situation demands urgently that attempts be made to find a solution of the problem, but to make this possible it is necessary that an inquiry be made into causes. What are they?

Most commentators, and especially those in America, are ready with their answer: the Jews are persecuted because they crucified Christ and rejected His gospel. The answer commends itself by its simplicity, but it will not bear investigation. Anti-Semitism long antedates the birth of Christ, and it had become a tremendous force long before the Christians were a factor anywhere. It is estimated that at the time of the conversion of Constantine the total Christian population of Rome did not exceed five per cent of the whole population. Anti-Semitism had grown up without the least connection with Golgotha. Nor was it the Jews' refusal of religious communion and social intercourse alone, but "a number of causes" that had brought about the situation. This is equally true to-day. There is no such feeling against Mohammedans, none against other "infidels" anywhere, none against agnostics, none even against atheists. A religious factor does enter into the situation, but in quite a different significance than is generally realized. It is this:

The Jews' rejection of Christ as God gave their Christian opponents in every land a powerful propagandistic weapon. Here at last was a tangible pretext, and one that became steadily more efficacious as Christianity gained ground. Since then anti-Semitic feeling has been strongly furthered by appeals for vengeance on those who rejected the Head of the Christian Church. But attacks based on religion were merely the wind that fanned an already burning fire.

Another argument against ascribing anti-Semitism to religious causes is the fact that, whereas the world has grown vastly more tolerant in religious matters in the last two decades, the feeling against the Jews has both grown bitterer and infected steadily

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widening circles. And, perhaps most astonishing of all, it has done this in the face of a steady strengthening of Jewish influence over the organs that make or affect public opinion. The entire moving-picture business is in their hands, and also the great majority of theatres everywhere. In every country they have increased their hold on the newspapers. With unimportant exceptions the whole Communist, Socialist, and Democratic press of Germany is owned and edited by Jews, and one finds Jewish editors and reporters on the staffs even of German National papers. They dominate the learned professions. No other race ever possessed such great opportunities for making and molding public opinion. Yet anti-Semitism increases.

It will not do to deny the existence of any real fire behind this smoke. There is a big fire.

I have spent many years in anti-Semitic centers in Europe and have discussed the problem of anti-Semitism repeatedly with leading thinkers of those countries. Nothing is more certain than that they do not think even remotely in terms of religion. Unquestionably the keener intelligence of the Jews, their acquisitiveness, and their amazing success in the world of finance and business do play a part, although anti-Semites of the educated classes are often unconscious that they are at all affected by envy, and would indignantly reject the imputation. But it is none of these things that is at the bottom of the new wave of fierce anti-Semitism that is to-day sweeping over Europe and particularly Germany.

What is back of it is the fact that the Jew is the original internationalist. International Socialism was founded by Jews and developed by Jews. A disproportionately great part of its leaders, not merely in Germany, but in every country on the European mainland and in America, are Jews. The three great revolutions of the World War, — two in Russia and one in Germany, — were carried through exclusively by red internationalists. The great majority of the red rulers of Soviet Russia belong to this race. Chief rôles in the German revolution were played by Joffe, Russian Jew, Oskar Cohn, German Jew, and Rosa Luxemburg, Polish Jew. Almost exactly one per cent of Germany's population in 1918 consisted of Jews, yet two of the six members of the revolutionary cabinet were of that race, — thirty-three and a

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third per cent. All four members of the first Workingmen's and Soldiers' Council for Greater Berlin were Jews. A Czechish Jew who was not even a German citizen was put in charge of the archives of the Foreign Office. The most important posts in the German and Prussian cabinets were handed over to Jews, and they furnished the chiefs of police in Berlin, Frankfort-on-Main, Munich, and Essen. Kurt Eisner constituted himself President of Bavaria, an overwhelmingly Catholic and patriotic State. In all Germany it would have been impossible to find a single revolutionary governing body, large or small, in which Jews did not hold at least a quarter of all the offices, and in many places they were in the majority. Hindenburg, three score and ten years old, who had devoted his life to the service of the Fatherland for less money than any moderately successful commercial traveler earns, was summoned before a revolutionary tribunal, appointed to inquire into the causes of the war, and insultingly questioned by Oskar Cohn, who had accepted Bolshevist money to betray his own country.

The leader of the Communist revolt in Hungary was Bela Kun, another spelling for Cohen. The men at the head of the bloody Soviet uprising in Munich in April, 1919, were a Levi, a Levien, and a half dozen other men of the same race. The scenes that disgrace the German Reichstag and the Prussian Diet with monotonous regularity are staged by men and women named Scholem, Katz, Wolffenstein.

From the day of the collapse in November, 1918, every German patriot has seen in international Socialism the factor that dragged the German Empire down from power and grandeur to powerlessness, degradation, and misery. Tens of thousands of Russian exiles in various European lands see in this Jewish internationalism the reason for the fact that they are in exile and that their fatherland is destroyed. To-day this point of view is held by the vast majority of all Germans, whether monarchists or republicans. Only Socialists and a fraction of the German Democrats to-day refer proudly to "the glorious revolution". In the mouths of nearly or quite three quarters of the whole people the phrase has become a bitter sneer. In every European State whose continued existence is problematical the same fear and hatred of internationalism dominates all patriotic men and women. It

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would be remarkable if, in the circumstances, the whole body of Jewish people did not have to suffer as a result.

This persecution of internationalists is no new thing. No one familiar with the history of the Roman Empire during the first three centuries of the Christian era can have failed to note that the Christians were persecuted not because of their religious faith, but because of their rejection of national patriotism. Their example and teachings were subversive of all government as men then understood it; they were a continuing danger to the very existence of the State. They were not persecuted because they rejected the gods of Olympus. The Romans themselves had begun doing that a century and more before the birth of Christ, and the Pagan religion had long been even ridiculed by leaders of Roman thought, — ridiculed, too, with complete immunity. The Christians were persecuted because they were internationalists.

Note, too, this further significant thing: when the Christians secured possession of the temporal power they assumed the same attitude formerly held by Pagan rulers and patriots, and the Jews succeeded to their places as the whipping-boys of the world. Then, and not until then, did the Jews' rejection of Christ become a ground for anti-Semitic propaganda. But it was never, except for a brief period in the Middle Ages in Europe, the reason for anti-Semitism.

I adduce here a striking instance to bear out my main contention. In Sweden the leaders of the Socialist party are all Swedes. I do not know a single Jew who is prominent in the party, although a considerable number of that race live in Sweden. And there is no anti-Semitism in Sweden.

Other particular factors play a part in Germany. The Jews are reproached with having furnished a much smaller percentage of front soldiers than was furnished by the Aryan Germans. The charge is true, but the reproach attached to it is unjustified. For one thing, centuries of ghetto life have lowered the physique of the Jews and left little of that amazing fighting spirit which their ancestors displayed in the days of the Maccabees. For another thing, they were much more valuable behind the trenches as organizers and for clerical work. The much touted organizing ability of the Germans is a myth, resting solely on the fact that

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the Germans are the most organizable people in the world. German organizing talent is Jewish.

Another factor in Germany is the fact that the country has been inundated since the war with the lowest class of ghetto Jews from Poland and Galicia, and that these furnish the great bulk of receivers of stolen goods, counterfeiters, forgers of passports, and other shady practitioners. Of course no one ought to hold the cultured Jews responsible for this, but they have to suffer vicariously, just as I must bear patiently the sneers of better-class Europeans whenever some human being is lynched in the cultural backwoods of my native country.

That there is a base side to anti-Semitism cannot be denied. A strong factor is beyond doubt envy. This feeling is chiefly responsible for the attitude of the uneducated and the poorer classes in general, those that institute impromptu pogroms. Such people are less moved by any feeling of patriotism than by the spirit that lies back of all class-warfare, — the hatred of the have-nots for the haves.

As long as the world indulges in racial hatreds, so long will its disarmament conferences be futile and its talk of universal peace only words spoken against a hurricane. Least of all can it afford to embitter and persecute a race which furnishes an utterly disproportionate share of great scientists, physicians, jurists, musicians, and poets, and whose genius dominates the world of finance and business. A remedy for anti-Semitism must be sought. Is there one?

Lettland has sought it in legislation permitting Jews to vote at elections only for Jewish candidates, and limiting their representation to that percentage of the whole which Jewish citizens bear to the whole population of the State. The rabid anti-Semites of Germany would exclude them from the franchise utterly and make them ineligible to hold any governmental post. The Association of Nationally Minded Jews (anti-Zionists) summons Jews everywhere to abandon all that distinguishes them from Gentiles, except their religion, to forget the destruction of Jerusalem, and to give their full and undivided allegiance to the land in which they live, wherever that may be. The Jew in Germany, says Max Naumann, one of their leaders, "must be a German in his feelings, not a German with reservations, not a German from case to case,

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but a German once and for all." And the same rule must apply in every State.

Another school of thought among the Jews themselves goes back to the famous Rabbi Schemaiah, who said to his people: "Love work, eschew domination, and hold aloof from the civil power." A modern Jewish writer has said:

> The Jew becomes dangerous when he builds up political doctrines, . . . and when, blind and not knowing what he is doing, he tries with the zeal of a prophet to force these doctrines upon unwilling nations, believing that he is bringing them salvation, but actually bringing disintegration, destruction, and, finally, repulsion. All the great madness of our times, communism, pacifism, and whatever the aberrations of modern days may be called, — all have been formulated by Jews, believed in by Jews, propagated by Jews with the passion of fanaticism. Get out of the government. Leave the ministers' seats and the woolsack, cease all political activity in nation, State, and city.

Whether this would extinguish anti-Semitism need not be discussed, for it is a counsel of perfection and impossible of execution. But there is a bitter truth in it which all Jews would do well to take to heart.

Another thing, too, is certain: the characteristics, whether mental, moral, or physical, that are responsible for anti-Semitism cannot be successfully combated by the methods of the anti-Semites. Faithful are the wounds of a friend and powerful to do good, but the reproofs of an enemy harden the heart and stiffen the neck. Both sides must take a new course: the Christians must practise their religion, the Jews must abandon their "obstinate hatred" to all others which was mentioned by Tacitus nineteen centuries ago.

One other remedy lies solely in the hands of the Jews. Even Gentiles who reject anti-Semitism feel that a greater percentage of Jews than of other races are over-boastful, over-loud, aggressive, sordid, lacking in consideration for others, and without the finer graces that make social intercourse pleasant. At the risk of hurting feelings it must be said that this feeling has much foundation of fact. The qualities enumerated are understandable and perhaps even inevitable in a race that has come up so mightily from persecution, ghettos, and legal disabilities, but that is beside the question. And even if the percentage of disagreeable members of other races should turn out to be quite as large, it is to be re-

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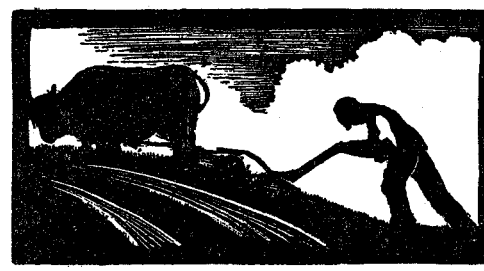
membered that these other races do not betray their nationality by their appearance. But the Jew does thus betray himself, and his every offending piles up new animosity against his race.

A few Americans spent the war years in Germany. Their speech and bearing marked them as foreigners. Most of even the loudest and most aggressive among them learned eventually to conduct themselves with great circumspection, not to seek a disproportionate share of anything, to conform to the laws and customs of the land and to help the suffering of the country whose hospitality they were enjoying. But an occasional American would have none of this. He made the eagle scream on every occasion, talked English loudly in public places, boasted, disregarded customs and social usages. "Naturally," said the German; "A damned Yankee." And the sins of this man were visited on his fellow countrymen. So it is with the Jewish minority in every country. Let them imagine that they are living in a hostile land, — no great stretch of imagination in most European countries. Let them remember that when one of their number transgresses, albeit such a transgression as can be noted every day on the part of the Gentile population, it is not the individual but the race that must suffer for it.

The situation is by no means hopeless. Not the least encouraging thing is the fact that it has within the last few years become possible for a Gentile to discuss anti-Semitism with a Jew. Even twenty years ago that would have been as impossible as to refer to spinal diseases when talking with a humpbacked man. A beginning has been made, small though it may be. The work must go on.



From a woodcut by Clare Leighton

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SHORT SKIRTS

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

SOME of the abbreviated dresses worn by women to-day would have caused a panic in the streets twenty years ago. Does that mean that women have become depraved? This has been the opinion handed down from many a pulpit. It can however be argued that the idea of immorality is closely allied to the idea of shame; and that, having got rid of a good deal of shame, we have attained to a higher degree of moral health than prevailed in Jane Austen's day when woman had only one preoccupation. To-day she has many.

ONE lovely afternoon in June, some twelve years ago, I was passing under the Admiralty Arch in London, out of the bustle and roar of Charing Cross, into the comparative quiet of the Mall and St. James Park. It was a warm day, very warm for London, and the sunlight seemed to dance on the leaves of the plane trees, and catch up a soft mist from the earth. I was walking along and enjoying it all with that quiet satisfaction a Londoner feels when his London is running true to form, when, suddenly, looking up I saw a woman turning out of one of the little side roads leading to Birdcage Walk, and coming towards me. The moment I saw her I almost stopped where I stood. She was obviously a woman of grace and refinement, beautifully gowned in the mode of the day, save for the outrageous fact, — for so it seemed to me, — that the sleeves of her dress were completely transparent from the wrists to the shoulders.

Well, it was a shock, but I pulled myself together, and was walking on without, I hope, any undue exhibition of emotion when I noticed to my regret that several of the passers-by were not acting with a like restraint. First one here and one there, quite frankly stopped to look after her. Then they began to follow her. Then the small crowd, with its inevitable snowball tendencies, began to draw a large crowd, and before she had gone fifty yards some fifty people must have been following her. I shall never forget the look of bewildered terror which came over the girl's face when she realized that she was the centre and cause of it all. She quickened her pace, but so did the crowd; then some small boys began to jeer, some youths began to jostle her, and it was easy to see what would happen. Before I knew what I was doing I had pushed my way through the crowd, enlisted the services of the inevitable policeman stationed at the corner of

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Spring Gardens, and between us we got the half fainting girl into a taxi. The rôle of knight errant was new to me, but I carried it through with an efficiency which surprised myself, and by the time I had deposited her at Queen Anne's Mansions, where she was staying with her father and mother, she had tearfully explained to me that they had just arrived from New York, that every woman in New York was wearing that kind of dress, that she never could have dreamed that such a thing would happen, and that she would never get over it.

I could not help recalling this incident very forcibly, last year, when on a very similar summer day in June, I found myself once again passing under Admiralty Arch out of the whirl of the motor busses into the blessed greenery of St. James Park. Everywhere one looked, dotted about the lawns, under the shade trees, walking along the Mall, leaning over the bridges across the Long Water, and feeding the ducks, were girls, not in gowns with transparent sleeves, but in gowns with no sleeves at all; in gowns that did not come an inch below the knee; in gowns devoid of necks and only very transparently supplied with backs.

Well, I remember, I hired a chair from an ancient but watchful attendant at the price of twopence, and, taking it under a tree, sat down and watched it all. Ten years before, one lone girl clad after a fashion, which at that moment would have been regarded as almost Quakerish in its modesty, had created something bordering on a panic in this very place; women had openly dubbed her a hussy; men and boys excited by the brazenness of her costume had openly followed her, with intentions which were not honorable, and more undemonstrative passers-by had wondered what the world was coming to.

And this was what the world was coming to, — bare arms, bare knees, bare necks, and, yes, bare backs too. What *was* it coming to? And yet, as I looked out from my Olympian seat under the tree, I could not help but note how unconcerned everybody seemed about it. It may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that the air was purer and cleaner than it had been ten years before, as if an unholy pressure had been relieved, and impudent hocus-pocus shorn of its imaginary power. Legs were everywhere, arms were everywhere, necks and backs by the round dozen and score were everywhere, and yet the men and boys passing back

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and forth were going about their daily walk and conversation just as if nothing were happening, just as if the world around them was not coming to anything out of the ordinary, after all.

And so, as I sat under my tree I thought of many things, and I remember recalling how, several years ago, a great artist told me an interesting story. We were talking about this very matter of women's dress, and how entirely it was a question of the point of view. He remembered, he said, one day when he was a young art student that a curious thing happened at the life class he was in the habit of attending. The model was a young girl of singular refinement and beauty of form, and the class was drawing her undraped figure. She was a good model, and had been sitting motionless for half and hour or so, when, suddenly glancing upwards, she saw the face of a man peering at her through the skylight. She had been posing for half an hour before a class of fifty men, yet when she saw this face at the skylight, with an outraged cry, she threw a wrapper around her shoulders, jumped from the platform, and withdrew in tears to her dressing-room.

Now the artist has always been regarded as necessarily a man of looser morals than the man who follows some other calling. It is an absurd assumption, of course, but it arises from the fact that the average human being, dragooned into a show of "respect" for the "mysteries" of women's dress cannot conceive of anyone who does not give the rap of a button for it as anything but immoral. The fact is, of course, that artists are not less moral than other men, but have, on the contrary, gained a certain measure of freedom from that incubus of mystery which makes for, as it is intended to make for, the excitation of desire. The human mind resents the acquisition of this freedom. Whatever this so-called life force is, which, as Bernard Shaw says somewhere, takes us by the scruff of our necks and compels us to create after its kind, it will fight every step of the way against any movement tending to shake off the shackles of mere animalism, and make for a larger and higher interpretation of life.

A hundred years ago the "womanly woman" had perhaps reached her most "womanly" expression. The women of Jane Austen's day were almost completely preoccupied with questions of sex. They had it for their every thought. They sewed a little, cooked a little, read French a little, played the harpsichord a

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little, languished a great deal, had the vapors whenever necessary, and, as a last resort, went into a decline. But whether they sewed or played or had vapors, it was always with some very gallant gentleman or gentlemen in view. And as to the very gallant gentlemen, they were so gallant that a chance view of my lady's ankle was sufficient to put them into a cold sweat, while anything more was sufficient to persuade them that they had been transported out of the world of everyday life into the half-world of everyday life, which existed, a hundred years ago, just as it does to-day, and just as it had done since the beginning of time.

I remember as I sat on that twopenny chair under the shade trees in St. James Park asking myself if after all it was a degenerate age in which I was living. A boy and girl passed by, taking a short cut across the grass towards the water. He was a healthy looking youngster, with a sunburnt laughing face and curly hair, and she, free and lissome, kept pace with him. In dress she was everything she ought not to have been, according to the standards of a dozen years ago. According to the standards of Jane Austen she was nothing but a wanton. As I watched them, they suddenly went up in smoke, and in their places I saw my lady and her gallant gentleman of a hundred years ago. They seemed to have only one thing in common, one thing to talk about, one reason for existing. And he bowed over her little hand, and she blushed underneath her ringlets, and the great preoccupation of all the ages was enthroned with power. Next moment they had gone their way, and the boy and girl of this present hour of grace were back again. They had stopped in front of me, and he was kneeling on the ground and supporting her foot on his knee, tying her shoe string and they were both laughing. "Well," she said as she steadied herself with her racket, "it was a pretty even fight, but I won, fair and square, didn't I?"

It was a pretty even fight. The words came to me with a strange new revealing. I remembered too, some twelve years previous, in the days just before the war, I had sat with one of the leaders of woman's suffrage, and debated with her the whole question of the "liberation movement", as we called it then. They were burning churches throughout the country, in those days, blowing up bridges and doing all manner of things they ought not to do, and the cry of sex warfare was to be heard on all sides. Yet this

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mild-voiced, mild-mannered woman insisted to me that the one aim and purpose of it all, however little men and women seemed to be conscious of it, was equality and coöperation. "We must have equality and we must have coöperation, because only thus can we obtain completeness, and that is after all what we are all seeking, and must one day attain."

And so, as I sat there under my tree, and the sun began to sink down behind Constitution Hill, and the ancient but watchful attendant began to pile up his vacated chairs, I seemed to get a new light. In spite of the fulminations of so much constituted authority, I began to see this younger generation as "some holy thing". It is a conviction that has grown in strength ever since. Every woman is a potential man, and every man is a potential woman. The woman of to-day may not have envisaged this as something to be demonstrated; she is, nevertheless, setting about its demonstration. With unerring, if unconscious wisdom, she is doing the first things first, she is getting rid of the mystery of the flesh. It may appear to her very often as an exaggerated form of sex indulgence. The arbiters of fashion may think that like a homeopathic dose every attenuation adds to its potency, yet the man who twenty years ago was fired by the suggestion and mystery of the clothed form finds himself unmoved in the presence of so much nakedness, because it is unashamed.

The point is a fundamental one. Last summer I was in Paris. I had not been there since the war, but in the days before the war I had known Paris well. From a little front room in the Rue Descartes, in the Quartier Latin, I had seen the world go by, and fared forth at all times of the day and night to mingle with it. Every phase of Paris life fascinated me, and so, when I came back to it, last summer, I sought to mingle with it again. Change of course had been everywhere, but that is away from the point; what is to the point is just one experience, — a visit I paid one hot August evening to the Casino de Paris. The great theatre was filled to overflowing — with Americans. Fathers and mothers from, — to judge from the conversation around me, — every State in the Union were there with their families; college students, boys and girls, schoolmarms and maiden aunts, a very respectable and utterly wholesome crowd. They were out in search of adventure; they thrilled with the thought of being real devilish.

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Often had they heard and read of the terrible things that were to be seen at such shows and here they were actually going to see them. Some of them looked as if they wished they had never come. "Momma" was obviously disturbed; "Poppa" obviously determined to see the thing through; "Son" tingling with wild expectation; "Daughter" triumphant. Directly behind me was a family party from Vermont, and I shall never forget the despairing gasp which came from the mother of the party and a maiden aunt when the curtain rose on the first scene. It was a masterpiece of color and light, but as each successive girl mounted the dais, and, throwing aside a gorgeous wrapper, posed unclothed from the waist up, these two sterling women could see nothing in it but an outrage on decency.

Now, I am not concerned to defend such shows, — I really dislike them, not because of the shows themselves, but because of the audience, — but I am concerned with their effect upon the audience. The first hour at the Casino de Paris was atrocious. The audience was an indecent audience; but gradually a change was noticeable. The horrified gasps, the semi-hysterical giggling, the "Land's sakes!" the "Good nights!" died away. The mother from Vermont became silent, and I had almost forgotten about her when the curtain went up on a scene which was supposed to be the climax. It represented the interior of a Roman bath. Whatever may be thought of such exhibitions, there can be no doubt that it was a perfect picture, a Leighton, a Collier, or an Alma Tadema. The lighting, the setting, the faithfulness to detail, the draped or half draped figures of the women, their pose and movement were all characterized by a very excellent restraint. Suddenly, at the top of the marble steps leading down to the bath a young girl appeared; she paused for a moment, and then, throwing aside her wrapper, descended the steps, unclothed, to the water's edge.

And then I became conscious that Momma was speaking.

"My, isn't she just beautiful," she said happily.

"She sure is," was Poppa's reply.

I looked round at Daughter; she was looking straight in front of her, and for some unaccountable reason, her eyes were filled with tears. Then I glanced at Son; he was holding sister's hand. I could not help asking myself then as I have often asked myself since, —

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had these people risen or fallen in the scale of morality since they entered the theatre? They had surely risen. They had gone to look for darkness with a candle, and behold there was no darkness.

The incident to me is typical of this day and age. The lack of morality is not in the nakedness but in the shame, and the shame grows less day by day. The question of sex is really occupying thought far less to-day than at any time in history. Where a hundred years ago a woman had but one preoccupation, to-day she has a hundred. And so when a Prince of the Church declares, as he did recently, that he is shocked at "the unparalleled depravity of woman's dress", and declares that he is "at a loss to explain the universal decadence which has swept over the world", the woman of to-day is apt to answer him shortly enough. Some time ago, I was in a street car, in a far western city. Two young girls came in, and took a seat diagonally across from me. They were evidently returning from some afternoon concert, and were animatedly discussing the program. Almost opposite them sat what can only be described as a simpering youth. As one of the girls crossed her legs, and displayed a pair of sturdy bare knees, the youth simpered still more. He tried to attract her attention, and finally did, but the next moment, collapsed. The expression of contempt on the girl's face was most successful and the most potent I have ever seen.

That expression of contempt is on the face of woman, to-day, whenever she is faced with the prurience of man, and man is rising to the demand that woman is making upon him. The struggle is ever towards completeness. For the most part, it is a blind struggle, the instinct of the leaf that turns towards the light, but just in proportion as it becomes more conscious, does its success become more rapid. For untold centuries, men and women have been seeking this completeness materially, but the more surely do they through such means scale the heights, the more certainly are they hurled from them into the depths. "Who told thee that thou wast naked?" is still the demand of Reality from those who, through the ecstacy of the senses, have sought to achieve the heaven of completeness.

No transitional period is desirable for its own sake, and as far as the relation of the sexes is concerned, we are passing through a period of transition, a period in which license is, more often

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than not, mistaken for liberty, and old time "faiths" vanish in a peal of laughter. And the laughter is the most wholesome thing about it. The surest way for the world to rid itself of the hocus-pocus of sex is to laugh at it.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land.

Well, the lady has come, and she is standing. And her skirts are short, and her arms are bare. As to her back, I cannot see it, for her face is towards me; but on her face, upturned to the light of her lamp, is shining the glory of a new era.

THE YOUNG POETS

OUR garden isn't all hearts-ease and phlox;
There are weeds enough, we know, and barren rocks.

But still we sink our spades and scatter seeds
And pitch aside the rocks and hoe the weeds,

For where there's soil to dig and folk to hoe,
Warm rain in spring, in winter crisp, clean snow,

There, some day, in a cup of tangled green,
A single perfect flower may be seen.

— *Harbor Allen*

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First View of New York - from a Drawing by Kryn Fredericks in 1626

1626 NEW YORK 1926

Drawings by E.H. Suydam

FOUNDED by the Dutch in 1626 on the Indian site of Manhattan, later to be acquired by the English in 1674 and named New York; this little Dutch Village of Nieu Amsterdam is today the largest city in the Americas and the most marvelous in the world. Arising almost magically from its surrounding blue waters, stretching its long fingers of granite and steel into the very dome of the heavens, inhabited by peoples from every corner of the earth, the air quivering with the electric energy of the new world, this is indeed a wonderful city

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The Old Dutch City Hall demolished in 1700, situated at Coenties Slip and Pearl Street. The building at the left was the home of Governor Lovelace

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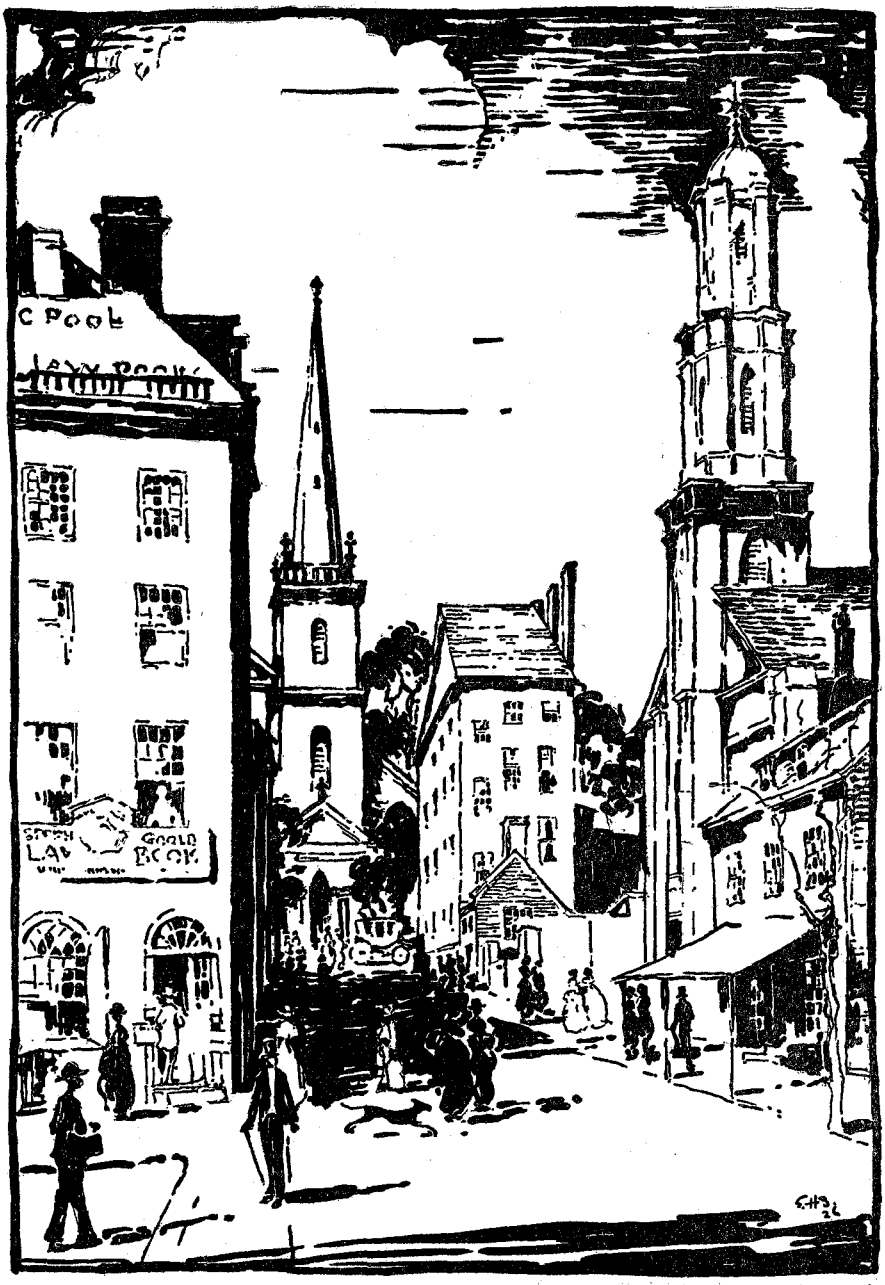

Wall Street looking toward Broadway about 1825. Back of the building on the left was Josiah Hoffman's office where Washington Irving studied law

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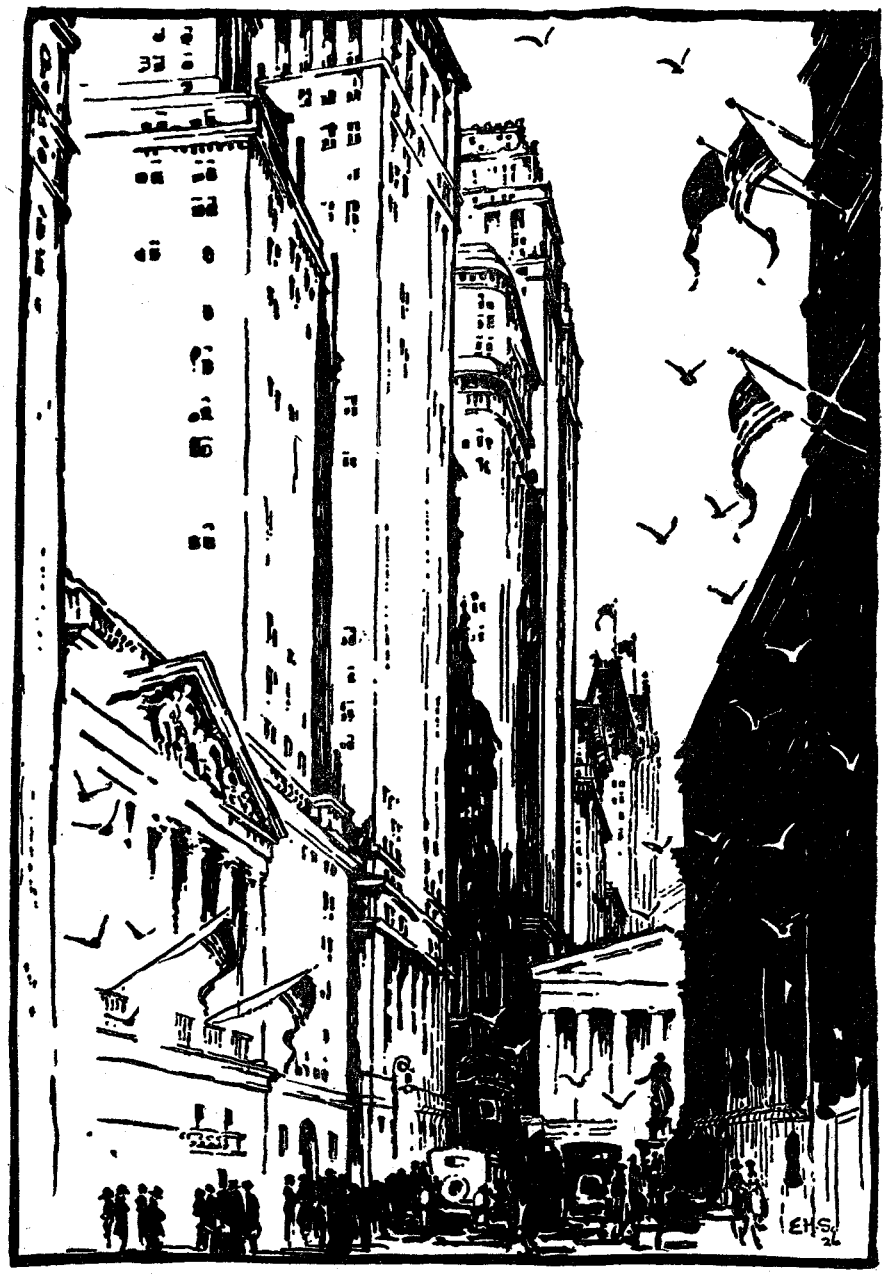

Broad and Wall Streets to-day. The stock exchange is on the left, the Subtreasury appears in the distance, and on the right is the home of Morgan & Company

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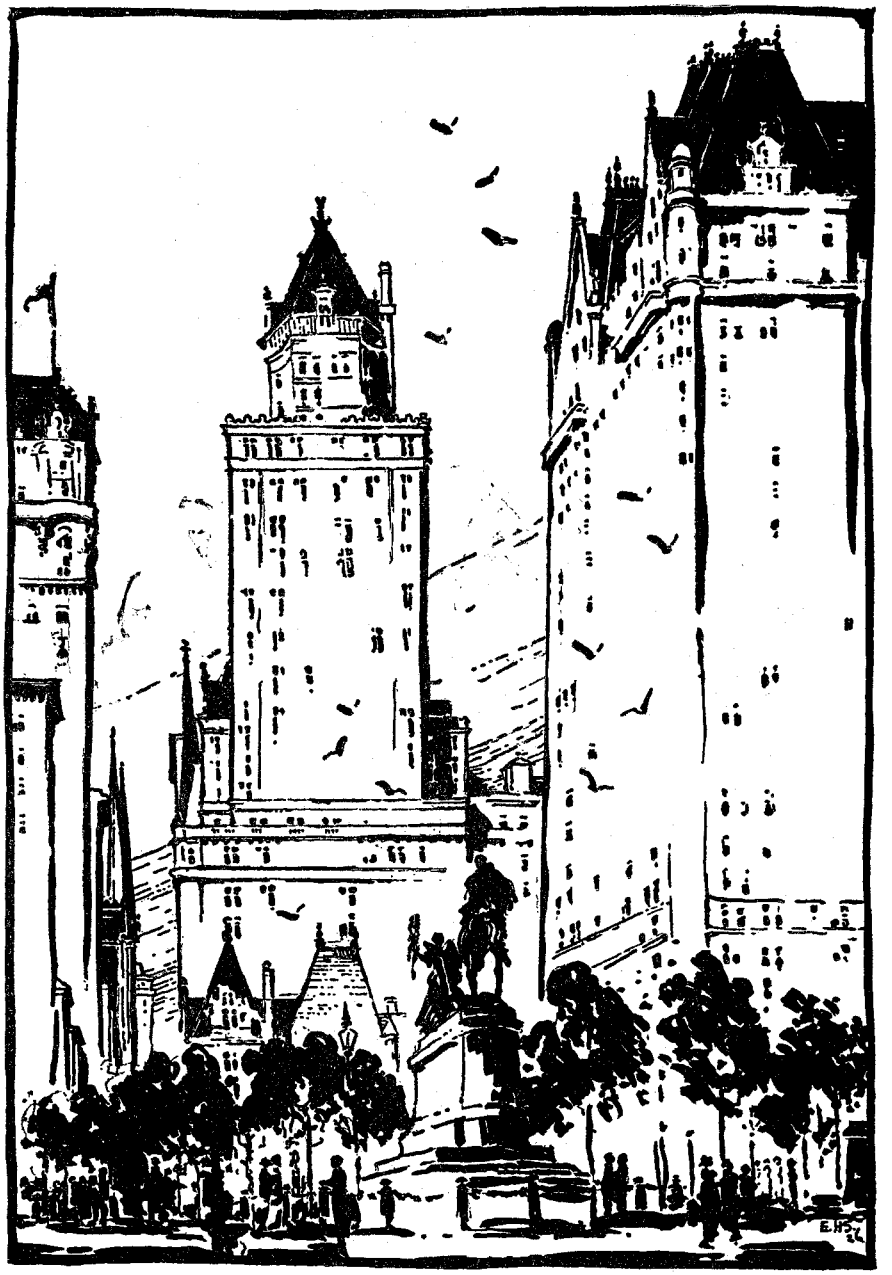

The Plaza. The Pulitzer fountain and St Gaudens' statue of Sherman are here. On the right is the Plaza hotel. The Vanderbilt home is in the middle distance

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FACTS OF THE EVOLUTIONISTS

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

"FANCIES OF THE EVOLUTIONISTS" was the title of an article in the February number in which John Roach Straton issued a challenge to the directors of the Natural History Museum. Dr. Osborn now carries the conclusions of former articles a step further, setting forth what he believes to be convincing evidence of the geologic antiquity and creative evolution of man. Of major interest are his arguments in support of the theory that man has belonged to a family of his own for an incalculable period of time.

THE purpose of this article is not to reply to the recent attacks upon my scientific character and integrity but to set forth clearly the rapidly accumulating evidence of the geologic antiquity and creative evolution of man. The outstanding irrefutable facts are the following: First, that man with a human form and human attributes has been on the earth over 500,000 years, according to the least estimates of geologic time. Second, that man belongs to a family of his own, called the *Hominidae*, which has a history entirely independent of all other families for an incalculable period of time, — two and a half millions of years at the least geologic estimate. Third, that this human and prehuman family, composed of the existing and prehistoric races of man, has from the first divided into many branches more or less rapidly progressive and intelligent. Fourth, that we have indisputable records of the early dispersal of these branches in central, southern, and eastern Asia, in all except the northern parts of Europe, in the British Isles. Fifth, that our present knowledge both of the anatomical characters and of the cultural unity of even the earliest known branches of the human race points to descent from a single geologically remote human stock, the blood and heritage from which constitute a prehistoric brotherhood of man. Sixth, that convincing evidence of these outstanding facts of early human history rests, first, on the indestructible flint and stone industry interpreted; second, upon absolutely consistent anatomical evidence clearly interpreted by four generations of expert and conscientious observers drawn from the ranks of laymen, of learned professions, and of the clergy, especially of the Catholic Church.

From this it follows that our present knowledge of the prehistory of man rests upon one hundred and thirty years of ex-

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tremely difficult and often baffling research. The Hall of the Age of Man in the American Museum of Natural History presents an epitome of this long voyage into the unknown and an assemblage of all the positive facts established by discoveries in all parts of the world, which give us flashes of the truth. The very arrangement of this exhibition has cost ten years of continuous effort; repeated journeys to Europe to verify the documents of human prehistory at first hand; strong persuasion to secure casts and other replicas of original materials so unique and precious that they are hoarded in safes like the holy relics of certain of the saints; international and scientific pressure to examine certain materials jealously guarded even from scientific view by their owners; profound and painstaking independent researches on the foot, on the jaw, on the skull, on the teeth, of such character that a single fragment may tell a story as conclusive as the cuneiform inscriptions on a Babylonian cylinder.

To the well-intentioned but unenlightened mind this century and a half of worldwide search for the fossil remains of man and of his animal contemporaries, as well as the days and nights of self-denying labor directed to the decipherment of these baffling cuneiform inscriptions of human history, these Rosetta Stones of antiquity, mean absolutely nothing. To such a mind a half cranium like that discovered in the gravels of Piltdown or in the river sands of Trinil, Java, is merely a bit of shattered bone to be thrown aside as worthless or irrelevant. But to the human and comparative neurologist who is devoting an entire lifetime to the study of the human brain, this fragment of bone reveals, through a cast of its inner surface, the entire anatomy of the brain, its approximate capacity, the configuration of its convolutions, the courses of the arteries and veins which traverse its surface, the proportions of its various parts, the relative development of those areas which control the movements of the hands and limbs, of other areas in which lie the higher centres of idealism and of imagination, and of still other centres which in the human brain control the faculty of speech. Thus the brain casts of the Trinil, of the Piltdown, of the Neanderthal man, when examined by methods slowly developed by man through centuries of research, extending back to the times of Galen and of Aesculapius, are by no means blurred or indecipherable documents like the palimp-

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sests of many sacred writings, but are absolutely unchallengeable records as clear as daylight to the man who has learned how to read them, although absolutely baffling and confusing to the unenlightened.

Nor has there been any conspiracy either of silence or of scientific prejudice, in the original significance of the word *praejudicium*, in forming advance or biased judgments or of inclining to observe certain facts which further a preconceived theory and ignore other facts. On the contrary, every one of these fossil documents of human history has passed through a double baptism: first, the widespread human inertia and reluctance to incorporate a new idea, a reluctance shared both by the laity and the clergy; second, widespread reluctance on the part of a majority of scientific men to accept discoveries made by other scientific men,—witness the tardy acceptance of the first discovery of Neanderthal man, its rejection even by Darwin and by the master anatomist Huxley, its long battle for scientific recognition which came finally in the discovery of remains of an exactly similar human skull-top at Spy, Belgium. Even after Spy there were scientific doubting Thomases who declared that complete skeletons must be secured. Finally a complete skeleton was found, — the most perfectly preserved Neanderthaloid known, — at La Chapelle-aux-Saints, by the Abbés A. and J. Bouysonnie and L. Bardon, and several other skeletons at various sites.

But still there remain the doubting Thomases who will not allow us to reconstruct Neanderthal man, although we know every bit of his bony anatomy and every corner of the surface of his brain. Exactly so with the Piltdown man discovered and worked out through a decade of unparalleled labor by Sir Arthur Smith Woodward of the British Museum; in all the annals of human scientific endeavor there is no parallel to the persistence, patience, and conscientiousness of this paleontologist, who day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, minutely examined these most baffling Piltdown gravels in search of additional fragments of the Piltdown head in order to verify his original statement that the chimpanzee-like jaw belonged with the thoroughly human cranium. Nor was he encouraged by a chorus of praise from his fellow anatomists; on the other hand, he met every possible discouragement on the part of the scientific

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men. My own skepticism in the matter very nearly cost me my lifelong friendship with him, because he felt very much hurt by it. Now when he visits the excavation in the Piltdown gravels where he worked for ten years he points with satisfaction to the very spot where Osborn stood when he recanted and finally admitted that the chimpanzee-like jaw belonged with the human skull!

There has been even less conspiracy of science in favor of any given theory in the case of the Trinil race. A skull-cap and thigh-bone discovered in Java in 1891 received a name signifying "ape-like man" from Professor Eugen Dubois of the University of Amsterdam; this announcement was received with a storm of incredulity and few expressions of approval; the bony relics were locked up in the Professor's cabinet and no one was allowed to see them; beautifully prepared plates were not published. Finally the writer took the matter up with the Dutch Academy of Science and with the Minister of the Netherlands at Washington as a source of international regret that these human documents should not be opened to further research; and at last Dr. Dubois sent a cordial invitation to the American Museum of Natural History to participate in original research, promising a beautiful series of casts made under his direction and reserving for himself only the study of the femur, on the characters of which was based his deduction that the Trinil ape-man stood erect. Professor McGregor of Columbia University, one of the most conscientious and painstaking anatomists in the world to-day, was sent out by the American Museum on this invitation; he rendered a report of convincing accuracy: first, that the Trinil race belongs in the family of man (*Hominidae*) and not in the family of apes (*Simiidae*); second, and most significant, that the brain capacity is greater than Dr. Dubois at first supposed, namely, 940 cubic centimeters, and consequently is not only much larger and more indicative of intelligence than that of any anthropoid ape, but lies above the limit of the most primitive human types, — 930 cubic centimeters. Thus the Trinil race, after many hardships and vicissitudes, comes into its own; it is a veritable "missing link".

Connected with the Trinil man is one of the outstanding discoveries of the last decade, namely, that man has a long and noble ancestry of his own, extending back into the "corridors of time", to use John Finley's expression, so remote that we need

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not in the least concern ourselves about the anatomical resemblance and similar blood reactions which connect us on the one hand with the higher anthropoid apes and on the other with the lower monkeys. This ancestral chain of human distinctness is hundreds of milleniums in length; the 500,000 years of the Age of Man which separate us from our human ancestors of the Foxhall race of Norfolk, England, are only a fragment of the whole period of time. It may be confidently asserted that for a period of at least two million years man has constituted a separate family.

But we must return for the moment to our chief subject, — the authenticity of the documents of human prehistory and the great scholars to whom they owe their decipherment. Among these scholars whose names adorn the honor roll of anthropology in France, none is more illustrious than the long line of Catholic priests and abbés whose researches and scholarship have notably added to our knowledge of fossil man. This tribute is so important at the present time, when human evolution is before us as an alleged but not real enemy of religion, that we deem it worthy of presentation in some historic detail.

The Abbé Louis Bourgeois (1819–1878) rector of the seminary of Pontlevoy, Loire-et-Cher, was the first to present and develop the problem of the eoliths in 1863. He discovered near Thenay in fresh-water deposits of the upper Oligocene a great quantity of "flints shaped by human agency"; on these grounds he supported the idea of human beings already living during the age of mammals pursuing an industry in stone implements that had attained considerable development, and already acquainted with the use of fire. The Abbé Delaunay collaborated with him in these researches.

The Abbé Ducrost, in collaboration with Dr. Lartet, published in 1872 in the Archives du Musée d'Histoire Naturelle de Lyon the results of the excavations of the station of Solutré, in which he had participated with the discoverer of the site, Dr. Adrien Arcelin, and H. de Ferry. The Abbé Ducrost continued these investigations up to his death. A sensational discovery which he considered of greatest importance was "a sepulture surrounded by great blocks of stone arranged in a sort of large oval, in the middle of which was a human skeleton with typical Solutrean leaf-points, a figuring (reindeer carved in soft stone, fossilized reindeer bones,

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etc.)." This sepulture, discovered and reported by the Abbé in 1868, and considered by him to be dated beyond question, has unfortunately been lost trace of.

It required the coöperation of three enlightened French priests to reëstablish and complete our knowledge of the Neanderthal race, namely, the two brothers, the Abbé A. Bouyssonie and the Abbé J. Bouyssonie, and their friend, the Abbé Bardon. These three friends discovered on August 3, 1908, in the small low cave of La Bouffis Bonneval, near La Chapelle-aux-Saints, the most perfect skeleton known of the Neanderthaloid race, excavating it from an undisturbed deposit containing Mousterian flint implements, shells, and remains of woolly rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, and bison. In the published account of their discovery they attributed the human skeleton to the Neanderthal race, which judgment was later confirmed by Dr. Marcelin Boule after exhaustive study of the specimen.

Padre Lorenzo Sierra is a distinguished Spanish archeologist, noted for his discoveries of Paleolithic caves in the Cantabrian Mountains of northern Spain.

We now reach the names of the two most distinguished men to-day in the prehistoric archeology of Europe, the Abbé Henri Breuil, assistant director of the great Institut de Paléontologie Humaine in Paris, and the Abbé Hugo Obermaier, professor of human prehistory in the University of Madrid. To the former we chiefly owe the masterly volumes covering the industries, paintings, and sculptures of the upper Paleolithic period in France, culminating in the zenith of Magdalenian art; to the latter we owe the most extensive explorations in Spain and in France of the whole period of human occupation, which culminated in his volume, *Fossil Man in Spain*, published in Madrid and translated by the Hispanic Society of America, and in the second edition (in Spanish) of *El Hombre Fósil* (1925).

This brings us to the most recent phase of human prehistory, namely, tracing man back to his ancient home, — not in Mesopotamia or near Mount Ararat, but in the high central plateaus of northern China and Mongolia. The first step in this direction was taken by Père Licent, a Jesuit missionary, who discovered the flints of Ordos; the second step was taken by Père Teilhard de Chardin, professor of geology in the Institut Catholique de Paris,

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who in 1923 discovered at sites in China and Mongolia human industrial remains, together with fossilized bones of animals, many of which are extinct.

The writer has had the privilege of personal association with several of these distinguished French archeologists of the Catholic faith: with the Abbé Hugo Obermaier in an ever memorable journey through the prehistoric monuments of northern Spain; with the Abbé Henri Breuil into the recesses of all the principal prehistoric caverns of France, — the archeologist who begins his day in his abbé's dress in religious devotions and then dons his rude miner's costume and lamp for descent into the often perilous recesses of the caverns.

The second great generalization following that of the almost unimaginable antiquity of the human family is that this family has spread from a possible centre in central Asia southwards into southern Asia and the East Indies, westward into western Asia and Europe, dividing into several distinct branches which more or less rapidly diverged from each other, which became more or less progressive and intelligent according to the demands made upon them by their environment and life-habits, and which consequently retained more or less of that extremely remote ancestral form which links man with the other primates. Apart from the theoretic existence of many human and prehuman branches arising in the struggle for existence in different parts of the vast region from the Island of Java in the southeast to the Island of Britain in the northwest, we have human and prehuman documents which afford incontestable proofs of this branching and divergent nature of human origin. It is true that these documents are extremely rare, but it is also true that they in each case consist of the very parts of the skeleton which yield the most convincing testimony. Thus while the protruding eye-ridges of the Trinil man remind us of the beetling brows of certain of the anthropoid apes, the large and relatively well-developed brain tells a different story.

So with the few relics of the Piltdown race: the very smooth, non-projecting forehead, the very thick bony walls of the skull, the relatively large and convoluted brain, testify to the power of speech and justify Smith Woodward's appellation of "dawn-man", the English equivalent of the Greek *Eoanthropus*. Whereas

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the Trinil race belongs indubitably at the base of the Age of Man, the Piltdown race constitutes a complete distant branch of the human family which occupied Britain either early in the Age of Man or during the close of the Age of Mammals. Thus it is possible that the Piltdown race is of Tertiary age, like the unknown race which fashioned the flint implements and made the fireplaces of Foxhall in Norfolk, England. The Foxhall race is thus far known only by its flint implements and by its fireplaces, but these are sufficient absolutely to convince the leading anthropologists of France, Breuil and Capitan, that Foxhall man is of Tertiary age and that its minimum antiquity is more than 500,000 years.

To sum up as to the early branches of the human family: first, we know the exact age of the Trinil "dawn-man" (a far more appropriate designation than "ape-man", since his supposed position intermediate between the apes and man has been disproved); we know much of his mental and physical make-up and that he belongs to an erect-walking race, not to a climbing arboreal race. Second, we know the mental calibre of the Piltdown man. Third, we known the habits and industries of the Foxhall man, although as yet we do not know his brain structure. Fourth, next above this is the Cromer man, who fashioned giant flint implements along the British coast; he too is known only by his industries or works. Fifth, either contemporaneous with the Cromer man or somewhat less ancient is the Heidelberg race, known by the massive jaw, which shows a strong kinship to the jaws attributed to the members of the Neanderthal race. To the unenlightened these documents of Trinil, of Piltdown, of Foxhall, of Cromer, of Heidelberg, are sparse and undecipherable; to the expert who profits by one hundred and thirty years of laborious research of anatomists and geologists in France, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain, these documents tell a uniformly consistent story.

Absolutely convincing is the new, voluminous evidence regarding the Neanderthal race which dominated western Europe for a period estimated as high as 200,000 years. In good preservation are seven skeletons of this race, male and female, found in cavern burials of Le Moustier, La Ferrassie, La Chapelle, La Quina, and Spy, which together afford complete knowledge of every part of the skeleton and of the massive brain; in less perfect preservation are four skeletons of Neanderthal children from the cavern of La

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Ferrassie. Thus is this race known from eleven skeletons and from less complete remains of nineteen other individuals sufficiently characteristic to be identified positively as Neanderthaloid, — namely, a child's jaw and teeth from Taubach; jaws and bones of eleven individuals of Krapina, Croatia; lower jaws from Sipka, Malarnaud, and La Naulette; an historic female skull from Gibraltar; the typical skull and thigh-bone of Neanderthal which gave the name to the race; a child's skull from La Quina. There are also remains of at least eight individuals found at various sites in Britain, Spain, the Channel Islands, and France. Thus altogether our knowledge of the Neanderthal race depends upon the burials of no less than thirty-eight individuals, often in association with artifacts which are consistently of Mousterian or pre-Mousterian type. This highly characteristic flint industrial phase is the key to the existence of Mousterian and probably Neanderthaloid man in the Ordos of northern China, as determined by Licent and Teilhard, and in Mongolia as determined still more recently through the brilliant discoveries of Roy Chapman Andrews and Nels C. Nelson of the American Museum.

The next higher phase of human evolution belonging to the height of the last great glacial age and to the period of sudden retreat of the Scandinavian glacier is that contemporaneous with the Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian industries or with the late or upper Paleolithic age; in this phase we have fifty-two skeletons and portions of other skeletons representing about thirty individuals, — eighty-two individuals altogether. Of these, forty-two skeletons belonged to Aurignacian time, including those of Crô-Magnon, which gives the name to the Crô-Magnon race, of Solutré, of Combe-Capelle, all in France, of Enzheim in Germany, of Paviland, England, of Grimaldi, Italy, of Brunn and Predmost, Czecho-Slovakia, of Camargo and Castillo, Spain, of Ojcow, Poland, and of Podkumok, Russia; two skeletons belonged to Solutrean time, one from Laugerie-Haute in France, one from Neu-Essing in Germany; eight skeletons of Magdalenian time are included, six from France (Laugerie-Basse, La Madeleine, Cap-Blanc, Chancelade, Duruthy, Les Hoteaux) and two from Germany (Obercassel), besides remains of sixteen other individuals from Le Placard, Mas d'Azil and Grotte des Hommes, France, Castillo, Spain, and Balla, Hungary.

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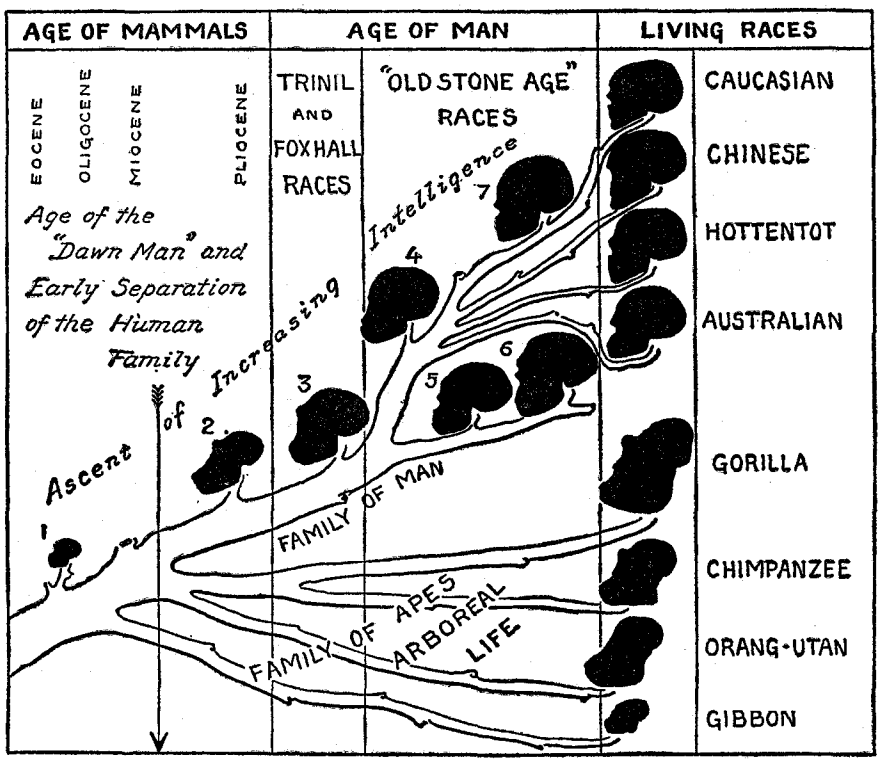
Summing up these irrefutable facts, the case for human evolution rests upon direct and overwhelming evidence. The races of Foxhall and Cromer have left hundreds of humanly fashioned flints on the east coast of Britain; the erect Trinil race of Java and the large-brained Sussex race of Piltdown are revealed through four individuals; the great low-brained Heidelberg-Neanderthal race rests upon more than fifty individuals; the fine large-brained Crô-Magnon and related races include eighty-two individuals. We cannot excommunicate these primitive ancestors of ours; whether we will or no we are obliged to welcome them into the great human family.

EXISTING FACTS OF HUMAN ASCENT



1, 2, *Dawn stage of human prehistory.* ***3,*** *First known walking stage, the erect Trinil race of Java.* ***4,*** *Piltdown race of Sussex.* ***5, 6,*** *The low-browed Heidelberg-Neanderthal race.* ***7,*** *Crô-Magnon and related races of high intelligence. The races* ***3, 4, 5, 6, 7*** *are scattered throughout the entire period of the Age of Man, conservatively estimated at 500,000 years. Altogether, upwards of 136 skulls and skeletons of the fossil men of this period are known.*

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THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

THE Society of Friends which sprang up in England in the middle of the seventeenth century is unique among religious denominations in that it has no priesthood, liturgy, creed, or sacraments. George Fox, the founder, opposing the two then widely accepted tenets of closed inspiration and authoritative priesthood, proclaimed that God speaks directly to each human soul through a present living experience of Christ, — this inward Light requiring no human mediator to translate its meaning to the individual. The first followers of Fox had no thought of founding a church but were simply known as Children of the Light. Later, when the need for some organization became evident, Fox was active in helping to organize the system of monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings and in arranging methods of procedure which still obtain.

The method of coming to a decision in these business meetings is democratic. From the beginning women have had equal voice with men. No vote is ever taken. The "sense of the meeting" as revealed by the speakers is registered by the clerk and submitted by him for immediate approval or criticism. Although this method sometimes necessitates delay, in the main it has been found effective.

If worship is the right hand, then social justice is the left hand of Quakerism. Friends have been pioneers in work for the abolition of slavery, for peace, the equality of men and women, education, fair treatment of Indians, temperance, and prison reform.

The approximate membership in the Society of Friends is 146,500 of whom about 23,000 are in Great Britain and Ireland, and 10,000 in other foreign countries. The 113,500 American Friends are distributed among twenty-nine Yearly Meetings.

The Five Years' Meeting and the Friends' General Conference, each composed of a number of separate Yearly Meetings, have an advisory but no legislative function.

Friends in America have shown a wide variety of observance, from the very conservative meetings in the east to the pastoral system in the west, but of recent years there has been a tendency toward greater unity.

Educational institutions under the care of Friends in the United States include the following colleges: Haverford, Swarthmore, Bryn Mawr, Earlham, Guilford, Penn, Wilmington, Friends University, Pacific, Whittier, and Nebraska Central; a number of boarding schools, of which Moses Brown, Westtown, George School, and Oakwood Seminary are perhaps the best known; and many day schools, most of which are under the care of Monthly Meetings. Several schools for the education of colored people and Indians are maintained. Woolman School is conducted for social and religious study. Missions have been established in Palestine, China, Japan, India, Africa, the West Indies, and Mexico.

The outstanding work sponsored by Friends in recent years has been done through the service committees. The American Friends' Service Committee represents all Friends in America and coöperates in foreign work with English and Irish Friends. Peace work in the home field and active relief, reconstruction, and peace work in the war stricken countries of Europe have called for the volunteer service in America of over a thousand workers and an expenditure of $25,000,000 in cash and kind.

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WHY I AM A QUAKER

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES

Confessions of Faith — VI

THERE must be two stages in this story. The first will deal with the past tense, and the second with the present tense. In the first brief section I shall tell why I *was* a Quaker, and in the second, I shall explain why I *am* one, for "am" does not necessarily follow from "was".

It seems to me that there is no mystery quite so deep as the mystery of birth. How we begin, why we begin, gets no answer from anybody. But, once more, why we emerge just precisely *when* we do emerge and why we come into the peculiar environment and locality which becomes our habitat, — of all that there is plumb ignorance. I might have "come" any time within an odd million of years and I might have "parked" anywhere from Kamchatka to Terra del Fuego, but I arrived in the second half of the nineteenth century and I came to life in a little hamlet in Kennebec County, Maine.

Plato used to thank the gods for having made him human instead of a brute, a man instead of a woman, a Greek instead of a barbarian, but most of all for permitting him to be born in the time of Socrates. I feel a similar thanksgiving that I was born in that particular spot, at the moment when the little group of Quakers who lived there were at their highest point of moral and spiritual life. Next to heredity, if it be not in fact equal to it in importance, is the formative influence of the social group upon the individual life. It is as important, as indispensable, as the air one breathes. My uncle was, just at the time when I was growing up, one of the foremost Quaker preachers in America, and two of my aunts were among the "prophets" and "prophetesses" of our faith. My mother was a living transmitter of grace and truth. It was, too, the period of itinerant Quaker ministry and so the most gifted Quaker preachers both in England and America came one after another to our community, usually to our home. Through them and through the great messages of my uncle, I drew upon the best spiritual vintage which the Quakers had to offer.

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The home is always the supreme nursery of religion. It not only furnishes ideas for the growing boy, but, what is vastly more important, it forms his subconscious life, the sub-soil of all his thinking and of all his sentiments. Here in this country home with its stream of Quaker guests and with its own heavenly atmosphere I was *bred* a Quaker. This faith became as much a part of me as my own bone and muscle were.

Then when the time was ripe for it, I went to a great Quaker School. Like my own local community, this school happened just then to be at its very best from the point of view of Quaker influence. It gave me both mental culture and spiritual outlook. From its noble idealism I went on to three years of life in a Quaker College. Here at Haverford I had as my most important teacher, a scholar and a saint, Pliny Earl Chase. He taught me philosophy and ethics, but his personal friendship, his interest in my future, and his intimate intercourse with me far outweighed anything he taught me, and from the first he stood forth as my ideal of a Quaker. It was at his suggestion and under his influence that I first began to study the great mystics and wrote my graduating thesis on Mysticism. Through these college years, I was meeting the finest living specimens of the Quaker faith and I was discovering its best and purest aspects.

A year abroad, with open sesame introductions, brought me into contact with many of the significant Quaker leaders in England, including John Bright, and I came back to teach for six years in the two Quaker schools of New England. During this period I became personally acquainted with the Quaker poet Whittier, and his religious teaching became thereafter a major influence with me. With this preparation I became editor of a Quaker weekly periodical and at the same time an instructor at Haverford College. Every step of my earthly life had woven tighter the spiritual web in which I was swaddled as a baby. I could have shed my skin more easily than I could have sloughed off my ancestral faith. And yet I would drop it this minute if it did not fit and tally with my whole intellectual outlook and if it did not ring true with all which, with mind and spirit, I hold as truth. Before giving my own confession of faith I want to say emphatically that I hate sectarianism in all its forms and that in writing this article I have no desire to glorify the small religious

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body to which I belong. I am interested mainly in a life and spirit which ought to become universal and which can flourish not only in the Society of Friends but also in every other denomination and communion of the far-flung Christian family.

I am ready now to tell why I *am* a Friend, a Quaker, to use the old name of reproach. I feel happy and congenial as a member among Friends because they, more than most Christians, I think, lay the main stress upon the cultivation of the inner life. They have endeavored to reduce religion to its essential traits, to an uttermost simplicity. They believe supremely in the nearness of God to the human soul, in direct intercourse and immediate communion, in mystical experience, in a first-hand discovery of God. Their worship is arranged to further as much as possible this immensely important business. They encourage in every way possible individual responsibility in all that concerns and pertains to the religious life. They feel that religion is as much an affair of a man's own personal life as his digestion is. They insist that each person ought to be captain of his own soul and to do his own worshiping for himself, that everyone ought to feel the joy, surprise, and wonder that come when the soul discovers the meaning of fellowship with a Great Companion. What they call "the priesthood of all believers" is the theory that every Christian ought to find his way into a holy of holies and ought to come back with a sense of dedication to reveal and interpret Christ to men. There are a multitude of ways of carrying on this ministry, and any way is a good way which makes God seem more real and which tends to produce in any one a clearer vision of what true life and spiritual service mean. The more natural, that is to say vital, it is made, and the more simple it is, the better and more effective it will be. The Quaker way of silence and the freedom for everyone to share his experience or his personal need help very much to cultivate this simple, natural religious life and tend to deepen the interior life of the individual. There are many other aspects of worship and public service, no doubt, which are important and desirable aspects and which Friends perhaps too much neglect, but this central aspect is, I feel sure, worth all its costs of personal effort and devotion.

To think of religion as a normal function of life, like the beating of the heart or like healthy breathing is, I am convinced, the right

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attitude, and it is an attitude which forms a pure and wholesome atmosphere for little children to grow up in. If we expect to produce and nurture strong, four-square lives, persons of straightforward purpose, breadth of human sympathy, depth of character, and upward reach of living experience, we must encourage quiet communion, personal fellowship with God, and a fitting sense of individual responsibility for the soul's highest welfare. Pure, simple, undefiled religion is an immense factor in the highest culture. It refines the life and spirit, it adds grace and beauty to the character, and it makes joy, radiance, and service spontaneous and natural.

Then, again, I like the Quaker way of life. It emphasizes sincerity in word and deed. It calls for a transparency of life that lets every spectator see your motive and purpose and read your heart as though it were an open book. It cares intensely for simplicity, — simplicity in dress, in speech, in manners, in eating and drinking, in recreation, in fact, in all human relationships, especially in that highest relationship of the soul with God. But the most important feature of the Quaker way of life is the settled intention to practise love. There have been endless debates about the moral value of compulsion and about the efficacy of non-resistance, but while the debates run on, the Quaker quietly goes forth on his venturous way of making a positive experiment of that supreme force in the universe, the force of a loving, understanding, coöperating spirit. He believes in justice and he is eager to widen the area of justice among men, but he feels convinced that there is a practical working method far superior to justice, the method of entering into mutual relations of understanding one another, of suffering together, of giving and sharing, of changing the whole level of an issue by bringing grace and love into operation. It is in very truth a holy experiment, and it works on human souls as the sun of the vernal equinox works on the ice of rivers and on the frozen clods where vital seeds lie buried.

This way of life is made more effective through certain deep convictions which most Friends take very seriously indeed. It is, first, a great Quaker conviction that there is something divine in man, — a seed of divine life planted in his soul. This conviction gives rise to another, that it is worth while to do humanitarian

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work even at great cost and effort, because men are dowered with immense spiritual possibilities and they have something within themselves which answers back responsively to trust and love and confidence. The Quakers act, again, on the central conviction that conscience in man's soul is unspeakably august and authoritative. It seems to them like a compass needle for discovering the right direction in the most transcendent matters of life as well as on occasions that are common and trivial. These convictions tend to bring forth still another conviction closely related, that when once a truth or duty becomes clear and plain, it must be followed and obeyed undeviatingly and without compromise. The insistence on the straight path, the refusal to wind or wabble in affairs of truth and righteousness, have been noteworthy traits in Quaker history and biography.

Another thing I like about Quakers is their practical principle that religion is something to be *done*, not a pious theory, or a creed in a book, or a set of notions to preach about. When a revelation breaks in on their lives or a truth of divine import dawns upon them, they take it for granted at once that somehow life must square up to that truth. It must march on its feet and go into vital circulation. It must take on flesh and blood and work as a living force in a man's life. They do not care much for the spectator-theory of truth, — that it is something to be observed and rapturously viewed as an object. Nor do they approve the feeling-theory, that truth is something which produces emotional thrills. Truth is not really truth until you go out and do it, until it has "motor effects" and becomes the tissue and fibre of a good life.

I come next to the Quaker basis of authority in religion. The Quakers have always felt the weakness of tradition or antiquity as a basis of authority. A thing is not necessarily true just because it is hoary with age or because some religious founder in earlier centuries thought it was true and said it was true. The dim magnificence of the halo of tradition may very well impart a beauty and a touch of glory to an idea, but it does not make it true. Nothing is easier than to carry along a tradition, or a view, when once it has been launched and given the support of a person of great prestige. But a thousand years of uncontradicted affirmation is unavailing to transform an error into a truth; assertion and repetition are poor substitutes for verification.

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Our generation, with its scientific achievements, has learned to have unlimited respect for the authority of facts. It asks for evidence, and evidence again means facts. What does the test-tube say? What does the microscope report? What light does the telescope, or the spectroscope, throw on the topic under discussion? When the laboratory returns are all in and are all summed up, they constitute a powerful authority. The professor who can back up every word with experimental data carries great conviction and speaks as one having authority. The Quaker endeavors to apply that laboratory method to matters of religion. He asks always for the testimony and verification of experience. The historical statements of the Bible, like any other statements, must be tested out by the canons of historical research. No important spiritual truth can suffer by the most careful and honest scrutiny of its historical setting. But the truths themselves, in so far as they have to do with man's spiritual development and destiny, can be tested out best in the laboratory of man's own soul and in the experiences of his own life. "Paul and Silas went to Philippi," is a statement of historical fact, to be tested and verified by the historical method. But the declaration that "the pure in heart see God", can be verified only by an inward experimental test. The way to find out whether that is true is not to consult a commentary, or to take counsel with an authoritative priest, but to purify the heart and see what result follows! Religious truth is entirely of that type and nature. It is not up in the air; it is not on stilts; it is not something to be hedged around with tradition and pious phraseology. It is demonstrable and efficacious. It *works* as practically and constructively as electricity does. There is nothing essential to salvation or to the spiritual life of man which cannot be proved and verified as effectively as the facts of the light-spectrum are verified.

Well, in an age in which multitudes have been upset and thrown into doubt and difficulty as to how the realities of religion can be preserved in the face of the revolutionary conclusions of science and historical criticism, I am happy to belong to a little body of Christians who are convinced that the foundations of faith stand sure because they are built upon the eternal nature of the human soul itself, because the most important facts of religion are facts of experience, and finally because everything that has spiritual

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significance can be tested and verified in the life of man as he lives in relation to God and in relation to his fellow men.

This is what may be called a religion of life, or, equally well, a religion of the spirit. To be religious is to be an organ of the divine Spirit. It means and involves a sensitiveness to the wider spiritual Life above us, around us, and within us, a dedication to duty, a passion for truth, an appreciation for goodness, an eagerness to let the love and grace of God come freely through one's own life, a reverence for the will of God wherever it is revealed in past or present, and a high faith that Christ is a living presence and a life-giving energy always within reach of the receptive soul.

This account, of course, leaves on one side much which many Christians, including many Friends, would consider very important. I do not underestimate the value of those aspects which I have failed to notice. I am here, however, touching only the points which stand out as essential features of the Quaker way of life. Problems of theology, organization, discipline, system, and procedure are not negligible matters, but they can be passed over here without discussion, for I am simply engaged in telling why I choose to be a Friend, and the answer is: because I find among my fellow Friends a religion which is a real, true, vital way of life, and, best of all, I believe a way closely modeled after the Galilean way of the Gospel.

From a woodcut by J. J. Lankes

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JONATHAN EDWARDS AND HELL FIRE

PHILIP GREGORY NORDELL

Forum Americana Series — VI

WE are witnessing these days a bitter and implacable locking of horns between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists. Among those who have passed on to their reward, restrained as silent witnesses, probably none more impatiently chafes to enter the fray than Jonathan Edwards. For such were the magnitude of his intellect, the intensity of his religious convictions, and the overwhelming vigor and uncompromising orthodoxy of his declarations that he, if living, would undoubtedly find himself the guiding light of the Fundamentalist faith. Recently I asked five friends to give me their reactions upon hearing the name "Jonathan Edwards". The answers were so similar that any one will fairly represent all.

"Why, he was a famous preacher of Colonial times. You know, he was the founder of the famous Edwards family, wasn't he? The Jukes were the degenerates and the Edwards were the preachers and authors and college presidents."

Thus does his fame seem to reside chiefly in connection with the eugenists' classic example of the inheritance of mental characteristics. No further data could be elicited. I detected a feeling that Edwards' repose on one of the dusty top shelves of our memories has been sufficiently disturbed by the eugenists, and all that average intelligence otherwise required is simply to recognize him as a traditional Colonial character who played a prominent and beneficent part in our early history.

But, as suggested, there was more in him than the seeds of a famous family. Biographical sketches characterize Jonathan

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Edwards as a brilliant, inspired, and holy man, not only as the most celebrated early American divine and metaphysician, but as one of the ablest scholars and most influential theologians of the eighteenth century. In Europe, as well as throughout Colonial New England, Edwards was regarded as a shining example of the power and efficacy inherent in a holy Christian life.

He, Berkeley, and Hume have frequently been ranked as the greatest English philosophers of their century. But it is Edwards as a Fundamentalist who will now be considered. One finds in a survey of his religious writings that they simply reek and seethe with implacable arguments proving the horrible reality of God's wrath upon the wicked. Although he frequently dwelt upon such pastoral subjects as the love and mercy of God, it was that of the punishment of sinners which animated the most his whole frame. He terrorized thousands of the faint-hearted in his congregations into repentance and brought them to their knees by depicting, with the utmost solemnity and deadly earnestness, the agonizing fires of hell. With scant knowledge of his life and habits, one might superficially feel that Edwards merely hit upon this procedure as an effective weapon in the process of conversion, and that he should be charged with the most monstrous cruelty and duplicity in preaching doctrines which he himself did not accept as the literal truth. As a matter of fact, no traits of his were more marked than his absolute sincerity and conviction that his own salvation, as well as that of others, depended upon a strict adherence to the laws of God as he saw them. Probably no man has ever been more enslaved and driven by a merciless conscience. To appreciate his writings properly, it is necessary to know something of his life.

Edwards was born in 1703 at Windsor, Connecticut, the only son of eleven children. Unusual mental gifts in both his parents were responsible for his remarkable precocity. At the age of ten he wrote a tract on the immateriality of the soul, and at twelve a valuable essay on the "flying spider". As a boy, he relates, he prayed secretly at least five times a day and frequently conversed upon religious topics with other boys. They built a prayer booth in a secret spot in a swamp.

In time his boyhood convictions and affections wore off, for he tells us that he neglected his performance of secret prayer and

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"returned like a Dog to his vomit, and went on in Ways of Sin." While in his last year at Yale, from which he graduated at the head of his class before his seventeenth birthday, he was in the midst of many uneasy thoughts about the state of his soul, when it pleased God, he has it, "to seize me with a Pleurisy; in which he brought me nigh to the Grave, and Shook me over the Pit of Hell." This poignant experience caused him to battle desperately with sin once more, until finally he broke off his wicked ways and applied himself in deadly earnest to the matter of his salvation.

What these wicked ways were remain a subject of conjecture, although a diary which he began keeping at this time describes the struggles of his soul. It will be noticed that about once a week he became especially gloomy. Thus, on April 1, 1723, he wrote: "I think it best not to allow myself to laugh at the Faults, Follies, and Infirmities of others." On April 7: "I know, O Lord, that without thy Help, I shall fall innumerable times." And on April 14: "I could pray more heartily this Night, for the Forgiveness of my Enemies, than ever before." Edwards frequently wrote entries in an undecipherable shorthand; following one such, he wrote in longhand: "A prudent Man concealeth Knowledge."

Other quotations from his diary illustrate the unflagging strictness, zeal, and painfulness with which he early applied himself to a life devoted to God:

> Much concerned about the improvement of precious time. Intend to live in Continual Mortification, without ceasing, and even to weary myself thereby, as long as I am in this World, and never to expect or desire any worldly ease or pleasure.
>
> By a Sparingness in Diet, and eating as much as may be, what is light and easy of Digestion, I shall doubtless be able to think clearer, and shall gain Time. 1st. by lengthening out my Life. 2dly. shall need less Time for Digestion after Meals. 3dly. shall be able to study closer without wrong to my Health. 4thly. shall need less Time to Sleep. 5thly. shall seldomer be troubled with the Head-ach.
>
> I think Christ has recommended rising early in the morning, by His rising from the grave very early.
>
> Let everything have the value now which it will have on a sick bed; and frequently, in my pursuits, of whatever kind, let this question come into my mind, How much shall I value this on my death-bed?
>
> Neither have I any right to this body, or any of its members. . . . I have given myself clear away, and have not retained any thing, as my own. I gave myself to God, in my baptism, and I have been this morning to him, and told him, that I gave myself wholly to him.

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At the time he kept his diary, Edwards received and accepted a call to preach to a disaffected group which had separated from the Presbyterian Church in New York City. For eight months, at the age of nineteen, he preached there, — from August, 1722, to April, 1723. Probably near the present site of one of the trans-atlantic steamship piers, he "very frequently used to retire into a solitary Place, on the Banks of Hudson's River, at some distance from the City, for Contemplation on Divine Things, and secret Converse with God."

Up to Edwards' last year in college, his mind had been sorely troubled by objections to the Calvinist doctrine of God's sovereignty in choosing or rejecting whom he would to eternal life. In his childhood, it had appeared horrible to him. But now, as the result of prolonged meditation and analysis, he gradually convinced himself of its validity and righteousness. This mental crisis, more than any other, definitely fixed the complexion of his future religious teachings. He never could explain, he relates, how or by what means he finally became convinced and satisfied of God's absolute sovereignty and justice in showing mercy, and hardening and eternally damning whom He will. In time he discovered that his conviction of this "exceeding pleasant, bright and sweet doctrine" had become delightful. He more and more severed all connections with things human and visibly rose ever higher in the spiritual clouds. "The sense I had of divine Things," he declares, "would often of a sudden as it were, kindle up a sweet burning in my Heart; an ardor of my Soul." He found "a calm, sweet Cast, or Appearance of divine Glory, in almost every Thing." As he looked at the heavens to behold the sweet glory of God, he sang forth his contemplations. He used to be terrified by thunder. Now he rejoiced to find scarce anything so sweet. Feeling God at the first approaches of a storm, he listened hopefully to "hear the majestic and awful Voice of God's Thunder: which often times was exceeding entertaining, leading me to sweet Contemplations of my great and glorious God. And while I viewed, used to spend my time, as it always seem'd natural to me, to sing or chant forth my Meditations; to speak my Thoughts in Soliloquies, and speak with a singing Voice."

It is becoming easier to understand the ineffable joy with which he constantly reverted to detailed and realistic descriptions of the

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torments awaiting the unrepentant. Even still, he was not contented. So full was his heart with vehement longings after more God, more Christ, and more holiness, it came nigh to breaking. Most of his time, year after year, was absorbed by thoughts of divine things, which brought into his soul "an inexpressible Purity, Brightness, Peacefulness and Ravishment." He symbolized Christ as an anthropomorphic father and experienced an overwhelming passion: "I very often think with Sweetness and Longings and Pantings of Soul, of being a little Child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by Him through the Wilderness of this World."

Such was his insatiable desire for Christian perfection, he drew up, during the same period he was keeping his diary, a set of seventy stern resolutions. It is a remarkable tribute to the maturity and penetration of his thought when, at such a youthful age, he wrote down rules so inspiring for the guidance of his own conduct that many of them individually have been taken as patterns by great numbers of his followers in the moulding of their own lives. I fear, however, that there is not one of them which would appeal to one much less endowed than he with solemnity and asceticism.

Apparently, it took many years for Edwards to be sure of his own salvation. Behind bolted doors, he frequently broke down and sobbed or he fell on his knees to pray in secret. The confessions of guilt in others expressed by the fear that they were as bad as the devil himself struck him as being singularly feeble if used to express his own wickedness. For that long appeared to him as utterly contemptible. For years he kept before him the multitude of his own sins by repeating frequently, "Infinite upon infinite." While others humbled themselves in the dust, he was satisfied with no position above the lowest reaches of hell itself.

Never did a man attempt more valiantly to live up to his resolutions than did Edwards. Handicapped by a frail constitution, his habit was to rise between four and five every morning, and rare was the day that he failed to spend at least thirteen hours in the most intense application to his studies. In the impelling necessity which drove him to go to the bottom of everything, it has been said that he always acted as if for eternity. He found it impossible to quit any subject until every conceivable

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phase had been carefully weighed and every possible objection to his assertions had been demolished.

In 1727, Edwards was ordained minister at Northampton, Massachusetts, where he remained until 1749, when a crisis in his relations with his congregation brought about his dismissal. In 1750, he went to Stockbridge, where he preached to the Indians until 1758.

One of his habits while at Northampton was to carry pen, ink, and paper with him while riding horseback. Meditating continuously, he would frequently get down from his horse, sit upon a rock, and write for hours. Frequently he set aside special days for fasting and meditation, and at such times he might be gone for days. If his ink ran out, he would pin pieces of paper to his coat to remind him of particular thoughts. Upon his return, he would be seen thatched with these paper reminders. At Stockbridge, his four-poster bed with its enclosing curtains is preserved as well as the pin cushion from which, during the night, he removed pins which he stuck into the curtains with the same object in view.

He married, in 1727, Sarah Pierrepont, then aged seventeen, a brilliantly endowed girl whose religious piety and faith early aroused in him a fervent spiritual admiration. They had twelve children. Edwards often admitted her into his study to converse with her upon religious topics. Any marked degree of will in any of his children was effectively subdued. But never did he lose control of his temper. With unruffled calmness, he impelled such strict obedience, usually without the aid of a disciplinary blow, that rarely did he have to repeat a command. And, the story goes, his children respected and loved him. Before evening prayers, he gathered them together in a circle and propounded to each in turn such religious questions as were suited to their understanding.

In 1758, rather unwillingly he accepted the presidency of the College of New Jersey (now Princeton) where he died a few weeks after his arrival. He expired, according to his physician, with no murmuring, with not one rumpled hair. His calm and patient submission to the divine will of God remained with him to the end. Just as the bystanders began to mourn his death, thinking the end had come, Edwards spoke for the last time. His words were, "Trust in God, and ye need not fear."

In appearance, Edwards was tall, slender and frail. In his oval

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face there was discernible an almost girlish gentleness. His forehead was high and his eyes were piercing. He was ever dignified, retiring, and modest.

To turn to his writings, we find a precision and clearness of expression rather than an easy grace and smoothness of style. But at least when he enlarged upon his favorite topic, damnation, the sheer force of his logic and his pitiless presentation of the excruciating torments of hell frustrated any possible charge of dryness.

In one of his discourses, "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners," we learn that "if there be any evil or faultiness in sin against God, there is certainly infinite evil; for if it be any fault at all, it has an infinite aggravation, viz., that it is against an infinite object." Sin, as a violation of an infinite obligation, is an infinite evil. "If the evil of sin be infinite, as the punishment is, then it is manifest that the punishment is no more than proportionable to the sin punished, and is no more than the sin deserves." In answer to the objections against eternal punishment by "carnal, senseless men" (illustrative of his attitude toward those who differed with him), he observes: "It is an unreasonable and unscriptural notion of the mercy of God, that he is merciful in such a sense that he cannot bear that penal justice be executed. This is to conceive of the mercy of God as a passion to which his nature is so subject that God is liable to be moved, and affected, and overcome by seeing a creature in misery, so that he cannot bear to see justice executed; which is a most unworthy and absurd notion of the mercy of God, and would, if true, argue great weakness." I wonder if Edwards did not wonder why God should show any mercy at all.

In another of his discourses, "The Eternity of Hell's Torments," we find him, again, right in his element. Among the several important ends which will be obtained by the eternal punishment of the wicked are the vindication of God's injured majesty and the glorification of His Justice. Another is: "The view of the misery of the damned will double the ardour of the love and gratitude of the saints in heaven," and again: "The sight of hell's torments will exalt the happiness of the saints for ever."

On the Day of Judgment, this discourse informs us, God's wrath will be poured out like fire upon the wicked. Nothing will alleviate it. Their sins will have been sealed among his treasures and "God will exact of them the uttermost farthing". Endless

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ages of suffering will not pay any part of the debt which bears any visible proportion to the whole. "How dismal will it be, when you are under these racking torments, to know assuredly that you never, never shall be delivered from them; to have no hope; when you shall wish that you might be turned into nothing, but shall have no hope of it; when you shall wish that you might be turned into a toad or a serpent, but shall have no hope of it; when you would rejoice, if you might but have any relief, after you shall have endured these torments millions of ages, but shall have no hope of it. After you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon, and stars, in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without rest day and night, or one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered. After you shall have worn out a thousand more such ages, you shall have no hope, but shall know that you are not one whit nearer to the end of your torments; but that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries, incessantly to be made by you, and that the smoke of your torment shall still ascend up for ever and ever. . . . Your bodies shall have been burning all this while in glowing flames, shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through eternity, which will not have been at all shortened by what shall have been past."

Edwards' most famous sermon is the one he preached in Enfield, Connecticut, in 1741. The title is, "Sinners in the Hands of An Angry God." As he went on and on, as one threat implacably followed another, people rose from their seats and wept and sobbed, as if the Day of Judgment was at that moment dawning. The sermon is from the text: "Their foot shall slide in due time."

The congregation was informed that many among them, — the unconverted, — were bound over to hell. "The wrath of God burns against them," Edwards declared, "the pit is prepared, the fire is made ready, the furnace is now hot, ready to receive them; the flames do now rage and glow. The glittering sword is whet, and held over them, and the pit hath opened its mouth under them. The devil stands ready to fall upon them, and seize them for his own, at what moment God shall permit him . . . like greedy lions that seek their prey, and expect to have it, but are for the present kept back. If God should withdraw his hand, by which

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they are restrained, they would in one moment fly upon their poor souls. The old serpent is gaping for them."

And then, addressing directly those wicked people before him in whose souls dwelt such hellish principles that they would presently kindle and flame out into hell fire: "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes, than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. . . . If you cry to God to pity you, he will be so far from pitying you in your doleful case, or showing you the least regard or favor, that instead of that, he will only tread you under foot. And though he will know that you cannot bear the weight of omnipotence treading upon you, yet he will not regard that, but he will crush you under his feet without mercy; he will crush out your blood, and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled on his garments, so as to stain all his raiment. He will not only hate you, but he will have you, in the utmost contempt: no place shall be thought fit for you, but under his feet to be trodden down as the mire of the streets. (The reader will find authority for the above prediction in Isaiah xiii). . . . When you shall be in this state of suffering, the glorious inhabitants of heaven shall go forth and look on the awful spectacle, that they may see what the wrath and fierceness of the Almighty is; and when they have seen it, they will fall down and adore that great power and majesty."

In attempting a valuation of Edwards' life, it seems to me that the key is to be found in his mercilessly exacting conscience, which seized upon the slightest deviation from a standard of divine perfection as an utterly inexcusable and abhorrent sin in the eyes of God. We are accustomed, nowadays, to accept the caveman within each of us as a perfectly normal legacy of our savage past and really to be on speaking terms with him. It is in the control and sublimation of brute passions that we feel genuine morality has its scope. A candid admission that they exist in us, however completely subjugated by our better instincts, does not imply that we regard either ourselves or our fellow men as contemptible vipers. Undoubtedly Edwards, in discovering these symptoms

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within himself, felt literally that the devil was actually in the process of ensnaring him and that his only hope for escape from the toils lay in a bitter, remorseless combat for which he must summon the last ounce of energy.

His remarkable penetration, his quickness of thought, and his force of abstract reasoning never overcame his axiomatic belief in the Bible's literal and divine authority. In its teachings lay the only escape from the pollutions of earthly life. He recognized his own tendency to sin, and the preaching of God's wrath toward the wicked was but a compensatory sublimation of this tendency. There is in the Bible ample evidence and authority to substantiate his most direful predictions. His piercing and devastating logic simply uses this authority as a point of departure.

The indictment I bring against him is that with all his endowment of intellect he never summoned the courage or the will to question his most fundamental premises. Whatever humanitarian traits he possessed were early parched upon the hot sands of Puritanism. Charity, tolerance, love for his fellow men and faith that everyone has some good within him found no welcome soil in which to grow. He did give alms to the poor, — unostentatiously, too, — but were the gifts not impelled by a cold calculating sense of duty? His conscience scourged him and made him tremble, at least early in life, at the sight of his own imperfections; he in turn found a sweet and ineffable delight in pointing out the iniquity of others. In a way, he was an extreme product of his environment. Jonathan Edwards presents the pitiful consequences carried to their logical extremity of conforming oneself without compromise to a false, harsh, and artificial standard of morality, — itself a negation of the best in life.

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SWEDEN'S CROWN PRINCE

BORJE H. BRILIOTH

WHEN the great Bourbons were kings of France it was customary for heirs to thrones of smaller countries to make visits to Paris, not only to pay their personal respects to the great monarchs, but also to make contacts with the customs, ideas, art, and literature of the *grande nation*. To this rule the kings of Sweden were no exception, and in the eighteenth century the relations between the two courts became particularly intimate. The French language, architecture, dress, and manners permeated life at the Swedish court and partly that of the ruling classes. How the course of empire has taken its way westward since then is illustrated by the growing American influence on Swedish life of to-day. American motor cars, American moving pictures, American methods in presenting news, American books and magazines, and American modes of life are now as much in vogue as were French influences two centuries ago.

It is but natural, therefore, that the Swedish Crown Prince, Gustavus Adolphus, and the future Queen, Crown Princess Louise, born a member of the British royal household, should look eagerly forward to their American visit. While their primary mission is to appear in Washington as representatives of Sweden at the unveiling of the new monument to John Ericsson, the Swedish-born inventor of the *Monitor* which determined the supremacy in the American civil war, they will later make a two months' tour of the entire continent.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus has so far spent virtually every moment of his forty-four years in preparing himself for the task of worthily wearing the crown. His very name evokes the memory of one of the noblest figures in European history. But in addition to this arduous education he has found time to pursue the career of a scientist, a research worker in archaeology, and a writer of technical treatises on his chosen subject as well as an excavator of monuments and relics of prehistoric culture, both in Sweden and in the classic grounds of the Mediterranean basin. In these efforts he has been aided by an inheritance of outstanding intellectual qualities. On his mother's side he is a descendant of the

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great Vasa family, originally a branch of the Swedish nobility, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave Sweden its great kings and military leaders who made the country one of the great powers of Europe, — a veritable Empire of the North, encircling the Baltic Sea. On his father's side the traditions of leadership are no less brilliant. His great-great-grandfather was one of Napoleon's generals, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, a Marshal of France and Prince of Ponto Corvo, who like the great Corsican himself, rose through his own abilities and capacity for command from the lowest army rank to the highest, — a true son of the great Revolution.

Marshal Bernadotte's father was a notary in the southern French city of Pau, — of the sound middle class stock which through so many vicissitudes has been the salvation of France. In the revolutionary armies young Jean Baptiste began his career as a private, but in his knapsack he carried the baton of a marshal. His intellect, his flaming eloquence, his natural power to command soon brought him forward in that *sans-culotte* army which seemed to rise from the very soil of France to defend the country and the new ideas of human worth. But unlike Napoleon, whom he rivalled in brilliance and whose autocratic methods he frequently opposed, Bernadotte became known for his humanity, his generosity, his courtesy and considerateness to the vanquished. Like Macbeth, Napoleon often felt that

> "*Under him*
> *My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said*
> *Mark Antony's was by Caesar.*"

It was this brilliant French general that the Swedish Riksdag chose in 1810 as heir to the Swedish throne. The previous dynasty was about to become extinct, and to raise Sweden from its defeat at the hands of its arch-enemy, Russia, the popular representatives wanted a military leader who could carry out the traditions of the great Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII.

From the moment he set foot in Sweden Marshal Bernadotte was accepted as the actual king, Charles XIII, his predecessor and adopted father, being then but a feeble old man. But though chosen for his military qualities, King Carl Johan, as he was thenceforth known, became the founder of over a century of

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unbroken peace. Personally he reigned longer than any Swedish monarch since Gustavus Vasa, and despite his strenuous early career lived to be nearly eighty years of age.

To his adopted country he brought many of the best French qualities. As a patron of art and science, builder of schools, canals, railroads, and promoter of better foreign trade, he proved himself a veritable father of the people and a worthy successor of the great men who had occupied the Swedish throne before him. These high intellectual capacities were inherited by succeeding members of the dynasty and, curiously enough, of all the new families which were raised to royal rank during the Napoleonic era, the Bernadottes are to-day the only ones to occupy a throne. All the rest have been returned to private rank.

It is therefore no mean tradition, whether in the family or in the high royal office, that Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus inherits. Of his great-grandfather, Oscar I, it was said that he could fill at an instant's notice the position as administrative head of any one of the government departments under him. Already as Crown Prince he published his epoch-making work, *Crime and Penal Institutions,* which attracted wide attention and was translated to a number of foreign languages. In languages and literature his grandfather, Oscar II, was known to his contemporaries as the most learned monarch in Europe. Like his older brother and predecessor, Charles XV, Oscar II was also a writer of lyric verse, and one of his works, *Souvenirs of the Swedish Navy,* was rewarded with a prize by the Swedish Academy. Charles XV was also a talented landscape painter, and another brother, Prince Gustav, was a composer of music that is still popular.

This vein of intellectuality and creative artistic talent still flows through the Swedish royal family. Sweden's present king, Gustavus V, is himself a learned monarch, who, like his father, has advanced higher education and aided in the development of art as well as athletics, scientific research, and exploration. His brother, Prince Carl is not only a cavalry general, but also the head and director of the Swedish Red Cross as well as honorary president of the International Red Cross of Geneva. The King's youngest brother, Prince Eugene, is a painter and etcher of such talent that he would be internationally famous, even though he were not a member of royalty. The younger brother of the Crown

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Prince, Prince William, is even more versatile, being famous as a traveler, big game hunter, poet, novelist, short story writer, play critic, dramatist, lecturer, and speaker.

As prospective heir to the throne, Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus received from the very first a rigorous, as well as democratic education. Having an English nurse, he learned her language from his earliest infancy and is one of the best and most fluent speakers of that language in the country. His primary instructor was a woman teacher in the Stockholm public schools, who gave him and his younger brother the same training as the children of the common people in the primary grades. After that, he had tutors from the faculties of the public high schools and colleges. His interest in natural sciences and his keen powers of observation were noticed early. During his early school years his favorite subject was botany, which in Sweden has been a highly developed subject since the days of Linnaeus, the "King of Flowers". At the age of nine he was allowed to pick his own birthday present and chose a newly published book, *The Earth*, by Professor A. G. Nathorst, a Swedish geologist and explorer. He had noticed it in a bookstore window and at once sat down to read it through.

Though his schoolroom was located in the royal castle of Stockholm, it was equipped very much like any other schoolroom, including athletic apparatus and a carpenter bench for manual training. For out-of-doors exercises the princes were regularly taken outside the city, where they practised swimming, skating, ski running, and coasting, like the majority of Swedish boys. In athletics the Crown Prince has regularly taken part ever since, and has thus developed a fine physique. During military manoeuvres he has roughed it, sleeping in hay lofts or under the open sky, and never has he permitted any exception to be made in his favor. Furthermore, he has been chairman of the Swedish Olympic Committee and by his example and personal influence has encouraged the Swedish idea of athletics for everybody.

At the age of twenty he entered the University of Upsala, the venerable Swedish seat of learning, where his father and grandfather had studied before him. As condition for this entry he had to pass the same rigorous examination in the general field of education as any other beginner on the road to the higher learn-

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ing. His own son, in turn, took the same test last spring, entitling him to wear the treasured white cap.

A part of each year he had to devote to his military training as an officer, beginning as a lowly cadet at the Svea Body Guard Regiment, and rising by degrees from one rank after another, commanding first a platoon, then a company, a battalion, a regiment, and then a brigade, until now he holds the rank of general in the infantry as well as cavalry. Like any other young officer he has drilled recruits and led his units in the annual war games or field manoeuvres. In no respect has he shirked the disagreeable parts of his training, or slid along some fictitious royal road to learning.

While he was a university student, Norway was still united with Sweden, and tradition required that he should spend part of his time at the University of Christiania. His favorite field was that of archaeology. Even prior to entering the university he had taken a lively interest in the ancient Swedish monuments and their exploration. As a student at Upsala he availed himself of the opportunity to delve more deeply into the subject, — in a practical as well as theoretical manner. In the fall of 1902 and spring of 1903 one of the most remarkable explorations in years was made on his initiative and with funds he had collected, — the excavation of the so-called "King Björn's Mound", near Upsala. In this work he personally participated as far as his time would permit and the work proved that this impressive grave mound had been erected during the Bronze Age, or more definitely about 1,000 B.C. The Bronze Age finds were also exceptionally rich.

But above all it is for his initiative as an organizer of archaeological enterprises on a large scale that the Swedish Crown Prince merits recognition as a contributor to this branch of science. While touring in Greece in the fall of 1920 he conceived the idea that Sweden should take part in the international research work on this classic ground, making independent excavations on a large scale and applying as far as possible the methods followed in archaeological researches in the North. In this plan he has been successful, and thanks to his organizing ability excavations were begun in 1922 of the ancient Asine, at Argolis, Greece. Sweden has already sent three expeditions to this site and a fourth one is expected to conclude the work during this year. The finds

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have so far been extraordinarily rich and important, especially those of the pre-Mycenean Age. As chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means the Crown Prince has worked untiringly on the details of the organization and all its activities. In the fall of 1922 he personally participated in a most energetic way for six weeks in the excavations at Asine, working in his shirt sleeves from morning till night.

Under the personal auspices of the Crown Prince the Swedish Oriental Society was formed in 1921 and as its chairman he has conscientiously and persistently furthered its objects in the sending of expeditions to the Near and Far East. Under his chairmanship a Swedish Archaeological Institute has likewise been founded at Rome and is now ready to begin its activities. Quite recently he has taken the initiative in starting a fund under the Swedish Oriental Society for the purpose of sending a new expedition for a preliminary survey in the Near-East, the purpose of which would be to furnish a Swedish contribution toward the tracing of the related cultures in Southwestern Asia and Eastern Europe from the end of the Stone Age to the beginning of the Metal Ages, the existence of which has most recently been proved through the work of the China Committee, as well as their extension also through Eastern Asia. It is for the purpose of making closer personal investigation of these things that the Crown Prince plans to extend his American tour to the Orient, particularly China, where he intends to spend some time in archaeological explorations.

Like his great grandfather Oscar I, the Crown Prince has trained himself in the practical details of the government administration, serving as an extra member of the staff in various departments. Thus during the winter of 1919–20 he appeared practically daily at the offices of the Social Service Department taking part in the plenary conferences and by private interviews with individual officials and by reading special publications made himself familiar with the work of the department and its problems. One of its duties is to deal with the relief of unemployment, and many times during the post-war crisis delegations of workers appeared before the board, of which the Crown Prince was a member, and stated their grievances in decidedly emphatic terms, not realizing that the heir to the throne was one of the auditors.

Being intimately associated with the Swedish people in its

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everyday affairs, the Crown Prince in 1920 had nation-wide sympathy in his great sorrow, when his first wife, the universally beloved Crown Princess Margaret, died after a short illness, leaving five children, four boys and one girl, Princess Ingrid, who is now fifteen years old. In the education of these children the Crown Prince has taken an intense personal part, supervising every detail and as far as possible giving them his paternal care every day. Unlike most royal children they are not educated by private tutors, but are sent to ordinary schools, like other children. The oldest son is now a student at the University of Upsala, Princess Ingrid attends a private day-school for girls in Stockholm, and two of the other boys are pupils of provincial boarding schools where they are preparing for the university examinations.

On November 3, 1923, the Crown Prince was married again in London, having chosen as his second wife Lady Louise Mountbatten, a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria and daughter of Prince Louis of Battenburg. Her mother is Princess Victoria of Hesse, oldest daughter of Princess Alice, who was Queen Victoria's favorite child.

All the Bernadottes have had the gift of making others feel at ease in their presence and of mingling with their fellow men in the most democratic manner. Of the founder of the dynasty it was said that he treated men of letters as equals, rather than as subjects. This attitude the present Crown Prince has inherited to an eminent degree. His smiling courtesy, personal modesty, and simplicity of manner, together with his ability to find subjects of conversation familiar to his interlocutors immediately make everyone feel at home in his company. In this respect Crown Princess Louise is his equal. She has that cheerful, frank, typically English easy-going temperament that likewise removes at once the feeling of awe or self-consciousness from her surroundings. The motto of the first Bernadotte as king was "The People's Love — My Reward". The present Crown Prince and Crown Princess have already earned that reward.

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SARAH sat quite alone in her parlor, sewing by the light of the swinging oil lamp with gleaming glass pendants of many colors. By her side was a round rosewood table rubbed to a smoothness of satin by the fingers of generations of housewives. In the centre of the table was a mat of white home-spun linen, embroidered in a fine, open network through which the red tones of the rosewood glowed like smothered flame, and on the mat in the ancient strawberry ware bowl stood the earthen pot that held the Crimson Lily.

Twice before within Sarah's memory the Crimson Lily had bloomed, and yet she had never seen the flower unfold. Once was in her little girlhood. She was recalling the time now as she sat and sewed on Lydia Whitefield's black silk dress.

The plant stood on the rosewood table then, as it did now; but the room was crowded with people. There was her father with his stooped shoulders and his deep eyes that seemed to see things not visible to other people. Sarah had loved her father more than anyone else in the world, but she had not cried at all when he died the next winter. People had whispered that she was a strange un-feeling child. Her mother had been there, too, with her jolly laugh and her clever tongue that often made her father wince. Her mother was plump and red-cheeked and always comfortable.

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Sarah had never really loved her, though she had cared for her tenderly in her later years as a daughter should, till the old woman died this very winter. She had cried a little for her mother; yet she knew quite well in her heart it was because it seemed so horrible not to feel sorry that now she was to be alone. Right in front of the table, where he could watch the great petals of the Lily as they began to uncurl had sat Robert, her older brother. He was fair and plump and comfortable like his mother, and always got the best of everything. For years now Robert had lived in California, and he had come home only for a week at the time of his mother's funeral. Sarah had been relieved when he went back to his wife and his three wonderful children and his peach orchards.

Off in the dark corner by the walled-up fireplace had huddled nine-year-old Donald, a year younger than she. Sarah could see him yet. Donald was dark and slim and shy like his father, and because of this she had loved him, though her mother had always said Donald was not a good boy. Perhaps he wasn't. When he was fifteen he went away to the city to work. He had often been in trouble, and Sarah did not know now quite where he was. But that night he was just a little boy, sitting lonesomely in his corner until she came to snuggle beside him on the old hassock. Together they had watched the great, green sheath of the Lily swell till it cracked in whitish streaks. It had seemed to her then that she could not endure to wait till the crimson heart should open.

The aunts and the uncles and the cousins and the neighbors were all in the room also, and many chairs had been brought for them from the dining-room and the living-room and the bedrooms and even from the kitchen. They were all talking and laughing, and she wished they wouldn't, because already the room was sweet like a church with the odor the Lily released as its petals began to loosen.

Suddenly her mother turned to her and said: "Sarah, old Aunt Matilde isn't here. She may not have heard that to-night the Lily is opening. You put on your cloak and go get her."

So she had gone out of the sweet-smelling, warm room into the snowy street to Aunt Matilde's house. Aunt Matilde was already in bed, and since she was old and fat and slow it took

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much time to help her dress and get her through the snow to the house.

By the time she was back the miracle had happened.

She did not care at all for the Lily because she had not seen it bloom, and without looking at it she had crept off to bed in the dark.

The Lily had lasted two weeks, and then the tall stalk had wilted down, and the base mat of spiky, shiny leaves had withered to a dry brownness. The pot had been set away in the warm attic to give the suckers that had come to life with the dying of the parent plant a chance to take root.

Sarah shivered a little, and put down her work, not because she was cold but because the Lily must not be chilled — now. The smug little nickel and soapstone stove, the air-tight kind her father had invented and which had never sold well despite its good qualities and the savings he had sunk in its development, stood in front of the closed-up fireplace. She lifted the lid and looked in. Then she lighted the candle that stood in a brass holder on the shelf. She must get more wood from the kitchen wood-box.

Before she left the room she turned higher the wick of the oil stove that was placed on the other side of the table. Between the two of them, the smug little stove and the tiny oil heater, the place where the Lily stood had been kept warm, even though all the rest of the house was freezing. Sarah wrapped her red and gray blanket shawl that had been her grandmother's about her and drew on her hands a pair of red mittens that had been Donald's when a boy. With all the fine sewing to do her hands must not be roughened with the cold.

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As she hastened through the long, cold hall to the kitchen she was thinking that after the Lily had once bloomed she would let out the parlor fire, and would kindle the fire in the living-room stove again. The living-room was smaller, and the heat from it warmed slightly her cold little box of a bedroom in the alcove between it and the kitchen. She was reflecting also that then everyone who came in could see the full-blown flower. It was right that she should share it.

Perhaps it was selfish to keep the moment of the Lily opening a secret, yet all the town had seen the blooming twice, and she had never seen it once. It seemed to her that the bud unfolding must be the most beautiful vision in the world, and she could not bear to have people about, talking and laughing and maybe asking questions about how her brothers had arranged the division of the estate, and if she knew where Donald was. She could not explain to herself why she felt that the Lily flowering was a sacred birth, and that it was fitting it should take place in the best room in the house, and in loving quiet.

For six months now she had watched the spiny mass of leaves that formed the rosette at the base of the Lily growing green and juicy, and she had seen the tall, heavy, graceful stalk pushing up to blossom-bearing height. When the great bud had begun to swell at the top of the stem it had seemed an unbelievable miracle.

For weeks she had kept the Lily on a stand behind a screen in the sunny southeast window of the living-room, and only this last week had she moved it into the parlor. This was because Lydia Whitefield, in to try on the lining of her silk dress, had sniffed and sniffed, and finally had asked Sarah what perfumery she was using. She had not intended to move it into the parlor so soon, for she could not afford the large amount of wood the parlor stove consumed. But if Lydia had once guessed the source of the spicy odor that even then hung about the vicinity of the Lily she would have insisted on coming in to see the blooming.

In the clean, orderly kitchen the still cold cut, knife-like. Sarah set the candle on the kitchen table and looked out the window. She had to scratch away some of the heavy frost to be able to see. The snow spread over the yard like a white, unruffled counterpane, broken only by the slim, deep path through which Lydia Whitefield had walked that afternoon. It was quite unlikely,

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thought Sarah, that anyone would venture out to call on her such a night. She stood for a second, despite the cold of the fireless room, looking at the lilac bushes, sheeted like stark ghosts, and at the sky, crowded full of stars that trembled in flaming points against the blue-black atmosphere. Just this way it had seemed the night she went for Aunt Matilde, all a-shiver in her little coat, not with the cold but with the fear that before she got back the Lily might be open.

Lavishly spendthrift for once, Sarah carried to the parlor a large armful of wood. After to-night it wouldn't matter. Just enough wood to keep the house from freezing and to cook her simple meals. For the Lily, once open, would last longer in a cool place. She had heard her grandmother tell of a time the flower held up its heavy head four weeks. To-morrow, while it was still in the best room, she would have the neighbors in to see it. Perhaps she might cut some of the fruit cake, keeping in the crock in the cellar for Cousin Cynthy's wedding, and she would open the last bottles of blackberry cordial that had been saved for sickness or for some great occasion.

As she dropped two great chunks of wood into the open top of the air-tight stove she smiled to herself, a slightly wry smile like her father's. For once she would be able to surprise Lydia Whitefield, who, that very afternoon, had sat in the chilly kitchen to have her dress fitted, and who had wondered why Sarah did not take her into the sitting-room. She had said nothing, but Sarah knew Lydia would drop in to see the next-door neighbor on her way home to ask if they had seen smoke from the front room chimney at the Pence place lately. Well, they had seen it, for the same chimney puffed out smoke from both the living-room and the parlor stoves. Lydia had also asked her what she was cooking for Sunday dinner, looking pointedly at the kitchen stove in which even then only a feeble fire lingered. Sarah had not lied actually, when she told Lydia that her Sunday dinner was already cooked. Why should she have to let Lydia Whitefield find out that her dividends from the bank, tiny but life sustaining, were held up until Donald was found and the estate settled? Why should Lydia have to know that it took all her little income from sewing to buy just wood and bread and tea?

After the stove was attended to, Sarah made another trip to

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the kitchen and brought in the teapot and a plate of bread and a little jar of red jelly. After the Lily had opened she might make tea on the top of the stove and toast some bread, for she had not yet had her supper.

Before she picked up her sewing again she examined the Lily carefully in the light of the candle she had not yet extinguished. The outer sheath was cracking in places and the sweet odor that escaped was almost too lovely to be endured. It made her faint for a second. She was ashamed of herself. Could it be, as Lydia had said that afternoon, she was getting "old and peaked-looking, as though she didn't eat enough"?

She walked over to the glass that hung on a black walnut swivel frame at the front of the room between the two north windows and surveyed herself critically. She had flung aside the shawl, and her slender little body in the neat red cashmere dress, — made over carefully that winter for the second time, — was before her, full length. She loved red, and this dress was the one bright thing she had had since childhood. How her mother had laughed at her when she brought the cloth home from Dorset six years before.

"A woman of thirty-five wearing red!" her mother had said. "But of course it will be becoming to you with your black hair and eyes, just like your father's. I only hope you won't be tired of it before it's worn out."

Even then her mother had been bed-ridden, though she got up afternoons to see her friends, and sat in cheerful comfort in her armchair while Sarah did her bed and room.

Sarah blew out the candle and set it back on the shelf. She could not quite make sure that it was right to feel so happy, alone in the warm, sweet-smelling room, and she did not understand why she should. She was glad she had taken off her gray chambray work dress after Lydia left and put on the red dress, and that she had draped the dotted lace scarf that had come to her from her grandmother over her slim shoulders. Some way, she had felt that she must give the Lily the best she had.

As she began to sew again on the black silk that lay in a crackling cloud across the lap of her red dress Sarah recalled the second time the Lily had bloomed.

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For fifteen years the suckers that had found life in the dying sap of the old plant had been gaining in strength and vigor. Every week of that time Sarah had watered the plant and given it a brief sunning. Finally came the day when the heavy old earthenware pot was again brought from the attic and set in the sunny southeast window of the living room. Her mother had laughed at her, half scornfully, half indulgently, through the years for her tending of the plant. When for the second time the Lily was brought down for its flowering Mrs. Pence was a woman of sixty, strong and well, ordering her house and frankly impatient that Sarah did not marry as did the other girls of the neighborhood.

"A girl of twenty-five, and still sitting at home, doing foolish bits of embroidery and fussing with flowers," was what she sometimes said to the neighbors.

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Now that the Lily stalk was actually shooting up and the green swelling appearing at the top, Sarah's mother was interested. She sent word to all the town, and on the night of the blooming the house was crowded, as before, with aunts and uncles and cousins and neighbors. And as before the Lily opened its crimson heart and deluged the house with its mysterious fragrance.

But Sarah did not see it.

That afternoon her mother had slipped and hurt her ankle. While the Lily was unfolding, Sarah, in her mother's room above the parlor, had been holding hot compresses to the injured joint. The odor of the flower, seeping through the open register in the floor, perfumed the air of the room. It made her half sick, not because of its sweetness but because the Lily would surely open before she could go down. She could hear her brother Robert welcoming the guests and talking largely of his prospects. The next week he started for California, with a position as manager of a peach and orange orchard awaiting him. He was complacent and considered himself very fortunate. His young wife, whom he had just married, sat in front of the Lily to get the first glimpse of its opening loveliness.

Sarah was not jealous, and it did not occur to her that Robert should for a few minutes hold those hot compresses so that she might go downstairs. Nevertheless she winced when her mother said: "I'm so glad it bloomed before Robert left. It is likely never to bloom again, and it is something for him to remember always."

Later Sarah came downstairs and served the cake and coffee and cider. She did not talk much. People whispered that Sarah Pence was going off in her looks early. She looked thirty instead of twenty-five, and wasn't pleasant and jolly like her mother and Robert. She was more like her father. Sarah heard some of the whispers. But she didn't mind. She felt that she would never mind anything much any more.

Not once did she look at the Lily, flaunting its wide-spread crimson beauty, but after the company had gone she set it away in a sheltered corner and arranged the ugly black walnut haircloth chairs in their customary order. Then she closed the house and went upstairs to her mother's room where she was to sleep that night. Robert and his young wife were in their room across the hall, talking and laughing.

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Now for the third time the Lily was about to bloom. Nothing — nothing — could prevent her seeing the unfolding of the hidden petals.

A still stronger fragrance came from the Lily. Sarah rose and laid aside her sewing, carefully disposing the black folds across the head of the long sofa at the front of the room. She looked about critically as though to make sure the room was in order for the wonder of which it was to furnish the setting. The black walnut furniture was there, as of old, but the haircloth ugliness had been hidden by skilfully contrived coverings of gay old cretonnes and printed silks from the attic stores. The brass andirons and the fire dogs of the fireplace days she had also found, and they stood in shining array on the hearth, the tiles of which had never been removed. It was a gay and cheerful room, and Sarah, light-hearted in her red dress, drew forward one of the high-backed, cretonne-covered chairs and sat down in front of the Lily. She was quite sure the crack in the green sheath was larger.

The fire in the soapstone stove crackled and roared pleasantly. Aside from that the room was very still. Sarah folded her hands in her lap and leaned back a little. Already she felt rested, relaxed, satisfied. She had only to sit there in the warmth and light and watch.

One of the outer green sheathings began to curl back a little. Within was to be seen just a tip of something, a bit of prisoned flame. The fragrance almost made her dizzy again.

Minutes passed. The sheath opened no farther, but there it was, that crimson promise of what was within the swollen bud.

All the beautiful things she had ever seen danced across Sarah's mental vision. She forgot all the things that had hurt her, even the times she had not seen the Lily open. What of them? She was to see it now. Nothing — nothing — nothing — could prevent.

The dull thumping on the front door had been sounding for several seconds. It sounded again, louder. Sarah heard it dully, not comprehending at first. She half rose from her chair. Then she looked at the Lily. The sheath was rolling down and spreading a little more. It was the Moment.

Who could it be at her front door this night, when snow lay heavy on the village street, and was heaped in white, cold drifts

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along the walks? Whoever it was must wait — one moment. Only one!

The thumping came again. Did she imagine it, or was it weaker, fainter? Was someone out there in the cold, freezing? Why should anyone come to her front door through unshoveled paths when there was a slim, deep cut from the street through the back-yard to the kitchen door? That was how she had schemed to keep people from getting into the living room and seeing its fireless state. To keep them from wondering what she was cherishing in the parlor, proverbially unheated in the winter time.

Sarah sat back in her chair again, her eyes fixed on the peeling green sheath. But she did not see it.

Thump! Thump! Thump! And a voice: "Sarah Pence! Wake up! Wake up!"

The doctor's voice. Wake up? She looked at the clock. It was nearly midnight.

Sarah backed away from the Lily, keeping an eye fixed upon it. How could she go now? Then she lighted the candle and wrapped herself in the gray and red plaid shawl before going into the frigid hall. The front door finally opened with much creaking, and into the hall through the opening tumbled quantities of snow, cold, white, dry like sand.

On the porch stood the doctor. He was slapping his hands to warm them. In the light of the flaring candle Sarah could see a fringe of icicles hanging about his lips and from his eyelashes, — little glistening things. The doctor was old and hale and white-haired and never spared himself in his work because he was old.

He expressed no surprise to see her up and dressed at the hour, late for the village.

"Fix your fires to leave, and get on warm things. I'll wait for you. There's a sick woman over at the county house, and no one there to help me," he said simply.

Then he went stamping back through the dry, crunching snow to the gate where his horses stood, knee-deep in drifts.

Sarah returned to the parlor and put a large piece of wood in the stove. She turned out the oil lamp. Then she got her wraps and the roll of bandages and small medicaments she knew the almshouse would not have. Not once did she look at the Lily as she closed the door on it.

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Beside the doctor in the sleigh she felt very cold and lifeless. The doctor wrapped the buffalo robe about her carefully, though she knew his own hands must be nearly frozen with driving.

The sky was very blue and far and cold, and the stars like flames, strange cold flames. The horses snorted and plunged as they wallowed through the unbroken road. Presently Sarah took the reins from the doctor's great furred hands.

"I'll drive. You'll need to limber up your hands before we get there," she said. She had been on such expeditions before with the doctor, and knew quite well what might be ahead of them at the almshouse.

The woman at the county house had pneumonia. Towards morning she died in spite of all the doctor and Sarah could do. Before they started back to the village the doctor and Sarah had hot tea. Then they climbed into the sleigh again, and the horses went lunging through the banks of snow in the dim gray light of the early morning. The stars were winking out, — one by one they slipped into the void of the slate-hued winter sky. There was no wind, and the trees along the way still wore their coating of snow from the storm. When the sun came out they would be lovely, but now they were cold ghosts. They made Sarah think of the woman who had just died.

"Poor soul," the doctor was saying. "I'm thankful she's gone. Not much chance for poor creatures like her."

"Yes," assented Sarah, politely, but she did not know what she was saying.

"You get yourself some hot stuff to drink and something to eat. Then you go to bed and get rested, or I'll have you to look out for, too," counseled the doctor, as he let her out of the sleigh at her own gate.

With much pawing and stamping the horses wheeled while Sarah went walking through the snow to the porch steps. The footprints she had made at midnight were still plainly marked.

Sarah opened the front door and stepped into the gray shadows of the hall. It was full of the overpowering sweetness of the Lily perfume, but this no longer made her dizzy. Nothing ever again, she felt, could make her sick with anticipation. She did not open the parlor door but went swiftly past it to the kitchen. The candle with which she had lighted her way from the house

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sat in an untidy smear of melted wax and tallow on the shining mahogany top of the hall table. She must have forgotten to put it out, and it had burned down. She took it with her to the kitchen.

In the kitchen she lighted a fire in the kitchen stove and made herself some tea and toast. Remembering the doctor's warning, she put a few drops of brandy in the tea.

Then she thought that the fire must be getting low in the parlor. The opened Lily must not be allowed to freeze, for the neighbors must see it as she had promised herself they should. Gathering some wood in her arms she went down the hall and softly into the parlor. While she filled the stove and opened the drafts she did not look toward the Lily.

As she bent over the stove a perfume like that of a suddenly shattered phial came to her. It was different from the heavy sweetness that had all but smothered her since the bud had begun to swell at the top of the Lily stalk.

Trembling, Sarah turned and looked at the Lily.

Before her was not the crimson heart of the opened flower. There was still only the huge, green sheath, — enormously swollen now, soft, ready to burst asunder. At its apex was the same crimson tip she had seen appear at midnight. Had the chill of the room as the fire died down paralyzed the opening petals, or was it true that she had wanted to see the miracle of the unfolding so intensely that God had laid his staying hand upon it?

Breathless, reverent, as before a shrine, she crept nearer and again sat in the high-backed chair. As she watched, slowly, magically, the green sheath folded back and formed a calyx. Slowly, miraculously the crimson petals uncurled. . . . It was too beautiful to watch.

The sun came up and shone through the east windows. The yellow warmth struck across Sarah's shoulder as she still sat in the high-backed chair. It fell athwart the Lily, and in the light the full-blown flower shone like a star.

Sarah rose and began to undo the red dress. She must put on her work dress and get the house in order. In the afternoon the neighbors would be coming in. She thought of the cordial and fruit cake she would have ready for them.

Then she went out of the room, closing the door very softly on the fragrant miracle.

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THE FIVE MILE BOOK SHELF

MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH

A BOOK agent is responsible for this article. I am going to try to say in it what I started to say to her, but didn't get a chance to finish for I simply could not talk against her phonographic record of this remarkable "Children's Library" that contained, in some twenty volumes, all the literature, science, history, art, and religion that was needed to make your child a finished product of culture. I was taken unawares by this book agent when she strolled up the steps of our little summer camp in the woods with apparently a knitting bag on her arm, and a casual remark on her lips about "seeing the children playing about, she had just dropped in, and so forth," and I had her comfortably seated in the couch hammock with my most gracious smile of welcome before I realized that she was not a friendly neighbor but a book agent.

Once seated, her first remark gave her away. "You college women make such excellent mothers that I knew you would be interested." The shudders were running up and down my back even before she had pulled the "knitting bag" to her lap, and began to draw out her samples, but she was off and I was powerless to stop her until my porch was littered with specimen pages, pictures, and bindings all taken from that inexhaustible bag.

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At first I felt myself swelling and swelling, and feared I should go off soon like an over-charged tire if I were not given a moment to relieve my feelings, but all remarks of mine were drowned in that flow of language which poured out like that endless stream of salt from the mill which no one could stop grinding. I forget now what it was that actually stopped her. I only remember that for days afterward when I lighted the fire with the countless circulars of recommendations written by college presidents and commissioners of education which she left behind her, I thought of more and more things I wanted to say to that book agent. Consequently, I say that she is responsible for this article.

"Economy" was the watchword which she waved before me, and in her self-complacency little noted that it brought out all my bull nature like a red flag. If I bought this "Children's Library" I would *save* money, *save* time, *save* space, probably, I do not know, *save* my children's souls. Now I know this is an age of compactness. We cook in a kitchenette and we no longer raise a family but are satisfied with a "familyette". We are all seeking the essence of things only, and time and space have a value never before urged upon them. Everything must be boiled down — concentrated. It is what might be called a nutshell age. The pageant-like novels of Victor Hugo, that spread their glamour over long winter evenings about the fire, are now flashed before us in a couple of hours on the movie screen. Letters are no longer lengthy and redolent of personality, enticing one to tip back in the chair and drink deep of the cup of friendship. Instead, they are crisp and colorless, written only at the bidding of business, apologetic if they run over the second page. And our libraries, our treasured book sanctuaries, must be cut down to fit a "five-foot bookcase". A strange craze this, for the kernel only, especially as the rind of the fruit is often the sweeter and the meatier part. It is a strange conception of man, that he who has beheld the Matterhorn has no need to lift his tired eyes to the purple hills of New England. But man is his own master and who shall stop him in any of his Quixotic tasks? I would simply make a plea for the children, — the real victims of this age.

So if the time comes when I am asked to give dimensions for a nursery bookcase, I shall say: "Throw your foot rule to the winds. Begin your case when the child is born and let it grow

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with the span of his years. Begin it with a shelf and let it grow as a vine grows, up and down and around the nursery wall. Let it break off in sections and follow each child as he leaves the nursery for his own room. Open up your hallways to it if it overflows. Make it as indispensable to your children as the roof above their heads, or as much a part of their daily lives as the gathering three times a day at the family board. For books are the everlasting friends that fail not. They are the flying trunks and the magic carpets of childhood, the mystical fountains that quench the ardent thirst of youth, and the green pastures and the still waters whither in later years we go to restore our souls.

The nursery bookcase defies compactness because of the very nature of childhood. It must overflow. My thirteen-year-old boy once said to me: "What I like to do is to hunt for things. When I grow up I don't want to sit in an office, I want to go all over the world and hunt for things." That is the healthy, normal child speaking. No one who really understands a boy would give him a collection of birds' eggs; he would give him the fields, the forests, the lakes and the streams, and long days to wander in them. It is the same with books. No set collected by any expert on children's reading will ever take the place of a library where a child can browse and hunt, and find things out for himself. No one volume, however wisely chosen, can contain the "poems every child should know". Each child should make his own anthology as he goes through life and it will be a very meagre one if he has only one volume from which to choose his poems. For the love of poetry is such an intimate, individual thing that the wisdom of Solomon is not sufficient to make *the* collection for children. I think of my own little family, — one child learned Mother Goose and a hundred other of the childhood jingles by heart, just for the pure love of its rollicking meter and nippy humor. A younger boy turned these pages over in utter contempt; to him they were mere buffoonery, but even before he could read he was begging me to teach him such hymns as:

"Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted and yet undefiled."

as well as:

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"Come ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God has brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed by Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters."

I am sure no one has ever placed these two particular hymns in any children's anthology, but all four verses of the latter were learned by my eight-year-old son and were sung over and over again as he went about his play. Another of my boys said to me one night when he was eleven: "Do you know my two favorite poems, Mother? I'll tell you. 'Old Ironsides', and 'If I Should Die, Think Only This of Me'." It is a long cry from the bombastic patriotism of Holmes to that almost sacred devotion to England of Rupert Brooks, and yet each sung itself into this boy's being. I can remember, too, how the day after I first read him

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by"

that I found six volumes of Masefield gleaned from the family library strewn over his bed and desk. Nor shall I ever forget the night I found another son, perhaps twelve then, curled on the davenport in the living-room, crooning something that I had never heard before.

I drew nearer and looked over his shoulder as he went on, quite unconscious of my approach:

"The walls fell back, night was a-flower
The table gleamed in a moonlit bower,
While Chang, with a countenance carved of stone,
Ironed and ironed all alone."

On and on he chanted:

"And this gray bird, in Love's first spring,
With a bright-bronze breast, and a bronze-brown wing,
Captured the world with his carolling."

This night was, I think, this boy's first discovery of poetry. For three years now, he has been reading Vachel Lindsay because there is something in the rhythmic beat of "The Congo", and "When General Booth Enters Heaven", that throbs to a beat within himself so that as he reads it his "breast with vision is

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satisfied". But even "One Thousand Poems for Children" does not contain these hymns my eight-year-old wanted to learn, or Masefield's "Sea Fever", much less "The Chinese Nightingale" of Lindsay. A volume isn't enough for a child; you must give him a shelf full, a room full, a house full.

For every boy and girl is a true child of nature, and nature is not economical, but lavish, prodigal, giving bounteously, and we must revise our Puritanical ideas of wastefulness if we are going to work with children. A botanist holding a tiny seed in his hand can tell you what soil and care to give that seed to produce the flower that lies encased within it, but no one can look in a child's face and be such a soothsayer. Education must always be an experiment, a trying again and again. So ours is the task as guardian of the children of to-day, to open up doorways and windows and vistas to the searching spirit of the child. And because books, more than any other one thing, unless it be life itself, have the magic power to let down bars, and unlock doors, we should surround our children with them as lavishly as nature surrounds us with her marvels. Not one star, but a skyfull; not one volume but a casefull. For we will never again be able to give to our children as bounteously as we can during that first decade of their life. These early years are the leisure years (although parents and teachers to-day are constantly encroaching more and more on the precious leisure time of childhood), they are the storing years, when the child is garnering unto himself not only treasures but much that will be to him the very bread of life in the years that lie ahead. "Books maketh a full man," said the wise-head, Bacon, many years ago, so let us give our children books. Let us feed their minds and souls as carefully as we feed their bodies, morning, noon, and night with nourishing food and drink, remembering that we are feeding growing organisms with spiritual and intellectual appetites no less ravenous than their physical.

I like to think of the ten or twelve-year-old mind as a rich tapestry, the background against which all the rest of a child's life shall be lived. Books alone should not weave this tapestry. Fishing streams, gardens, sand dunes, a boy's or girl's own room, city street, docks, woods, swimming pools, trees, caves, and rocks, — whatever a child makes his own out of life's experience, — all go into the weaving of this tapestry of memories. But books bind

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the individual to the universal, they link up the past to the present, and they lead from the finite out to the infinite. They make the child a part of the world, — the world that lies behind him, the world that lies at his feet, and the world of his dreams.

Books, too, are the quickest response to a child's inborn craving for beauty. I am afraid if we could photograph the minds of vast numbers of our American children to-day, we would find them as colorless and as commonplace as are most of our American towns. We would find reflected in these children's minds all the architectural ugliness, all the higgledy-piggledyness of our hasty development, all the crude flaunting bill posters of our commercialism. Beauty does not lie about our children as beauty should. It must be sought after, and is so hard to find here in America to-day that many children early give up the quest. For our modern child is city-born and city-bred. Paved streets lie between his feet and the earth and high walls shut from his eyes the sky. Still the desire for beauty is reborn in each child, and if we cannot satisfy it by the changing of autumn foliage or the shifting of cloud-light over our hills or by the cathedral towers of the Old World, we can at least give our children books that on these pinions they may lift themselves up and escape at times from the commonplace, the commercialism, and the crudities with which we have surrounded them.

All the immortal books glow with beauty, — and by immortal I mean a book that once read stays by a boy or girl all his life, a book from which he never quite frees himself. Do not be afraid of these immortals even though they bear the erudite title "classics". They are not something for the élite, or the learned. They are not above your child. It is not undemocratic to give your child the best. The child who loves Mother Goose will also love a bit later the Folk Tales and Fairy Tales. Then do not spend your time reading to him about Peter Rabbit or Blacky Crow (let him have these books to learn the technique of reading for himself) but launch out into Kingsley's *Water Babies*, George MacDonald's *At the Back of the North Wind*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Heidi*, and that exquisite new classic for children, Walter de la Mare's *The Three Mullah Mulgars*. Go on through Hawthorne's *Wonder Tales* to Colum's *Children's Homer* or Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*, through *The Jungle Book* and *Kim* to *Treasure Island* and *Kid-*

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napped. You are on the straight road now to Cooper and Scott, before your youngsters are in their teens.

Read and re-read all of Lewis Carroll and then try Uncle Remus and the Hollow Tree Books. Before you know it you are taking down *The Pickwick Papers* from your own shelf for the boys and girls. Children who are brought up on *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Magic Fish Bone*, *The Rose and the Ring*, and the *Just-So Stories* develop an unquenchable thirst for humor later on.

With poetry it is the same chain-making process. The Nursery Rhymes and jingles link on to the old ballads. The ballads lead to Kipling's verse, Kipling's to *Hiawatha*, *Hiawatha* to *Idylls of the King*. *Idylls of the King* give way to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and this in turn to such verse as Masefield's poems of the sea, and so the chain is well forged. The child who has grown up on poetry like this knows what poetry really is, and as his emotional nature cries out for release in his adolescent years, knows where to go to find quietude for his surging moods and meaning for the tumult within him.

Again as your child begins to wonder whence he came into being, have ready those fascinating tales of primitive man. It may be that he will start on this quest so early that you must give him such simple tales as Miss Dopps' *The Early Cave Men*, and *The Tree Dwellers*, which he can perhaps read himself. A little older boy will listen by the hour to Professor Kummer's *The First Book of Man*, and *The First Book of Knowledge*, or *The Story of Ab*, and from these pass eagerly on to Hillyer's *A Child's History of the World*, Van Loon's *First Days of Man*, and Singe's *Book of Discoveries*. In a year or two he will be ready for *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, *Westward Ho* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

Likewise, when your boys and girls forget for a while all other interests and throw themselves into collecting shells, or bugs, or caterpillars or birds' eggs, don't expect them to be content with a few condensed pages on insects in some children's encyclopedia, but get them Fabre's books, and one or two of those real authorities on biology, *The Book of Shells* or *The Book of Moths*, with their wonderful colored plates and their detailed scientific knowledge. One of my boys, long before he could read, would spend hours poring over the scientific colored plates of *The Butterfly Book*, hunting out the chrysalis from which a butterfly he had

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caught had emerged. These books give children some idea of the vastness and the wonder of the world about them. Nor would I cheat any child of this age out of the joy of exploring woods and streams with such men as Seton-Thompson, Dallas Lore Sharp, Burroughs, and Baynes.

And I would make a plea equally strong for the Bible and the lives of Saints. I do not mean *The Children's Bible*, or *The Story of the Bible*, or *The Modern Bible* but I mean *the* Bible in the Good Old King James Version. Your child need not read it as our forebears did, verse by verse, not even skipping those endless genealogical chains, but no child should pass out of childhood without knowing the great primitive folk tales of the Jewish people, or with his ears untuned to the choral beauty of the Psalms.

I have on the wall above me as I write a picture by a modern German artist, of a peasant Grandmother reading aloud out-of-doors to a small boy of perhaps ten years. The Grandmother, her iron-gray hair pulled back painfully tight from her stern, unyielding face, sits erect in her stiff Sunday clothes, with the "Good Book" open on her lap. Laboriously her heavy forefinger travels across the printed page pointing out the moral lesson of the scriptures. But the boy at her side sits, his hands limp in his lap, shoulders stooping, every line of his body plastic, gazing with dream-lighted eyes over the picket fence and over the green hills and beyond any horizon made of earth or sky. His ears do not hear the moral lesson but they are listening to a tale well told. His entire being is responsive to the movement, the rhythm, the beauty.

As I look upon this boy's profile, I see the faces of my own children as we have read together year after year, night after night, from good books of many ages and many lands. I see a little fellow of eight sitting straight up in bed, enthralled by Padraic Colum's *Children's Homer*, or I think of another boy, scarcely a year older, lying on his back in the pine woods by the hour, drinking in the tale of *Kim*. These children's faces are all the same: wonder plays over them as light plays over the hills. They are joyous, eager, responsive as children's faces should be. They are voyaging on uncharted seas, drinking of the fulness of life.

And when I am asked what books we should read to children I am wont to reply any book that brings to a child's face this look of wonder and pure joy. Fortunately, there are many of them.

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Springfield, Missouri

And I would make a plea that we give the children these books just as the Grandma was giving the little lad the Bible, — by reading them aloud. The ear is more sensitive than the eye when the child is small, and he will feel the rhythm and beauty of language more keenly through the spoken word. Begin when the child is five to read aloud to him only those books which have that elusive something which we call style, and when he is twelve he will not be satisfied with so-called juveniles. He will doubtless read these later, — and many of them to-day are clean, harmless yarns of boy and girl life, — but he will not absorb them into his being. You will not need to tell him they are second-rate, for he will sense that himself and they will just naturally sift through him.

When Ethel Sidgwick, the English novelist, visited this country a few years ago, she left behind her a gift for the children of New York City, — a large "Map of Fairyland" which lies under glass on a low table in the New York Public Library. I often leave my shopping early and spend my last half-hour in town poring over this map, for to me it is not merely A Map of Fairyland but much more. It is to me a fine colored etching of what the mind of a child should be who has grown up among books. Every inch of this map is packed with scenes and creatures dear to childish hearts. Mr. Grimm is there sitting on Shiny Wall, with the sea at his feet, the sea over which skims the swift-oared Argus passing on its way the rudderless open boat in which little Gerda floats in her quest for Kay. Solomon's Ships pass in state into the Enchanted Sea and the square-rigged vessel of Tristram of Lyonesse rides at anchor near the coast from which rises the Holy Mountain of Monsalvat, where lies guarded the Holy Grail. Eagerly I search among the Brownie Huts, the Walls of Magic, the Garden of Dreams to find new nooks and corners for my own children to explore. For here is chart and compass for your child's voyaging into the great realm of romance and poetry. Here lies unrolled at your feet a map of your child's rightful heritage, — the paradise of children, the country that will belong eternally to those boys and girls who travel along the side of a Five Mile Case of Books.

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PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE

ANDRÉ MONOD

PROTESTANT and Catholic writers in turn have traced in these pages the historical development and growth of their churches and have glorified their good works. Certain countries we have learned to associate with one particular faith, — France, for example, which we have believed overwhelmingly Catholic. So it is, but this writer, a French pastor and Secretary of the Protestant Federation of France, indicates the strength of Protestantism in his country in figures which are somewhat surprising.

ON the fifth of September, 1917, at Vadelaincourt, near Verdun, Sergeant Jean Monod, hospital orderly, was killed in a Red Cross ambulance by bombs from an enemy airplane. Although he was married and head of a family, he had left, in order to go to the front, the Home for Blind Soldiers in the rue de Reuilly, Paris, to which he was attached. In 1916, an American lady had come to visit this Home; Sergeant Monod played the host, and in the course of the conversation his visitor learned not only that there were Protestants in France but even that her guide was himself a minister. Her surprise was complete. "Are there really Protestants in France! How happy I am to learn it!"

The war has likewise disclosed this fact to many Frenchmen who hardly suspected that there were Protestants in the world, and in such numbers. We have learned that the French Revolution of 1789, which inaugurated in Europe the era of the great democratic republics, was inspired by the American Revolution. Now united in the Americans of 1776 were the blood and the idea of the "pilgrims" from England and the Huguenot "refugees" from France. One cannot, consequently, understand the history of the modern world if one has not thought about the spiritual forces which were at work from the time of the battle of Lexington to the storming of the Bastille. These two great victories for liberty had their beginnings in a greater revolution, the Reformation of the sixteenth century, particularly its French manifestation.

In truth, the French spirit, eminently logical and universal, drove to its ultimate consequences the movement of religious reform. It was John Calvin, theologian, statesman, and organizer of genius, who codified and made universal the work of the Reform.

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The trumpet of Luther had caused the walls of Babylon to crumble; Calvin's trowel built up the walls of Zion.

The French Reform on many occasions seemed doomed to be crushed and destroyed in its own country. The heroic period of its history lasted three hundred years, — from the massacres of 1523 in Paris and Meaux to the riots of the White Terror in the south of France, in which two hundred Protestants were killed. Everything combined to work against it: iron and fire in the sixteenth century, the administrative intrigue of the Pretended Reformed Religion and the undercurrent of violence of the seventeenth century. In 1685 Louis XIV announced that there were no more Protestants in France, and this official statement was very nearly true. Protestants saw all their churches razed; hundreds of thousands of their adherents renounced their faith, others fled the country. On native soil only a few thousand Huguenots, — mountaineers and peasants from the Cévennes, — resisted and took up arms. They were conquered in battle, but not subjugated. The great King had to draw up a treaty with them and recognize that there were still Protestants in France.

After the Revolution, which gave back to the reformers their rights as citizens, there were in France in 1805 only forty-eight ministers. There numbered two years later seventy-eight organized churches. This was the foundation for a great work of reconstruction. In the period of revival which lasted one hundred years church buildings were erected, schools were opened, charitable and missionary centres established. Then came the patient work of the Central Society of Evangelization, which in seventy-five years built one hundred and seven churches and gained or regained for the Reform a great number of families.

French Protestantism to-day numbers 1038 parishes:

Reformed Churches:	381	Reformed Evangelical	645
	164	Reformed parishes	
	40	parishes in Alsace-Lorraine	
	60	stations of the Central Society	
Lutheran Churches (of which 198 are in Alsace-Lorraine)			261
Free Churches			49
Baptist Churches			29
Methodist Churches			23
Independent Churches and stations of the McAll Mission			31
			1038

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In this figure are not included the stations recently established by the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, which supports thirteen ministers. The total number of ministers in active service in France is about 1097, of which 1000 are at the head of parishes, the others being professors, chaplains, or heads of various other branches of service. We have three faculties in Theology, — two in common with the Reformed and Lutheran churches, those of Paris and Strasbourg, one maintained by the reformed Evangelical Churches at Montpellier, with about 120 students, most of whom are foreigners.

Where are the French Protestants and how many are there? The Directory of French Protestantism, recently published, gives the best answer to this question which is asked so often. From it we see that in many regions, especially in the south, but also in the east, Protestants form sections in which they are often in the majority; there even exist whole villages in which there is a Protestant house of worship but not a Catholic church. Elsewhere, over large territory, the Protestants are lost in the multitude of Catholics and risk being absorbed by them. There are historical reasons for this uneven distribution of Protestant forces; but certain points of concentration, for example in Paris and in the industrial and mining regions in the north, are the result of circumstances or of current increase. In the absence of all official statistics it is not possible to give an accurate and absolute figure for the Protestant population of France. The best judges estimate that the figure must exceed 900,000 and is probably not above one million, — that is, one Protestant among every forty Frenchmen.

It is necessary to keep in mind this proportion in order to be fair. One must, in truth, recognize with admiration that Protestantism in a country from which it has been driven and effaced, has been able to reconstruct itself and that in regions where it had been killed, it has been able to come to life with an activity greater than ever before.

We have the constant task of uniting our forces scattered in a widely spreading territory, divided into many religious groups. But it is necessary to count on Protestant individualism. We have found the key to the problem in the idea of federation so familiar to our American friends. Just as in 1559 we founded outside the one church, and in a state profoundly monarchical,

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churches with democratic constitutions, so in our day, in a republic strongly centralized and unified, we have established a federation of all our churches. This movement had its beginning in 1890; the first statutes of the Protestant Federation of France were drawn up in 1904 and finally adopted in a Central Assembly of French Protestantism which was held at Nîmes in 1909. The Federation is directed by a Council in which each Union of Churches is represented by four delegates, — two ministers and two laymen. The President for several years has been a layman, — M. Edouard Gruner, mining engineer. Decisions of the Council must be unanimous. Every five years the Council must call together the General Assembly, as it did at Lyons in 1919, and at Strasbourg in 1924. This last Assembly welcomed the entrance of the two great Church Unions of Alsace-Lorraine into the Federation which has thus become the central focus of the entire "Protestant Family", — Reformed, Lutherans, Methodist, Baptist, Free Churches, and Churches of the Central Society.

The Federation has no doctrinal basis; for this reason, no doubt, some Baptist churches hold themselves aloof. The great controversy between Fundamentalists and Modernists is a case of past history in France; the first are very few in number, and isolated; the second find their legitimate place among our most important groups. On the whole, our Churches, which have to struggle to live, all have as a foundation a "declaration of faith", a program of very positive Christian action, and a close and exacting adherence to the Gospel of Christ. Religious life, forms of cults, synodical regime, the activities of the Church, are very similar in all the groups.

These ties of the Federation have permitted us to rise above a succession of serious crises. First, that of Separation. Entering into consideration also is the partial aid of the State, which has never surpassed two million francs a year, and which, under the Republic, imposed on us no servitude, as compensation for all the despoliation we had undergone. In 1905, following a conflict between Rome and France, the budgets for religious organizations were cut off. It was necessary for us to reorganize our churches, and to provide for their needs without impairing our extensive charitable and missionary work. We succeeded; the interest and generosity of the members of our churches have never

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failed us. Our relations with the State, which had remained normal inasmuch as we had conformed to the Law of Separation, were continued through the mediation of the Federated Council.

Then came the war and the enemy invasion which found us ready to put into practise the "Holy Union", at the front as well as behind the lines. The Federation manifested Protestant unity. Here, for example, is a significant act. There was, toward the end of 1915, a meeting of the Committee of National Aid which was made up of a group of leading spirits of France, — Catholic, Jewish, and Free Thinking leaders. It was a question of launching throughout the country the first drive for the war orphans. The Catholic Church was represented on the Committee by the Archbishop of Paris, the Protestant Church by a minister, Charles Wagner, friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and author of *The Simple Life*. The Archbishop promised to make an appeal to his communicants, observing that his jurisdiction did not extend beyond his diocese. "And for the Protestants, Mr. Wagner," said M. Appel, "how shall we proceed?" And Mr. Wagner answered, "Mr. President, I have only to press a button and through the President of the Protestant Federation of France all our churches will be notified." Astonishment and admiration struck the Catholics and Free Thinkers on the Committee, who discovered the existence of a unified organization in French Protestantism.

The strict collaboration of our Churches which was strengthened by the effective collaboration of the Churches belonging to the Federal Council of Churches in America, and other Churches of Protestant Christendom, was, then, of inestimable value. During the war about a hundred of our ministers and students of theology, — almost our entire number, — were killed or died under the flag; the invasion scattered and ruined thousands of our co-religionists, so numerous in the north and east. Eighty of our church buildings were destroyed, bombarded, or pillaged; twenty-eight of our presbyteries and twenty-nine other religious buildings shared the same fate. Under the protection of the Federation a Protestant committee of aid for devastated regions was organized to render immediate assistance, and a Committee of Protestant Union common to churches of France and Belgium undertook to restore our ruins. To-day all our communities of the

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north and east are reconstructed, almost all our houses of worship are rebuilt or repaired, some larger and more beautiful than they were before the war, notably those of Rheims, St Quentin, Arras, Lens, Liévin, and Château-Thierry.

But we still have to gather together all our energies after this supreme effort. The consequences of the war are making themselves felt in a cruel way in our communities; a choice group of young men has disappeared which others still too young, or now too old, cannot replace. The capital of France is greatly diminished, heavily mortgaged. The savings of preceding generations melt like snow in the sun, and we are not yet at the end of our sacrifices. Our ministers, almost all heads of large families, see their services hampered by constant financial worries. There is the great uncertainty of the morrow.

Nevertheless, thanks to the aid of our good American friends, we have been able to endow the Federation with a house, "The Home of French Protestantism", situated in the busiest centre of Paris, near the Gare St Lazare, 47 rue de Clichy. The offices of the Federation and of our Unions of Reformed Churches, as well as beautiful reception rooms, are there. Every friend of our country may write or enquire there, if he desires any information whatsoever, especially concerning our schools, names of families willing to take in boarders, and places of greatest interest to Protestant visitors.

The persecutions first obliged the Huguenots to go into exile, carrying with them their trades, their beautiful French language, and their doctrines tested by fire. They went into all parts of northern Europe and throughout the world, from the coasts of America to those of South Africa. This exodus continued for more than two centuries; the greater part of two modern nations were vivified and enriched by it.

To-day there are no forced exiles, but an obligation on the part of a few to be alert and active, making their influence felt in spreading and deepening the faith. In France the rôle which the finest group of Protestants plays as molder of national life is of paramount importance, particularly in the teaching profession, in the courts, industry, banking, the army, and the civil service. In the last century, the Premier of France, François Guizot, was a Protestant of note. To-day one still sees Protestants, or rather

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men of Protestant extraction carrying on the noblest duties of the Republic: thus, during the war, Georges Clemenceau, the citizen who "has deserved well of the fatherland"; and Gaston Doumergue, recently elected President for seven years. A "Protestant Party" does not exist in France; we give our allegiance to various groups from the strict conservative for some, to the liberal republican for the greatest number, especially in the west and the south. Also, in moments of crisis, when above all else is needed a man of conscience and duty, a stanch republican, it is often from our ranks that the country seeks him. The Catholic or Free Thinking electors do not fear to send to the Chamber or the Senate one of our faith, even one of our ministers, as was done in three cases in the elections of 1919 and 1924.

All our Churches, all our religious societies, are occupied with home missions in the large sense of the word. Our Federation organized, ten years ago, a very active Protestant Committee of French Alliance, presided over by M. Paul Fuzier, Councilor of State. And so Protestants of France are no longer absent from the great movements organized by their co-religionists in foreign countries. This same spirit of initiative has directed us, since the sixteenth century, toward colonization enterprises. French expansion, ports filled with ships entering and leaving, the French flag flying over new seas, were the dream and the wish of Admiral Coligny. If they had listened to him, France rather than England would have founded modern America. He directed his pioneers toward Brazil, Florida, the Carolinas, Canada. He wished to found beyond the seas a new France where religious liberty would flourish. Since his day how many of the seamen of war and commerce, of the privateers, explorers, and colonists, has Protestantism not furnished? To-day, in our colonial empire, ten times larger than the mother country, Protestants are, above all, active, influential collaborators in the work of colonization.

But a narrow nationalism would be unable to limit them; the finest thing which they have undertaken in the last hundred years is their mission work in heathen countries. The Paris Society of Evangelical Missions works in eight mission fields; Lessouto, the oldest, in the south of Africa, and Zambezi, — two countries placed under English protection; Senegal, the Congo, Tahiti, New Caledonia, Madagascar, all French colonies; and Cameroon,

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under French rule. This work is out of proportion to our forces and resources; the results of the war have made it even heavier.

When we look at our beautiful Mission House, with its chapel and mission school, we are proud to think that hundreds of our people have gone out from it young and enthusiastic, to conquer the pagan world, often never to return. The proportion is one consecrated missionary outside of France for every sixteen ministers who remain in the mother country; a total of 137 European missionaries and assistants, most of whom are married. Our budget is exceeded by more than two million francs; consequently the aid of our co-religionists in foreign countries is very necessary to us here. In spite of all our losses in men, and the crushing financial burden of the post-war period, we feel spiritually enriched by our obedience to the orders of Christ. There are indeed treasures of vitality and faith, and a great power of inspired vision in our Churches.

When these Churches were "under the cross" — constantly harassed and oppressed—they took of their own accord as a symbol an anvil upon which one strikes repeated blows with the proud motto: "The more they amuse themselves by striking me the more they wear out their hammers." To-day, free to expend ourselves and to consecrate ourselves to noble tasks, we prefer the symbol of the burning bush, stamp of the Reformed Church of France, bearing this device: *Flagror Non Consumor* — "I burn but am not consumed."

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THE MYSTERY OF THE SUN

JOHN ANTHONY MILLER

The Story of the Swarthmore College Eclipse Expedition to Sumatra, January, 1926

AN eclipse lasts for two minutes; and occurs, — weather permitting, — about once every two years. Yet from the study of eclipses, — when the sun's "corona" becomes visible, — we learn most of what we can know about the past and future of the body which gave birth to our planet, and which still maintains our life. Professor John A. Miller here describes both the human and the scientific side of the great expedition which has just returned from Sumatra with records of the total eclipse in January.

MEN study most the things that affect them most, and for that reason the sun has always been an object of great scientific interest. To the sun we owe all our natural comforts; without it we should have neither clouds, winds, nor rains; it paints our flora and feeds our fauna. We heat and light our homes and drive the great engines of transportation and industry with sunbeams stored in the earth's surfaces eons ago. Aside from this practical aspect, natural curiosity has prompted men to inquire what the source is of this energy and power, and whether or not it is everlasting; whether or not the time will come when life on earth as we now know it will be impossible. Their researches have shown that every star is a sun, not unlike ours in many important particulars; that a great many of the chemical elements are found in common in the earth, the sun, and the stars; and, as the fundamentals of mechanics were discovered and tested in the motion of the heavenly bodies, so, in the laboratory of the sky, men are testing to-day the theories of chemistry and of physics; and no single body had yielded so many of these fundamental truths as the study of the sun. The urge that has driven men to these studies is the same that drives men to eclipses.

The eclipse of 1926, with which we are here concerned, occurred in Africa just after sunrise, in Sumatra about 2:30 P.M., in Borneo a little later, and in the Philippine Islands just before sunset. Although January is the middle of the rainy season in Sumatra and Borneo, the extensive meteorological data collected, tabulated, and distributed by the "Koninklijk Magnetischen Meteo-

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rologisch Observatorium", under the supervision of Dr. Braak, made it appear that weather conditions in Sumatra were better than in Borneo, and that at certain stations the chances of clear weather at eclipse time were from forty to sixty per cent. Moreover, so far as statistics go, Benkoelen, on the southwest coast of Sumatra, appeared to offer the most favorable meteorological conditions. Accordingly, five of the eight expeditions sent out located there. They were, in the order of their arrival: the Nederlandische-Deutsche expedition; the Swarthmore College Expedition; the Harvard University expedition; the Royal Society and Astronomical Society expedition; the Melbourne University expedition, and a private undertaking. A single cloud properly placed would have been the undoing of all these expeditions and for that reason, and to serve science better, the United States Naval Observatory chose Kapaihang, a station near the mountains about forty miles from Benkoelen. An expedition from Holland located at Palembang, 250 miles away; and in order that observing stations might have the widest possible distribution Professor D'Arturo, the Italian astronomer, located in Africa. Palembang was cloudy, Kapaihang clear nearly half of the totality, and Benkoelen practically clear.

Half Way Round the World

Benkoelen, a town of about nine thousand people, is the capital of the Residency of Benkoelen. Of these about 250 are Dutch, — largely Dutch officials and their families, — about one thousand Chinese, and the remainder native Malay. The town presents an inviting appearance. Many houses are surrounded by spacious, well-kept, well-shaded lawns. Most of the Dutch officials are university-trained men; all are efficient, obliging officers and delightful and cultured companions, and they, together with their families, most hospitable hosts. The personnel of the various expeditions were received as paying guests into their homes; a courtesy which added, not only to our comfort, but also to the efficiency of our work. The friendships formed there will always live as a pleasant memory in the minds of the guests.

The members of all the expeditions ate luncheon and dinner at the hotel, so that twice a day, during our stay there, thirty people, all members of the various expeditions, German, English,

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Dutch, Australian, and American gathered around a long table. We were known in the town as the "International Eclipse Observers". Good fellowship and spirit of coöperation reigned. Eclipse topics were most frequent, but not dominant. We had each day a potpourri of international humor, story, and wisdom.

As I think of the programs of the various expeditions, I am surprised how little duplication of effort there was. The combined equipment was as modern, as extensive, as powerful, as varied, and as well-manned as any heretofore assembled for eclipse purposes in any single locality.

The Nederlandische-Indische Government spared neither pains nor effort to make the stay of the eclipse observers in Sumatra as pleasant and as profitable as possible. Prior to our coming, arrangements had been perfected by which all equipment, instrumental and personal, was admitted without Customs examination. All equipment was transported from Palembang, the port of entry, to the eclipse camps, and after the eclipse returned to Singapore without charge. This means that many tons of equipment were moved over rail for one hundred miles and by motor truck over a mountainous region for one hundred and fifty miles more and by steamer another five hundred. All transportation on the Island for eclipse purposes was free to eclipse observers and the K. P. M. returned the scientists to Singapore at a nominal rate.

Benkoelen is an old English town and many marks of English life still remain there. Among them are Raffles Park, many monuments, a long avenue of fine old trees bordering a broad street, and an old English cemetery; but there is nothing more conspicuous or better kept than Fort Marlborough, which overlooks, and, when the English were there, guarded the harbor of Benkoelen. Its thick substantial wall, surrounded by moats, must in its time have made it an impregnable fortress. The old fort was evacuated by the English by treaty agreement one hundred years ago. The moats are drained and now are greenswards, and it is altogether a very attractive place.

By common consent, the other expeditions which arrived before the English did, agreed that it would be a fitting site for the English, if they wished it. They located in the old fort. The Swarthmore, Harvard, and Dutch-German expedition camps were in a

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charming and unique place. To our backs was the well-groomed town itself and our instruments were pointed over a grove of tall, graceful cocoanut palms. Looking through interstices among the trees, one could catch glimpses of the stretch of the blue Indian Ocean. To protect the instruments, some of which are shown in photograph 3*, from the frequent tropical rains, and the observers, while adjusting them, from a fierce tropical sun, temporary shelters were erected. These were covered with native "atap", shown in photograph 2*, made of a species of palm leaves which is used a very great deal to cover native houses.

With some of the problems of the eclipse observer on which these powerful instruments were designed to throw light the reader may already be familiar, but at the risk of being tiresome I shall set down a few words of explanation.

The Rim of the Sun

The sun is a huge sphere, 866,000 miles in diameter. It rotates on its axis just as the earth does, except that its period of rotation is twenty-five times as long. It has poles and an equator. Its surface, instead of being smooth as it appears to the unaided eye, is covered with seething waves of melted metals. In the surface of the sun there appear at frequent intervals large circular sunspots, thousands of miles in diameter. These are found in zones on either side of the equator, but never more than forty degrees to the north or to the south of it.

Surrounding the sun, and very near its visible surface, there is a thin layer of gases of the metals. It is about five hundred to one thousand miles thick. The chemical composition of this layer is well-known. There have been found there about two thirds of all the chemical elements known in the earth, but no metal has been revealed that is not also known on the surface of the earth. All that we know for certain about the chemical composition of the sun is due to study of this layer. Another layer of gases about ten thousand miles thick lies just above this one. It is composed of hydrogen, helium, and calcium. There are great volumes of gases, which rise from the visible surface of the sun, pierce these layers, and traveling with great velocities, — sometimes five hundred times that of a cannon ball, — rise many thousands of miles

* See illustrated page in Toasts section.

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above the surface of the sun. They are called "prominences", and the volume of one of them is thousands of times that of the earth.

But surrounding all these there is another layer, from two to three million miles thick, which is visible when and only when the sun's disk is completely hidden by the moon, that is during a total solar eclipse. It flashes into view when the last vestige of the sun's disk disappears behind the moon. It looks like a burnished silver crown. The color is that of pearl and contrasts strongly with the mediterranean blue of the sky and the scarlet prominences at its base. It has been described, justly I think, as nature's most beautiful phenomenon. It becomes invisible at the end of totality as suddenly as it became visible at the beginning; and, as has been said, remains invisible until the next eclipse. Many capable and ingenious men have, with the most suitable instruments they could devise, attempted to make the corona betray its presence at other times, but without success.

If one recalls that, on the average, an eclipse lasts two minutes, and that, on the average, an eclipse occurs only once every two years, it is evident that if a single observer could see every eclipse for a half century he could study the corona for but fifty minutes in as many years. All that we know about this mysterious envelope of our central luminary has been learned from these short and interrupted studies. Accordingly a study of the corona is the chief problem of eclipse observers, and eclipse programs are arranged with a view of wresting from the corona as many of nature's secrets as possible in the few minutes of totality.

What do we want to know about the corona? We want, among many other things, to know its physical constitution and its chemical composition; how far it extends above the solar surface; what is its relation to sunspots, prominences, and other solar phenomena; what is its shape; how rapidly does its shape change; what is its origin.

Let us take the first. We know with a considerable degree of certainty that the inner corona, — that part nearest the surface of the sun, — is made up largely of solid or liquid particles that shine by their own light. There may be gases mixed with these, and other particles that are not self-luminous, but if so, such light radiation as comes from them is proportionately small. All this has to do with its physical constitution.

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As to its chemical composition, the striking fact appears that the corona contains a gas, or gases, different from any found on the surface of the earth. This gas is called "coronium". A significant thing is that coronium has never been found in the stars nor any other place except in the corona of the sun. It was supposed, for many years, that it was a new element, but it is generally believed now,— and with good reason,— that it is not a new element, but an old one under physical conditions that we have not yet been able to simulate in terrestrial laboratories. Some guesses have been made as to its identity, but at present we do not know what it is. It is quite probable that all the lines of its spectrum that lie in the visible part of the spectrum have been at one time or another photographed and measured; but it is possible that we may find others, either in the infra-red or ultra-violet spectrum that will lead to its identity.

Helium was discovered in the sun in 1868. Since all the chemical elements hitherto found in the sun had been found in the earth, nothing was more natural than to assume that it likewise had a terrestrial existence. It has; but it took more than a quarter of a century of research by eminent chemists and physicists to find it. Though it is relatively abundant in certain minerals and the bubbles of gas of many hot springs, as well as in some of the natural gases, the production of helium was very expensive. It sold in 1917 at the price of a thousand dollars per cubic foot. The necessity for a light non-explosive gas with which to float dirigibles stimulated the United States Bureau of Mines to devise a process by which we could utilize the helium found abundantly in the natural gas wells of the Middle West, and these wells now are the chief source of supply of the world's helium. This process reduced radically the cost of production of this gas. To-day helium may be bought for less than ten cents per cubic foot. It is possible that coronium will be found in the surface of the earth and play as important a part as helium has done in the affairs of practical life. This is a spectroscopic problem.

If our curiosity carries us a little further afield we may inquire what the corona is. I have said that it consists of solid particles and gases; but how did this matter get into the corona? What forces prevent its falling pell mell upon the surface of the sun? If we could answer these questions we could add some very

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definitive information as to how stars are made. For the sun is a star not unlike, in most important particulars, the millions of stars visible through our telescopes. It is universally conceded that the source of supply of the stupendous amount of heat, light, and electric energy emitted by the stars, and that emitted by the sun, can be explained in the same way. Furthermore that the length of time that they will send light and heat to us and to other parts of space can be discovered if we can answer the same questions for the sun. There is some reason to believe that we can find the answer to that question and that a true theory of the corona will contribute to it.

One guess is that the matter of the corona is drawn by the great attractive force of the sun from sources outside it. The preponderance of opinion of students of solar physics is, however, overwhelmingly against it. It is possible that the matter in the corona has been ejected from the sun, and there are reasons for believing that this is so. If it is, the question arises as to whether the velocity of ejection and the forces acting on the particles after ejection are such as to allow them to return to the sun or are such as to cause them to leave the sun forever.

The Triumph of Photography

To settle this question we require the best possible photographs made on the largest possible scale. It is well-known in this Kodak age that the scale of the picture made with a camera depends only on the focal length of the lens, — that is, on the distance from the centre of the lens to the plate, — and that the greater the focal length the greater is the scale of the picture. In other words, a picture of an object made with a lens of 65 feet focal length is 130 times as great as the picture of the same object made with a camera of six inches focal length.

The first really large scale photograph of the corona was made by Schaerberle of Lick Observatory in 1893. He used a lens of 40 feet focal length. He devised a type of mounting for the camera which, later modified by Campbell, has been used frequently by eclipse observers. It consists of a tower which supports the lens, surrounded by another tower to prevent vibration of the inner tower by the wind, and to support the upper end of the tube (bellows) of the camera, the lower end of which is in a dark room

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in which the plates are exposed. The entire instrument is built weeks before the eclipse, pointing to the place in the sky where the sun will be at the time the eclipse is total. This camera is too unwieldly to move. Since the sun moves relative to the camera and the camera can not be made to follow it, it is necessary to move the plate, which is done by a delicately adjusted mechanism. Two men standing in the dark room place plates on the moving mechanism for exposure.

In photograph 2 can be seen the 63-foot camera used by the Swarthmore College Eclipse Expedition this January. The tower supporting the lens in this camera is about 53 feet high. The United States Naval Observatory expedition at a station in Kapaihang used a lens of 65 feet focal length. The scale of the picture made with these lenses is about 135,000 miles to the inch. A railroad from New York to San Francisco on a map of the United States made on the same scale would be represented by a line .02 inches in length. This is a very small scale from which to deduce the principles of building suns, and yet it has not been found practical to use cameras of greater focal length at eclipses.

The photographs now available point to the conclusion that, in some instances, the corona immediately above certain sunspots has been influenced by them. There are many instances in which the coronal detail has certainly been influenced by prominences. Many times, not by any means always, one may find above an "eruptive prominence" a series of large Gothic-shaped arches. A good example is shown in the reproduction of photograph 1, which was taken in Sumatra during the last eclipse. Arches like these are not very uncommon. They were the chief features of the corona in 1918 and were present in the coronas of 1923, 1925, and 1926.

By a comparison of photographs of the same eclipse made at two stations widely separated in longitude, it has been shown in more than one instance that material in these arches was moving and that it was going outward from the sun. It is an interesting fact that these disturbances of the inner corona do not seem in any way to affect the shape of the outer corona.

One of our most important objects was to obtain a more intimate knowledge of the thin layer of gases which I have already mentioned. At the time of an eclipse the spectrum of this layer

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should be just the reverse of the solar spectrum, and from the study of this spectrum, it is possible to find the degree of ionization of the atoms of the gases composing it. It is also possible to find the heights above the sun's surface at which the various metals composing it are found. The work of the past twenty years has been very fruitful here; but the red and infra-red was relatively unexplored until Curtis in 1925 reached wave lengths of 8807 A. He repeated this work in 1926. The problems of this layer were vigorously attacked at the 1926 eclipse. The European expeditions used, in the main, powerful slit spectrographs; the Americans, objective gratings.

On the actual day of the eclipse, the combination of the oriental-looking village of instruments seen in photograph 3 pointing over this grove of palms toward the black circle of the moon surrounded by the brilliant solar corona hanging in the blue sky, formed a spectacle the beauty and charm of which the beholders will never forget. It was not for lack of appreciation of this scene that the eclipse staffs turned reluctantly from it to do the tasks to which they had assigned themselves, for which they had traveled half way round the world, and to which they had devoted months of unremitting toil in the preparation, instalation, and adjustment of delicate, though powerful, instruments.

There were assembled in the various camps in Benkoelen eight cameras varying in focal length from sixty-three feet to thirty inches, four cameras for testing the Einstein effect, eight spectroscopes of varying types, two interferometers, three photometers, four motion picture cameras, and two cameras to photograph the corona in colors. In all there were probably one hundred photographs made, and they were of excellent quality. An abundance of good material is stored in them, and there is little doubt that something will be added to what we already know. I should like to caution the reader, however, that whatever is found will be found only after weeks of study of these negatives, weeks of making measures of the plates, and days of tedious computation in the reduction of the measures. And when they are done, certain theories will be strengthened and others overthrown, but nothing sensational will happen. The observers will be satisfied if a single new thing is found, and rejoice with whomsoever finds it.

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THE SOUL OF FRANCE

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

WHERE the road to Beauvais crosses the Paris-Gisors Highway, a Norman farmhouse stands, has stood for several hundred years; and before that, probably, for eight hundred years there was some other habitation for a follower of the Seigneur de Boury, the château of the family lying directly across the road from the farmhouse.

Spring comes early in Normandy so that one Sunday morning in March, while New York was still buried under the snow, a visitor just arrived from America was awakened by the call of the lark. It was a weird contrast to the morning songs to which one is accustomed in New York, — for the lark had no competitors in milkmen, honking autos, or any of the brother and sister noises. Curiously enough, lying there Sunday morning in bed in Normandy, the strange stillness broken only by the music-master of birds, I thought of Maurice Ketten's amusing cartoons in the Evening World, "The Day of Rest." It was all quite too peaceful to be real; and yet real it was, though the gently sloping hills that I could see from my pillow had been a battlefield of France for almost a thousand years, and the road that leads over the hill to Vaudencourt had resounded to the march of the troops of Richard the Lion-Hearted, and years after, to the march of American soldiers under the leadership of General Pershing. Some day Raymond Carroll, the eminent American War Correspondent, will write one of the most dramatic stories of the War in connection with this same country and General Pershing, publication of which was forbidden by the censor at the time it occurred, when our troops were tramping over this same vicinity.

Time, a more potent censor, has wrapped the story of this hamlet in forgetfulness.

Last night, when my host and I were sitting in front of his study fire-place, talking of men and books, birds and politics, spring planting in Normandy and Long Island, I asked him how he came to locate in Boury-en-Vexin. I had never heard of it.

He re-lit his pipe, fixed his monocle in his eye, and taking down a bunch of guidebooks, said:

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"No one ever did, and you won't find it in any of these."

"Then how did it happen?" I persisted.

"Well, you see, I am very fond of Arthur Pinero and the Garrick in London is my favorite club; and from Boury-en-Vexin I can get over to London in six and a half hours."

As I lay listening to the lark, I saw how clear it all was and I was glad that Louis Shipman liked to talk with Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and to go to the Garrick once a month or so.

Suddenly the lark stopped singing. There was silence such as I had not known for years, in the midst of fields that had resounded to the clash of arms from the time of Philip Auguste and Richard the Lion-Hearted, to General Pershing. Reluctantly I got out of bed, for there was something thrilling in this silence, the silence of bygone battlefields, the silence of history, — the history of our own civilization.

I looked down the long highway leading toward Gisors, which the Romans called "Gisorum", and which from that day to this has never had a peaceful hundred years, and I thought of Islip, Long Island, where the only battles we have are with the Long Island Railroad for better commuting service.

A mile down the road, the only human being in sight seemed to be making slow progress. I watched him perplexedly and then on the stillness of the air, — deserted now by the lark, — I heard the faint tapping of his cane on the stones as he came up the hill.

Slowly the figure came nearer and then gradually I discerned that it was a blind man, feeling his way.

I had finished dressing and tubbing in my friend's very ornate, newly constructed bathroom, so large and so ornate in this Normandy farm that it might even have been used as a sitting-room, when the tapping of the blind man becoming immediate, I looked out and saw that he was stopping just under my window, and through the iron bars, he and Blanche, the Breton cook, were exchanging greetings.

There was a look of happiness on his face that I shall never forget, — he had apparently arrived home.

I got downstairs barely in time to join an impatient host and was in the midst of a very non-French breakfast of grapefruit, bacon, and eggs, when Blanche came in and said:

"*L'Aveugle.*"

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Mine host reached over to his desk, picked out a ten-franc note and handed it to her.

"*Merci, m'sieu.*"

I am not a sentimentalist but I confess I was stirred.

"How often," I said, after a few moments' pause, "does this blind man come?"

"Whenever he wishes," Shipman replied.

"And he walks?"

"From near Gisors, five miles away."

"I have never seen such complete happiness, my dear Louis, as there was pictured on that man's face when he arrived at the kitchen under my window. Only the song of the lark was comparable to it."

"My dear George, there are no unhappy people in France. You who study their literature and love to delve into their past, forget that despite the fact that right here for a thousand years they have lived on a continuous battlefield, they are always happy, for they live in the present and never in the past. If you want any proof of that, you'll have it to-day when we walk over the fields, in the fact that although it is Sunday, everybody is working; there is no such thing as unemployment in France."

For weeks thereafter I traveled through France, from Normandy to the Basques; from the Côte d'Argent to the Côte d'Azur, and I found as my friend had said, no unemployment, and no sunshine greater than that mirrored in the countenance of the Frenchmen who worked in the humblest positions.

Was it the lark, was it the blind man, or was it Normandy, with the genealogical line that leads back through one's own Anglo-Saxon ancestry, that seemed to enable me to understand better, after this incident, the Soul of France? With war always on their doorstep, these people have never whimpered, and though the land has been the anvil on which civilization has hammered out all its ideas, all its progress, the very word was given meaning by Turgot, a young minister of twenty-one, — These people have never complained.

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POETRY
EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

Most translators of the elusive Horace have been content either with a literal rendering or with an attempt to capture merely the spirit of the famous Odes. The following poems, which fuse the spirit and the literal meaning, represent three familiar sides of the perennial poet.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

To Agrippa, Returned from War

Book I, Ode VI

Agrippa hoped that Horace would write an Ode in his honor. The poet declined in half-playful verses, leaving the reader to decide whether he thus complimented the hero or intended a gentle satire.

LET Varius, that bard of Homer's strain,
Sing of thy prowess on the battle plain,
Of thy victorious ships upon the main!

Illustrious Agrippa, not for me,
The honor to give honor unto thee —
My lyre is tuned to no heroic key!

We humbler poets do not dare to sing
Wrath of Achilles, nor the voyaging
Of sly Ulysses, ever wandering,

Nor of the cruelties and tragedies
Of Pelops' house. Ah, no! such themes as these
Are not for poets who pipe but to please!

The muse forbids, likewise, my modesty,
That I should sing of Caesar or of thee —
My poor praise would degrade thy victory!

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I, who am I to sing Mars' awful mail,
Black dust of Troy and all the moving tale
Of warriors struggling there for Helen pale?

Stout Merion and doughty Diomede
Joined in the battle under Pallas' lead —
Not for such deeds as theirs, my thin, frail reed!

I sing of feasts and routs, knowing, alas!
Too well the limitations of my class —
I must be mute when gods and great ones pass!

No sterner wars than those of love for me!
No campaigns harsher than of coquetry
In which maids yield, still struggling roguishly!

To the Bandusian Fountain

Book III, Ode XIII

It is generally supposed that Horace had in mind a favorite spring on his Sabine farm. Some have imagined that on coming into possession of his new home he used there a name familiar to him in the place of his birth.

O fountain of Bandusia,
  Than crystal's self more crystalline,
Well worthy, thou, of proffered wreaths
  And votive wine.

A tender kid whose budding horns
  Love and love's wars prognosticate
I'll fetch for thee to-morrow morn
  And dedicate.

Gay youngling of a wanton herd,
  For him they prophesy in vain,
Those hopeful horns! Thy cold, clear deeps
  His blood shall stain.

The dog-star's heat can never touch
  Thy leaf-protected, shadowed pool,

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Where plow-freed ox and straying flocks
  Seek refuge cool.

Far-flung thy name and fame shall be
  Because I sing thy rocky caves
And leaning oaks that bend above
  Thy leaping waves.

To Lyde

Book III, Ode XXVIII

How, now, to make of this a festal day?
  This, that is Neptune's own? Quick, Lyde mine,
The cellar keys, the hoarded Caecuban —
  We'll wage a war on wisdom in good wine!

The noonday sun is sinking to the west—
  Make haste, make haste! Think you day will not pass?
You shrink to tap the bins of Bibulus?
  Come, now! fetch forth the lingering wine jars, lass!

Now, music! Well, then, I will take first turn!
  Of Neptune and his Nereids I will sing —
Combing their green locks underneath the sea .
  Then, Lyde, you your curved lyre must string.

Touch it to music in Latona's praise,
  And sing of Cynthia's arrows, far and fleet,
But save your sweetest singing for the last —
  For Venus' praise, the best alone is meet.

The queen of Chidos and the Shining Isles,
  Who visits Paphos with her yoked swans white,
Deserves a hymn; Night, too, her meed of praise —
  In tuneful song let lyre and lips unite!

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Of Immortality

Book III, Ode XXX

Written by Horace as an epilogue to his first three books of "Carmina". There is a grace and frankness in the author's self-esteem which the verdict of the world has justified.

Now I have reared a lasting monument
That shall be more enduring than the brass
  Of mighty Rome — in loftiness surpass
The pyramids of kings! It was not meant
That all of me should die — what's best of me
  Shall never bow nor yield to Pluto's power!
  This monument of mine, this singing tower
That I have built shall taste eternity!

Apast the powers the north wind can employ,
  Beyond the wear of rain's corroding tears,
  The slow grind of innumerable years,
It shall withstand Time's forces to destroy!
So long as priests the Capitol shall climb,
  So long as vestal virgins, silent, come
  To offer to the gods the prayers of Rome,
So long my name and fame shall outwit Time!

And even past Rome's boundaries shall go
  My fame! Aye, where the swift Aufidus rushes;
  In Daunus' arid realm, where no stream gushes,
Barbarians unborn my name shall know!
I who have mounted high — from low degree,
  Who first to Grecian metres set Rome's lays,
  Claim for my brow a wreath of Delphic bays —
Oh, crown my pride, I pray, Melpomene!

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THE INELUCTABLE SPRING

WHEN anyone says "weather" in New England, it is the cue for a jest. To Pilgrim Fathers, confronted with the thing itself rather than with careless conversation about it, it was no doubt a bitter jest. But to your modern, except perhaps when there is a coal strike on, it is always cause for humorous comment. I know one man, to be sure, who says he is too busy to notice the weather; but his ancestors came from Cape Cod, so he is probably jesting too; he means that the weather is too busy to notice him. Then there is the old lady who says, "Don't talk to me about the weather!" You understand, of course, that she really wants you to talk about it; she is on the perilous edge of temperament and relishes the danger.

In New England everybody talks about the weather, even though, as Mark Twain pointed out, "Nobody seems to do anything about it." There is no question that a merry New Englander with a large balance of Puritan sobriety to live down can make up for his ancestors by diligent attention to meteorology. I once knew a melancholy wag who, looking out on a particularly mean morning, was wont to say solemnly, "This day I devote to rum." Charles Dudley Warner's comments on the weather used to be famous, but are now alas strangely unknown. Yet he was the Shakespeare of meteorologists. Hear him, the father of all columnists, on "How Spring Came in New England":

> The first day there is slush with rain; the second day, wind with hail; the third day, a flood with sunshine. . . . Man shivers and sneezes. . . . This is called the breaking-up of winter. . . . Nature, in fact, still hesitates, puts forth one hepatica at a time, and waits to see the result; pushes up the grass slowly, perhaps draws it in at night. This indecision we call spring.

Most of the jesters and gentle cynics concentrate on spring. The weather, Mark Twain says, "gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours. It was I who made the fame and fortune of the

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man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial. . . . He was going to travel around the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, 'Don't do it; just come to New England on a favorable spring day.'" It was Lowell, wasn't it, who wrote, "May's so awfully like Mayn't"? And it was in the spring that Warner discovered the thirteenth wind. All the twelve winds of heaven blow at any season, but it is in March and April that Warner's "Zenith Wind" gets in its playful work.

Of course most of the serious literature about New England weather is absurd. It is bookish, full of English traditions, — April showers, May Day, and things which are not New English. Take the familiar saying about March coming in like a lion or a lamb. It usually comes in like the composite monster that John Mandeville saw, — a "boar-headed, bear-bodied, lion-tailed, six-legged beast." This year it came in like a yellow dog. Then it went out like a whole menagerie. In fact, among all the weather jingles, I can find only one that holds true in New England:

> Sunset at night, sailor's delight;
> Sunset in the morning, sailors take warning.

Even the honest-to-goodness poets borrow properties for their pictures of New England spring. Emerson, to be sure, wrote of a "tumultuous privacy of storm" as if he knew what he was talking about; but he appears to have had winter in mind. Bryant, ecstatic in his memory of Cummington springs, gives us real New England flowers and birds, and one remembers gratefully Henry Van Dyke's *Veery*. But most spring poets find the weather always fair, and that simply isn't New England.

There was one New England poet, though, who saw the other side. Emily Dickinson recorded all kinds of weather. If she wrote,

> The hills untied their bonnets,
> The bobolinks begun,

and

> The mornings blossom into noons
> And split their pods of flame,

she wrote also:

> A narrow wind complains all day
> How someone treated him;
> Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
> Without her diadem.

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What is more to the point, she recorded it because she saw its significance. The trouble with the jesters is that they are so near the facts of New England spring that they miss the truth of it. The poets, who miss the facts, are nearer the truth. The springtime, after all, even New England springtime, is "a glorious birth".

Emily Dickinson was nearest of all to the truth, for she knew both the facts and their significance.

To her spring was not the pretty sight of a shy maiden scattering flowers; nor the steady vision of an unconquerable warrior putting the rearguard of winter to rout. These are romantic fancies; they may represent a natural process in some unfavored spot.

But true spring, like life itself, is not regenerate all at once. The old Adam lingers; there are setbacks and failures, throes and a struggle, before the final triumph.

Perhaps there is no virtue in cussedness, for its own sake, but in weather it makes a fine foil to blessedness. At least, I observe that the people who revile New England weather and seek out perfect climates, return sooner or later if they can and "put up" with the weather. Why, bless you, they love it! Their instinct is sure; it is merely their diagnosis that is wrong. Sub-tropical winter, after all, is an anodyne; March in New England is a tonic.

As I write, the ice of last evening has vanished miraculously from the trees, the slush in the roads has turned to mud, the steaming fields are calling to the plough, and the meadow-larks, half sad, half jubilant, like proper Puritan birds, are singing in a doubtful spring. They, poor things, know that the morrow may come shrouded in snow; but the thoughtless human, looking out on a perfect day, has no doubt that the season of joy and gladness is at hand. And when, a few minutes later, an ugly wind gets up and plays its "old measure in the boughs", he is sure of it. These are the throes.

No, it isn't the bobolink or the veery that signalizes spring. When they are at their best, you are on the threshold of summer. Then come sultry days and fitful winds, and June bugs and cut worms and mosquitoes and summer tourists. The song-sparrow and the meadow-lark are your true spring birds in New England,

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Springfield, Missouri

— singing in the gale that works in the barren branches. That is the tune of spring in New England; that is the tune to which our sturdy forefathers marched forth with vigor, to subdue a fertile but stubborn soil. Hear Emily sing it — she has the key:

Of all the sounds despatched abroad,
  There's not a charge to me
Like that old measure in the boughs,
  That phraseless melody

The wind does, working like a hand
  Whose fingers brush the sky,
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune
  Permitted gods and me.

When winds go round and round in bands,
  And thrum upon the door,
And birds take places overhead,
  To bear them orchestra,

I crave him grace, of summer boughs,
  If such an outcast be,
He never heard that fleshless chant
  Rise solemn in the tree,

As if some caravan of sound
  On deserts, in the sky,
Had broken rank, then knit, and passed
  In seamless company.

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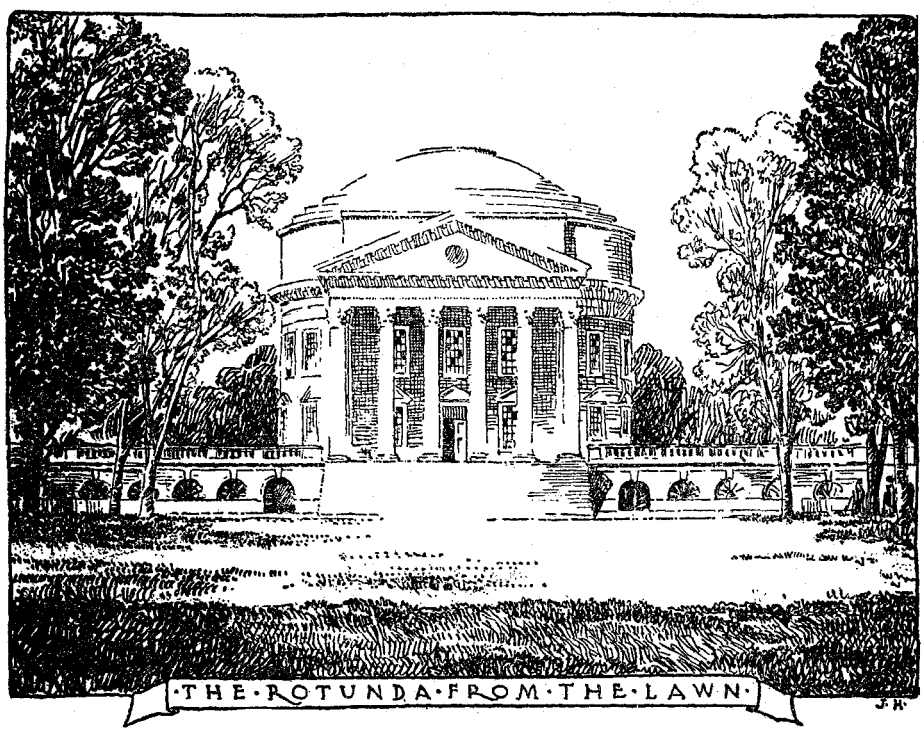

JEFFERSON THE ARCHITECT

FISKE KIMBALL

Pen Drawings by Joseph Hudnut

IN spite of Princeton with its English Gothic college, in spite of the lovely Harkness quadrangle at Yale, the most beautiful of American universities is yet, as it has been from its first building a hundred years ago, the University of Virginia. Southerners everywhere to this day call it simply "The University", as in the days when Yale and Princeton were still "colleges". Although other institutions have long adopted its epochal reforms in education, artistically this use of the definite article remains justified. Ordered, calm, and serene, still subject in its growth to the singleness of conception of its great founder and designer, Thomas Jefferson, it puts to shame the haphazard jumble of buildings and styles elsewhere, and stirs our blood with a magic rarely felt on this side of the water.

"I consider the common plan followed in this country but in none of the others, of making one large and expensive building, as unfortunately erroneous," wrote Jefferson in 1810. "It is infinitely better to erect a small and separate lodge for each separate professorship, with only a hall below for his class, and two chambers above

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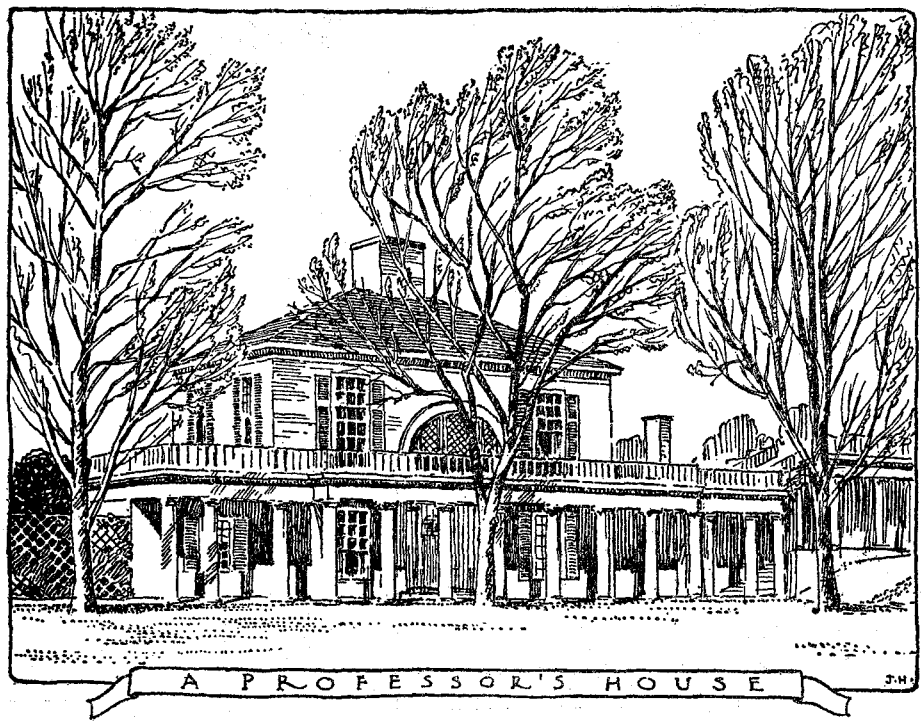

for himself; joining these lodges by barracks for a certain portion of the students, opening into a covered way to give a dry communication between all the schools. The whole of these arranged around an open square of grass or trees would make it, what it should be in fact, an academical village." The University of Virginia is his embodiment of this new ideal.

The heart of the University is the old lawn. Up and down either side are the tall, storied porticoes of the temple-like "pavilions", which once housed the classes of the ten schools or departments, as well as their heads. Between these, fronting the low dormitories, are long white rows of colonnades. At the head, on the highest ground, stands the Rotunda, circular, like the Roman Pantheon, with its dome and lofty, spacious Corinthian porch. It is, in Jefferson's words, the perfect model of "spherical architecture", as the temples beside it are of the "cubical". Beyond the lawn colonnades, facing outward, are second rows of dormitories, the "ranges" with their red arches. Between lawn and ranges are the walled gardens of the professors, islands of peace in the turmoil of student life. Along the lanes between them run the famous serpentine walls, only a single brick in thickness, buttressed by their own arching action, and making sunny bays for flowers.

A single impress of form unites all these elements into an overwhelming aesthetic effect. The grandiose symmetry of disposition, the rhythmic alternation of pavilion and colonnade, the jewel-like simplicity of the major units, square-faceted and round, with their contrast like diamond and pearl, the eternal recurrence of the white columns, as a rhythmic treble against the ground-bass of red walls are ele-

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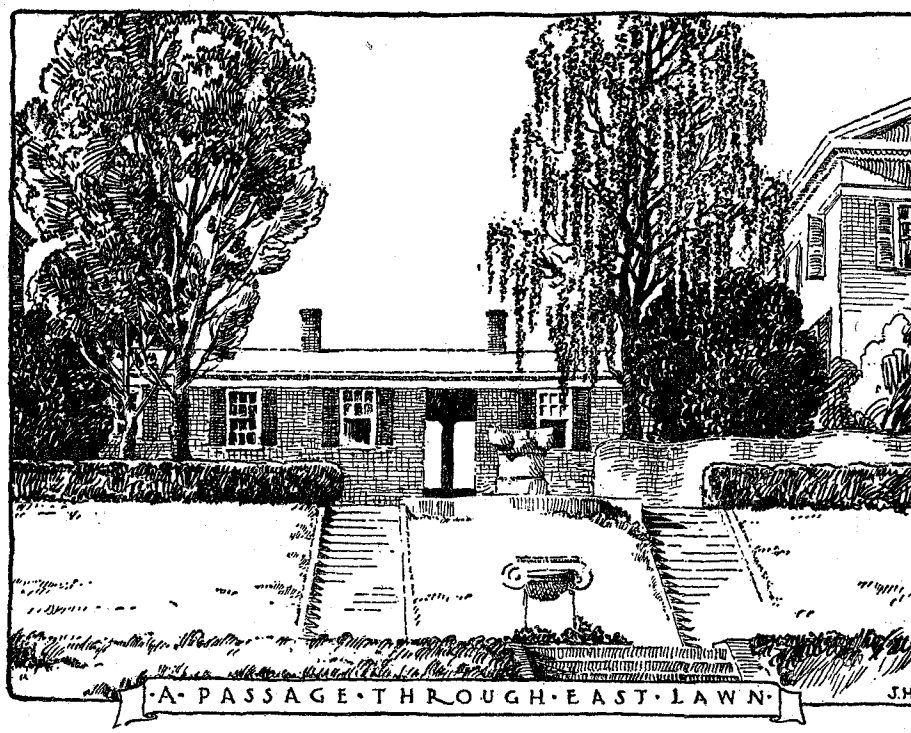

ments of this effect, which in its perfection surpasses analysis, and tells us we are in presence of the supreme work of a great personality and great artist.

To endow his creation with this beauty Jefferson had to contend with enemies and friends alike. Opponents attacked the "meretricious ornament", and a devoted colleague spoke of the group with misgiving as a "rare show of architecture". Others were overborne by the sheer force of the artistic impression. George Ticknor, a New Englander with years of travel in Europe, wrote: "It has cost $250,000 and the perfect finish of every part of it and the beautiful architecture of the whole show, I think, that it has not cost too much. . . . They have, to begin it, a mass of buildings more beautiful than anything architectural in New England, and more appropriate to a university than can be found, perhaps, in the world." Jefferson was informed by a profound sense of the educational and material value of beauty when he wrote in scorn, "Had we built a barn for a college and log huts for accommodations, should we ever have had the assurance to propose to a European professor of the first order? We owed it to do, not what was to perish with ourselves, but what would remain to be respected and preserved through other ages." Time has justified his foresight and courage.

Such a design for a University was then unique; it was exclusively Jefferson's idea, as contemporary architects were quick to acknowledge. In recent years there have been attempts to credit the idea to others. With the ever-increasing recognition of the merits of the design, and the recurrent skepticism that Jefferson himself could be responsible for it, fresh

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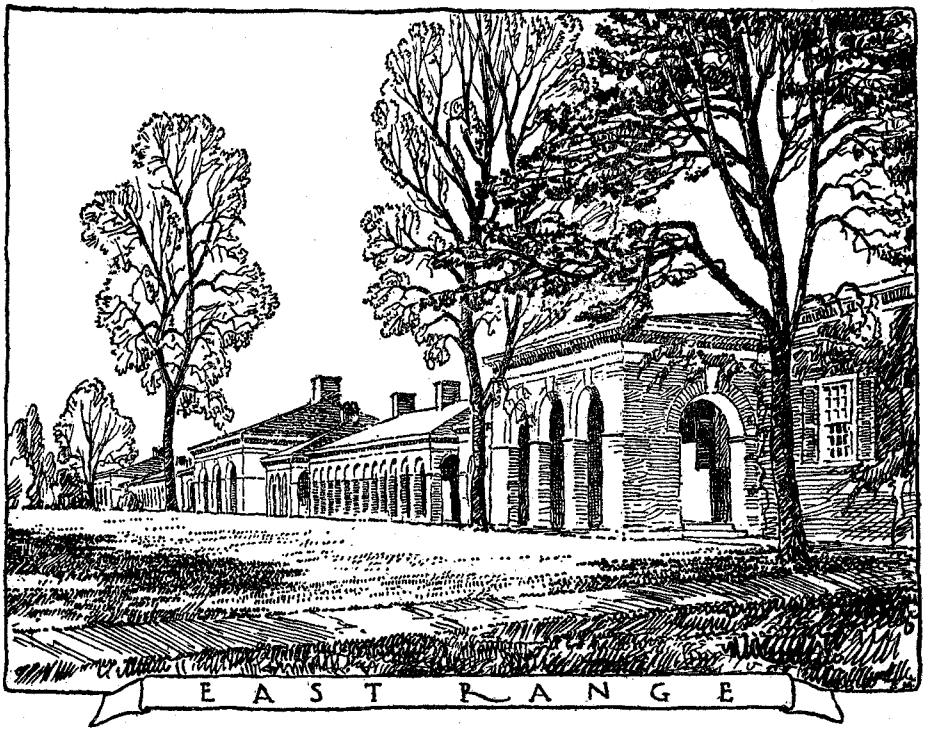

theories are always being put forward to account for its orgin. Thus it has been maintained that Jefferson derived it from the "Essay on a System of National Education" by the Reverend Samuel Knox. When, however, one comes to examine with open mind the proposals of Knox, — a series of concentric squares, facing inward, with a tower in the centre, — the resemblance seems insignificant compared with the fundamental differences.

Another suggestion has been that Jefferson based his design on a French plan by the architect Guennepin which was awarded the Prix de Rome in 1805. This shows a coöperative group for six families with separate houses for each, three on a side, common facilities in a building at the head, and communications under cover. Here the resemblance is striking, but the deduction from it mistaken. We know exactly what books Jefferson had, even what books he borrowed. The volume of Grands Prix was not among them. Had he copied from Guennepin's, his first sketches would have shown the relation. On the contrary, they are the least like it, and the successive steps by which the final design was reached were taken for known reasons, quite independently.

If one must seek a prototype for the University of Virginia group as it finally took form there is a far more famous example of such a grouping: Marly-le-Roi, which Jefferson had visited on September 7, 1786. Here, since destroyed by the Revolution, was a group long in existence, rivaling Versailles itself in reputation, with the same fundamental composition, the individual pavilions for courtiers grouped in two lines leading up to the casino of the king. It is possible

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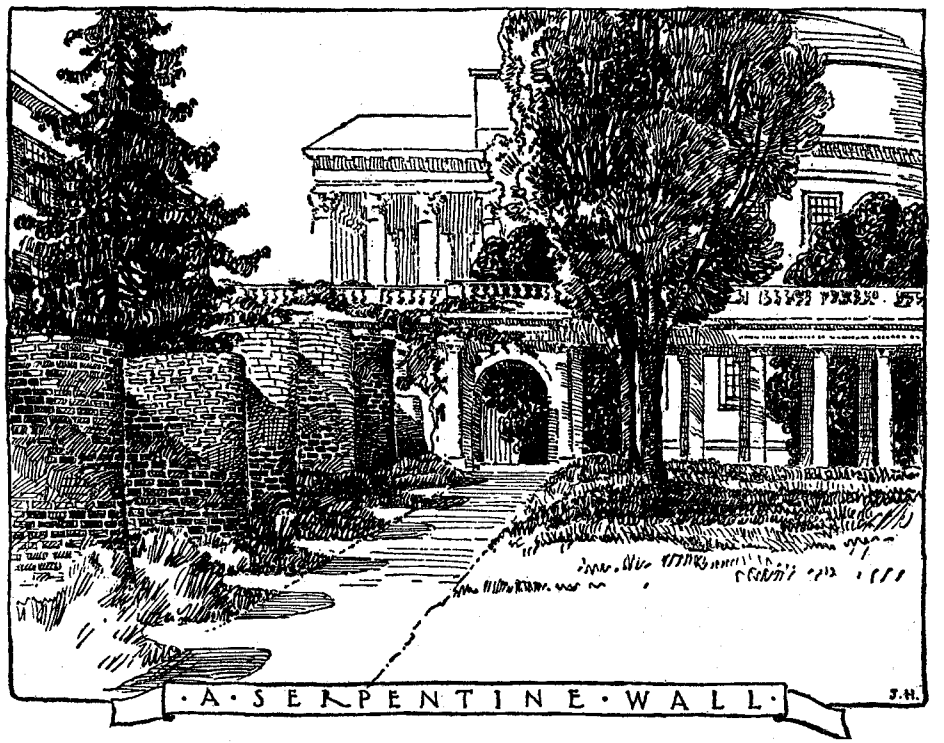

that a belated reminiscence of Marly, as the great exemplar of the type, helped to determine Jefferson's ultimate plan. Primarily, however, it resulted from the power to analyze the problem in hand, which Jefferson, our first Paris-trained architect, acquired there quite as much as Guennepin, or as the most recent student returning from the Beaux-Arts.

The individual pavilions are, as Jefferson proposed, "models of taste and good architecture, and of a variety of appearance, no two alike, so as to serve as specimens of orders for the architectural lectures." Although he asked of his friends Thornton and Latrobe, the architects of the Capitol, suggestions for varying the fronts, and followed their proposals in three of them, the prevailing type, that of the temple, was his own. With his own hands, stiffened from age and former fractures, he made all the drawings for the workmen. The "specimens of orders" were taken from the famous antique buildings which Jefferson most admired, and from the designs of Palladio, his guide among modern architects: Doric of the Baths of Diocletian, Doric of the Theatre of Marcellus, Doric of Albano; Ionic of Fortuna Virilis and of the Theatre of Marcellus, Corinthian of Diocletian's Baths; Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian of Palladio. Some of these names became the familiar designations of the buildings, — old Professor Minor dwelt in the Theatre of Marcellus, and so on!

Knowing how much Jefferson depended on Palladio, and that he had owned the fine English edition of 1742 by Leoni, the late Thomas Nelson Page gave a copy of this to the University, in which he wrote that it was

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the work from which Jefferson had taken his details for the college buildings. This might have been true for Monticello and his earlier buildings, but it is not true for the University. The volume does not show most of the Roman examples Jefferson used, and besides, he no longer owned it. It had gone to Washington in 1814 when the library was purchased as the nucleus of the Library of Congress. Actually the orders were taken from the "Parallel of Ancient Architecture with the Modern" of Fréart de Chambray. A copy of this formed part of the "petit-format library" which Jefferson collected in his later years of financial adversity. Here alone were assembled the "Doric of Albano", and all the others, ancient and modern, just as they were built at Charlottesville.

The new type of grouping which Jefferson established has been followed in many of the most notable American universities. At Stanford, with its connecting arcades, the influence of the University of Virginia is clearly recognizable, in spite of the Spanish details suggested by the old Missions. At New York University and at Columbia, McKim and Stanford White adopted not only the scheme of grouping, with the domed library as a dominant feature, but the monumental Roman style. The designs for Sweetbriar College and many others have a similar ancestry. The scheme for collegiate buildings inaugurated at Virginia has become the characteristic American type.

Few college groups came unspoiled through the "dark ages" of Victorianism. The poverty of Reconstruction in the South saved the University of Virginia. Since then the artistic ideals and spirit of Jefferson have again presided, and the new buildings have conformed to them. At the south end of the lawn are three buildings by Stanford White, not slavishly identical with the old, but beautifully harmonious. To the north of the Rotunda is a superb terraced approach. North, east, and west are the beginnings of further groups in the same style and materials.

It is a tradition that the lawn should first be seen by moonlight, — the white porticoes and colonnades bathed in pale glow, flecked with the shadows of great trees. Beneath the pergolas at its foot the valley lies in peaceful mystery; Monticello mountain rises in silhouette against the bright eastern sky. It is hard to choose between these glories of a summer night and those of other seasons, for the lawn lends itself to the characteristic beauties of each. In winter it is the white of the columns which vies with the dazzling, evanescent snows; in autumn the mellow orange and red of the old brick walls which gives back the glorious palette of the maples, the oaks, the chestnuts.

Perhaps, of all, spring is the loveliest. In the Piedmont, every tree seems to bloom in turn. One by one comes the delicate pink of peach trees still bare of leaves, the white of cherry and pear sweeping over the visible surrounding mountain sides, the great pearly sprays of dogwood amid the budding green, the redbud blazing in the ravines. The yellow broom, the laurel and azalea spread underneath. Wisteria runs its violet clusters along the Ranges; the trumpet vine blends its flowers with the glowing walls; the paulonia, much at home, drops its purple blossoms, the locust fills all the air with heavy scent. When May is in the air, we who know her, whether from South or North, feel the overwhelming force of her attraction, and join in the haunting chorus of "Car-ry me back — to old Virginia."

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High Silver

A Novel in Six Instalments—II

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER

TO Colonel Stuart Rivington at sixty-seven, High Silver, "the House on the Hill" was a place of exile; to Erica, his eldest daughter, now forty-one, a prison; to Tristram, eleven, a house peopled with creatures of his imagination. Constance Rivington, Stuart's youngest daughter, had died ten years before the opening of the story. Bruce Lauderdale, her romantic young husband, had had the courage to carry her away from High Silver, but not the courage to live on without her. Tristram, their son, had been a reluctant legacy to those living on at High Silver. Now, however, both the Colonel and Aunt Erica were agreed that the boy must be sent to school. Family funds proved insufficient. Aunt Erica timidly suggested calling on Edna and Frank Lauderdale. Frank, as Bruce's brother, should rise to the occasion. Stuart Rivington, bitter, cynical, relentless, amused himself by driving a bargain: for financial assistance necessary for Tristram's schooling, he intimated to Frank a membership in Tulley's — his old, conservative London club. Later he revealed to Erica his sinister plan: he would get Frank into Tulley's; his three old army friends in India, — Scaife, Bath, and Roxborough, would get him out.

Final arrangements were made at tea, to which Erica had also invited the village vicar, Mr. Bond. Tristram, however, was missing. Deeply stirred by the realization of impending change, his imagination colored by pictures and stories of knighthood, the boy had spent the afternoon in Libsters, a wooded covert on the High Silver estate. Carried away by his idealism he had taken a vow to stand by the truth and battle for the right. That evening his oath met its first test. Aunt Erica, tortured beyond endurance by the acid cynicism of the Colonel, repelled by his plan to use Frank as a tool, had fled to her room, weeping. There Tristram found her. White with anger the boy had flung himself into his grandfather's study in an attempt to avenge an overwhelming wrong, but the forces he met were stronger than his own. Beaten physically, bewildered spiritually, he emerged temporarily defeated. His romantic adventures in a realistic world had begun.

TWO days later Erica Rivington walked up the drive of the Vicarage to see Mr. Bond. She was feeling very down this morning, with the prospect of Tristram off to school in a week's time or so. He'd be away for such a large part of the year that she would have no one then on whom to lavish her devotion and unselfish attendance. He'd come back, she supposed, quite different; not the Tristram she'd known so well and with such intimacy, but as a little boy growing up, full of strange words and ideas in which she could have no share. Moreover there were certain things he ought to be told and she couldn't tell him because her knowledge was too vague and general. She couldn't bear to think of her father telling him, she was sure he could wound the boy without meaning to. It was horrible to think of Tristram being inoculated with the germ of the philosophy of Scaife and "Ethel" Roxborough and Bath. That was one reason she wanted to see Mr. Bond and perhaps if there was an opportunity she could ask his advice on the affair which had been the cause of those dreadful scenes the other night and apparently of Tristram's whipping; also whether she should write to Edna Lauder

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dale or not. Frank had written this morning to say he would do his share in the schooling.

When Mr. Bond came in he apologized for his appearance. His gray flannel trousers were stained with earth and two bulges above his elbows showed that he had not unrolled his shirtsleeves before putting on his coat. He was sorry to have kept her waiting, but there had been some digging in the garden to do and one could not spare a fine day at this time of the year.

He shook hands with her gingerly and when he thought she wasn't looking, examined his hand furtively. He wasn't sure he'd washed all the soil off. There was a guilty look in his eye when he caught her frank regard. She would have liked to take him outside to the lavatory and scrubbed his nails for him herself. His hands were always clean but they wanted just that little extra attention. She wished she could tell him about it, wished she had the right to.

"I hope I'm not a great nuisance?" asked Erica.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Bond. "Not at all."

"And I hope you won't object to the reason of my visit. You see — " her forehead wrinkled with anxiety — "I really want to ask your advice."

Mr. Bond was almost immoderately pleased. He was very sorry for Erica Rivington. Her goodness was wasted in her present environment and she was frequently of great assistance in helping with the Church. He got on with her because she never made him feel shy and they met on the common ground of making the best of things as they were.

"It's about Tristram," she continued. "He's going to school as you know. It's a place called Mostyn Haven at Appledore. I wanted to ask you, Mr. Bond, if you knew anything about it. I should add of course that Mr. Lauderdale — you met him the other afternoon — that Mr. Lauderdale is helping us financially with the first few years."

With Frank's letter arriving that morning it was as well to mention this fact so she could lead up to that other more personal question later.

"It's a very good school, I believe," said Mr. Bond. He searched for his spectacles and examined the prospectus which Miss Rivington handed him. He wondered how the youngster would get on. He foresaw squalls ahead. He'd done what he could these last two years to teach the child something, but the groundwork of the boy's home life was of too mixed a texture to produce complete confidence in its ability to stand wear and tear.

"Mr. Bond," she said, "will you talk to Tristram?"

The Vicar blinked.

"Talk, Miss Rivington?"

"Yes. Yes. About — things."

"You mean?"

"He's going to school and —"

"Oh! Ah!" Mr. Bond nodded his head rapidly, smiling and twitching. He patted the back of his right hand. He'd do anything he could, of course. Only too pleased. Perhaps Tristram would like to drop in for a cup of tea this afternoon? They could talk then.

He went to the window and looked out, his hands clasped behind him. He was fond of Tristram and he nearly understood him. He wondered what the years could bring the boy when he left the shelter of Erica Rivington's arms. Now he faced her.

"I'll do what I can," he said, "but it's not an easy task. I'm not a worldly man, Miss Rivington, and nowadays the world counts for so much. Sometimes I cannot but feel we are all riding for a fall. We're very godless, most of us. But I will speak to the boy if you wish. Does Colonel Rivington also wish me to?"

She shook her head in a bewildered fashion. Poor woman, he thought, she's in despair about something.

"Mr. Bond, I must tell you —" she was talking very rapidly — "Mr. Bond, you mustn't think I'm being disloyal to my father, will you? I made up my mind a hundred times not to come to you and changed it at the last. Mr. Bond, Tristram is all the world to me. When poor Connie died I looked after him; he was so dreadfully alone, so tiny. Colonel Rivington is fond of him too of course, but it is not the same. Father has had a very hard life and sometimes I think it's embittered him. I — I'm frightened at what he'd say to Tristram."

There was a long silence. Mr. Bond stared at the carpet resolutely. He dared not raise his eyes to hers; they would have

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told her that always he had guessed the perpetual agony of mind in which she lived and that now he knew.

She was talking again, relating the Colonel's treachery to Frank; his whipping of Tristram. She stopped short breathless.

"Ought I to write Mrs. Lauderdale, Mr. Bond?"

He didn't know what to say, he dreaded committing himself. If she wrote to Edna Lauderdale in all likel hood the money would be withdrawn and Tristram would suffer. He bit his lip. . . .

"Good can arise out of evil, Miss Rivington," he finally said. "The ways of God are incomprehensible to us. I feel it is your duty to reveal this wickedness, and yet, there's the boy."

Erica stirred in her chair.

"It's like taking — taking thirty pieces of silver, Mr. Bond."

It was rather like that. Uncomfortably so.

"But do you think, Miss Rivington, that the Colonel will be able to — to — er — well, arrange matters as he wants? Perhaps after all Mr. Lauderdale will find this club — Tulley's I think you said — amenable. I know very little of such things, but surely it's not an easy thing to do."

She sighed.

"He's so very clever, you see. He was one of the first members with Sir Hubert Bath, Major Roxborough, and Colonel Scaife. They have a great deal of influence. It sounds dreadful but they — they — they're unprincipled."

He seized on the only straw in this pond of anxiety.

"But they're all abroad in India. It will be difficult."

These arguments presented the opportunity of compromise. She didn't want to write to Edna. She dreaded the consequences.

"Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I've made a mountain out of a molehill. I won't write till I'm more certain. I might hurt somebody very much. I'll wait.

"I think it's best," he said. "But I'll see Tristram this afternoon."

He watched her from the drawing-room window as she went down the drive. Poor woman, he thought, it's all very sad for her, but she's rather helpless.

Stuart Rivington, however, forestalled Mr. Bond. As the Vicarage gates swung to after Erica's entry, the Colonel left High Silver to make a round of inspection. He leaned a little heavily on his stick because this morning he felt his age. He was half inclined to go indoors again and sit in his study. If he did that he'd be bored. If he went on his rounds there'd be nothing to see. Tchk! Tchk! Fuss, fuss. Why wasn't there somebody to take a short walk with him? Connie ought to be with him so he could take her arm and she could pull him along, chattering all the time. If it hadn't been for that scamp Lauderdale she'd be beside him now. He'd have had a bit of interest in life then. If only Connie hadn't been a fool! One thing, though, he'd put it across that bounder Lauderdale. It was all fixed up. That gave him a glow of satisfaction.

He walked slowly toward the stable-yard, poked his head in at the loose-box door. The mare side-stepped, clattering over the tiles. She was well groomed, glossy, in good condition. The Colonel opened the door and stepped beside her. She shied away from him and then, recognizing who it was, whinnied and thrust at him with her muzzle. He caught hold of one of her ears and she shook her head free.

"H'up!" he said and patted her neck.

Brinton was washing down the dog-cart outside. Nice chap, Brinton, smart.

"Mornin' Brinton."

"Good morning, sir."

"You can saddle the mare."

"Yes, sir."

He watched Brinton saddle the mare and poking two fingers between girth and belly tested the tightness himself.

"Tighten her up another hole, Brinton; she's blown herself out."

The mare curled her back and snickered round with bared teeth as the groom heaved at the girth.

"Sly witch, eh?" said the Colonel. "Sly witch."

He mounted in the yard and trotted up the slope to Barn Park. The gate was swinging open and he passed through, holding the mare in, as she capered, the grass temptation to her hoofs. He caught his stick halfway up and took her at a canter round the field, slowed down and trotted along the dividing hedge on the lookout for a suitable place to jump. He chose a gap at the far end and put the mare to it. He knew quite well that it was

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risky enough jumping her because she was their only means of transport to the neighboring towns. He didn't care because in the first place she was his, and secondly he wanted to see if she jumped as well as she had last autumn. If that should prove the case he didn't see why he shouldn't follow hounds once or twice this winter. She cleared the hedge easily, though he knew she was jumping too high and heavily built as she was, would have to be handled with care. She landed with a squelch in the boggy patch at the corner of Quarry Field, only ten yards from Tristram who, stick in hand, was belaboring an imaginary opponent with his back to the ditch. The mare snorted, wheeled, demanding all the Colonel's horsemanship to keep his seat, and scampered across the meadow. It was some five minutes before the old man had her in control and then he galloped towards his grandson, pulling up when nearly on top of him.

"Didn't you hear me on the other side?" the Colonel demanded. "Why the dickens didn't you let me know you're there? And don't wave sticks at horses."

"I didn't hear you," said Tristram, with all truthfulness. He had in fact been too busily engaged in a duel with a log in the hedge. He had chosen the spot for its privacy; now he dropped the stick as if it were red-hot.

"What were you doing anyway?" asked his Grandfather.

The boy went crimson.

"I — I was trying to fence," he answered.

"H'er." The Colonel dismounted. "I wanted to see you anyway," he said. "No time like the present."

He thought for a moment.

"Get on and take her back," he ordered, "and tell Brinton I shan't want her any more. Then walk back here and I'll wait for you."

"To the stables, Grandfather?"

"Where d'you think? Get to it."

A spasm of fear shook the boy. The mare was seventeen hands with an iron mouth. He'd been astride her once or twice before, but only with Brinton running beside leading rein in hand. His experience of riding had been confined to bare-backed experiments with the pony of a neighboring farmer: this latter he managed perfectly and for his age rode well in a rough and ready way. He was plucky and had taken many a fall, but this command to mount the mare filled him, even to his own surprise, with a sudden dread. She'd been out of hand only a few minutes before; he would have to slip his feet into the stirrup leathers, the irons would be far too low. There were four reins and he only knew how to gather two. But beyond all this, the presence of his Grandfather was the overwhelming factor. He knew the old man was watching him, noticing every little hesitation, — each gesture of self-betrayal.

The mare tossed her head and pricked her ears.

"Up you get," said the Colonel.

Tristram raised his foot into the cup of the waiting hand, grabbed the pommel, and was shot into the saddle.

"Don't ride her on the curb — no, boy that's the snaffle — see, so. Better take two in each hand. You ought to know how to take up your reins by now."

The mare's back was terribly broad, it seemed. His knees hardly reached the rolls in the saddle flaps, the reins were slippery with perspiration and he was perched mid-air, his Grandfather's hard eyes glinting up at him.

The old man was loosing his fingers off the curb reins, and in that second's respite Tristram mapped out the journey before him. Across Quarry Field into Barn Park Lane . . . into the lane . . . and there was a gate! A gate! He went hot and then icy cold at the thought. Suppose the gate was locked, suppose he couldn't reach the iron hook, suppose she took it on her stride, suppose, oh! Lummy, suppose a thousand things! He saw himself lying crumpled in the Lane, the mare with her back broken half across the far hedge, or the fivebar in splinters and the two of them kicking sprawling in a hell of hoofs and broken wood and flying clods! It might happen. It might!

Grandfather raised a sly shining eye:

"All right, h'er?"

And Tristram, his lips stiff with terror, nodded. The mare jibbed away from Rivington's restraining hand. He smiled and the malice of the thin lips was like the cut of a whip. A white-hot hatred for one second blinded the boy. Grandfather had no right to put him to such a test, had no right to expose him to such a risk. No one

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else would have done it. It wasn't reasonable, it was brutal. He was even more angry than he'd been that other night. They glared at one another.

"She's quite quiet," said the Colonel. "Don't be frightened."

Then Tristram heard himself saying in a queer high pitched voice:

"I'm *not* frightened, you stinker!"

He jerked the reins, the mare wheeled, set off at a handsome gallop. He gripped the saddle pommel with the reins drawn tight against her straining mouth, the air drummed in his ears, the thunder of her hoofs was all around him. He hung on for dear life, and they were across Quarry Field before he had time to think again of the gate. But the latter was open. He didn't realize it till they were slithering on the cobbles of the Lane. She swerved and he rocked in the saddle, then, with the great danger passed, pressed hard on to the leathers and kept his seat by pulling on her mouth. She dropped into a trot and two minutes later he was in the stable-yard, flushed and shaking but very proud of himself.

"Why, Master Tristram — " exclaimed Brinton.

"Grandfather asked me to take her back and to say he won't want her any more. Thank you."

Brinton lifted him out of the saddle, set him on his feet. As he watched the boy make his way up the yard, he grinned.

"Fair mazed, I'm saying," he exclaimed.

But Brinton was not the only person grinning at that moment. In Quarry Field Stuart Rivington was nearly laughing. He plucked a piece of grass and nibbled it. He shook his head and tapped his boot with his stick. Stinker, was he? Not too bad, not too bad. The boy had spirit. What would Erica say when she heard. H'er! As if there'd been the slightest danger. He knew the gate was open, he knew the mare 'ud make for him. The boy had only to stick tight. Stinker, h'er! Well. Well. Well. . . .

With his hands in his pockets Tristram trudged across Barn Park. He climbed the hedge and approached the Colonel, stopping five paces from the enemy.

The Colonel nodded casually.

"Oh, there you are. Thanks very much."

It was a second or so ere Tristram realized the import of the words. So there wasn't going to be a row! The old man was pleased with him. He was amazed. At that moment they were nearer to understanding one another than ever before or ever after. Hatred turned to dislike, respect for one another almost bridged the gap. Tristram saw the old man for the first time in his life, clearly, and as an individual, saw Stuart Rivington instead of Grandfather.

The Colonel leaned upon his stick, his light staring eyes twinkling down at Tristram.

"Well!" he said at last, "well! You'll be off to school within a fortnight. Has your aunt told you?" He glanced at the boy from the corner of his eye.

"She said it was at Appledore," Tristram replied.

"And you want to go?"

"I think so, Grandfather."

"You ought to be sure about it."

"I think I am sure."

The Colonel nodded.

"I want to tell you the reason why boys are sent to school. Your Aunt Erica would say it is to learn and become a scholar, but that sort of knowledge your tutor could give you. You are going to school to become a man. That is *my* idea in sending you. You will come in contact, close contact with other boys and you'll learn for the first time how diverse human creatures can be. There'll be tall boys and short boys, fat and thin boys, boys with spots and boys without spots. Some will be friendly with you, others will dislike you. But remember, they're all boys. One day they will be men. They are all the same in certain ways. They are mostly rapacious and predatory."

"I'm sorry, Grandfather, but —"

"I mean more simply, then, that they live for themselves and kick anyone else who interferes with their disgusting appetites. Let's put it another way. In the woods of which you're so fond live all sorts of creatures. Take field mice. They live by eating other creatures smaller than themselves; the owls and hawks eat the mice, the gamekeeper shoots the owls and hawks; in the end the gamekeeper loses his job for not shooting enough owls and hawks; the master who sacks him may lose his money because a bigger more powerful master than he beats him. And so on. You understand?"

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"I think so, Grandfather."

"Well, what's the Law of the Wild, eh?"

"Oh, eat or be eaten," said Tristram readily. He knew his Kipling and his Jack London as well as his Rider Haggard and Stevenson.

"Then," said Grandfather, "it's just the same in life, Tristram, as it is in nature. Dogs are animals, but we are thinking animals. Because of that we're the most powerful. But never forget that a great proportion of yourself is still — if you like, dog. And because that is so, you must apply the same rules. Do you want to be eaten?"

"No."

"Well, then, do what I tell you. Don't be swayed by the silly things people tell you. You've got to look out for yourself in this world because nobody else will do it. Don't go dreaming and mooning about with your head stuffed full of this fairy-airy knighthood business. If you don't look out for yourself, no one else will do it for you."

"God will," said Tristram.

"God helps them who help themselves," said the Colonel and thanked his stars for a ready wit that had extricated him from a difficult situation. He had not been prepared for this enfilade of the Divinity's batteries.

In the afternoon Tristram had tea with Mr. Bond. Mr. Bond did his best. But when approaching the obstacle of so-called "things" which Erica Rivington had mentioned, he rather took that high fence at full gallop and landed Tristram with a solid bump on the far side, bewildered and stunned, or refused them altogether. But he did his best. Only the last words of his counsel remained however fixed in the boy's mind.

"Always Tristram, be kind, be generous, be clean. . . ."

That suited Tristram. He began to like Mr. Bond quite a lot. He thought Mr. Bond was very sensible. He was gratified too, to find that he thought himself very sensible.

The fortnight had passed in a flash. Like a day it had come and gone, yet like a day seemed this last hour since Aunt Erica had left Tristram at Mostyn Haven and he had been sitting on the edge of the form in the empty classroom. He'd been too excited to mind her going, though she had barely withheld her tears. Now he wasn't so sure of his own composure. He was numbed with loneliness and apprehension. Now somebody was running up the stairs and voices were calling. "Hullo, Piggy." "Hullo." "Oh! Hullo. Decent hols?" They were conversing outside the door. Judging by their laughter they didn't seem to mind Mostyn House very much.

The door flew open. They were in the room, though Tristram couldn't see them at first, for the blackboard was in the way. They stamped across the floor, three of them in the conventional knickerbockers and Eton collars. They came into sight in a bunch. A tallish fair boy with gray eyes and yellow hair across his forehead; a brown-faced merry-looking fellow at his elbow; and in front a very small, very round boy with freckles and spectacles, a small mouth and an upturned nose. Obviously not new boys, thought Tristram.

"You see?" demanded spectacles, and pointed to his handiwork, — a small scribble at the bottom corner of the blackboard, which read, "Dirty Babies arms and legs." The brown boy grinned and said, "Oh, jolly good," but the other merely nodded in a gay careless way and looked straight at Tristram.

"Hullo," he said. "Look at that, Piggy."

Spectacles screwed himself around and peered.

"Oh!" he said. "I didn't see it."

Brown-face still grinned.

They all stared at Tristram openly and with indifferent interest. The tall boy swept the hair from his forehead.

"When did you arrive?" he asked.

"About three o'clock."

"Poor ass!" said Piggy. "Fancy arriving at three o'clock. I wouldn't."

"No, I wouldn't," agreed Mason, and then, "What's your name?"

"Tristram Lauderdale."

"Oh! Galahad!" exclaimed the fair boy.

They all thought that very funny and laughed, except the speaker, who was too important a person to laugh at his own jokes. He smiled in a queer, mature way. Even at thirteen "Bolty" Loftus had a

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strange sophistication. He'd only two more terms before he went to Harrow and he was Captain of Footer. He was smiling now at Tristram in a curiously gentle way that made him appear almost divine to the former. A faint smile that seemed more of pity than of laughter, a trick of treacherous sweetness that would last him all his life. Piggy, Tristram thought, looked malicious and resented his presence; Mason was indifferent though still grinning; but this fair handsome giant was kindly disposed toward him.

He smiled back, trapped by that remote fascination, and felt his face relax from its stiffness.

"He ought to be called Galahad, Loftus. I think that's jolly good."

Loftus nodded. Now a suggestion of a sneer was about his lips, running up in two little lines to the nostrils. He walked casually over to Tristram and peeped over the desk, and with forefinger and thumb caught at the boy's knickers, jerking them over Tristram's bare knees. He raised his eyebrows, faintly amused; and on the moment Tristram noticed all three of them wore their knickers over the knee, buckled just beneath. But Loftus had gone, his arm through Piggy's and he was left alone once more, covered with shame and confusion. That exposure of what could only prove to be a gross mistake in his dress had been the work of three cruel minutes. He heard them chattering outside, laughing — at him? Their footsteps died away. He bit his lip as the tears pricked his eyelids.

For two months High Silver had been a very lonely place for Aunt Erica. Tristram's absence left a gap in the daily routine. There had been two letters for her in the morning's post. The first was in a large round hand, and the envelope contained two separate sheets. One read:

Dear Aunt Erica:

I hope you are very well. I am third in my form this week. We went for a walk to Appledore yesterday. It was very nice. May I have some bars in my football boots instead of studs. Mr. Brook says they are better. Mr. Brook says please give Mr. Bond his kind regards. Please give my love to Grandfather.

Your loving nephew,

Tristram.

The other sheet began without any preliminaries and contained much scratchings out and irregular writing.

I had to write the other old letter in classe. The walk was beastlie because Loftus ragged me. He is a beastly boy and I hate him. I *hate* him. Please come and see me. I hate school. Everybody is nasty except Morton who is my chum. Can Morton come and stay in the hols? Please come over, darling Aunt Erica. I wish the hols would come quick.

Tristram.

P.S. Please can I have knickers that fasten below my knee? Loftus is a smutty chap. Please come quick.

It was the first personal letter she had received from him. The others all bore the imprint of "classe." There had been hints in them and now she understood their significance. She would see Mr. Prindle and have this Loftus caned. She'd see what was what.

The second letter was in Edna Lauderdale's upright curling handwriting. She read it through hastily, in fear and all of a flutter. When it was finished she was on edge, phrases from the letter jangling in her brain. "As you know (it ran) Frank is now a member of Tulley's . . . cost him more than he supposed it would. . . . I feel somehow that it has been a great disappointment to him. Frank is very reticent as you know and I can say nothing definite. He was full of the club and its doings till just lately when he talks of resigning. . . . I cannot understand it and feel there's more in it than meets the eye. . . . I hope Tristram is enjoying school. . . ."

So Father had already been at work!

She glanced across at him, now smoking a cigarette, his arm over the back of a chair. Perhaps even now she might be wrong. Frank might have made himself unpleasant and of course everyone knew he wasn't — well — quite quite. Tulley's was a highly conventional institution, easily offended.

She determined to feign surprise.

"I've heard from Edna," she said. "She says Frank is resigning Tulley's."

She watched his face closely, eager to note any sign of self-betrayal.

"Who?" he asked.

She repeated her information.

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He drummed on the table with his fingers and then shook his head slowly and a little sadly. "Well, well," he said. "I'm sorry. I said as much, didn't I?" He screwed up his lips. "They're devilish particular at Tulley's, you know, Erica. Tchk! Tchk! Has he actually resigned?"

"Not yet," she answered. "But Edna seems rather upset. Frank was so keen and all that. It's unfortunate, father, don't you think?"

She was no match for him in this game of blindman's buff. The eye behind the monocle glittered as he replied, "Yes, very unfortunate."

Then he left the table and passed from the room. As he tapped another cigarette on his thumbnail in his study he was laughing silently, his lip drawn up over his yellowish canine teeth. Good for Scaife. Confound it, but it was devilish amusing! He wondered exactly how they'd brought it off. He'd get into trouble, he supposed, for putting Lauderdale up in the first place. But what did that matter? Tulley's would never mean anything to him now. His days were nearly done. Since life had cheated him, he would live on to cheat life. He thought to himself "he that loseth everything has nothing to lose". In that emptiness lay his strength; no one could rob a pauper, none could murder a man already dead.

Erica helped Emily clear the breakfast away, then with paper and pencil stood in council arranging the shopping list for the day. This done she set out for the village, her mind for the moment filled with the trivial consideration of such things as coffee, tea, cheese, butter, and jam.

Outside the postoffice she met Mr. Bond. He snatched his black hat from his head and beamed at her. She crossed the road and greeted him. The top of his collar was a little frayed. She saw it at once. He ought to have his collars washed and starched at home, safe from the ravages of the Steam Laundry. Then there was that spot of grease on the lapel of his coat. How careless —

"And how's the boy?" Mr. Bond asked.

She snapped her lips together.

"There's a horrid creature called Loftus," she said. "Tristram wrote me this morning." She searched her bag for the letter, handed it to him. "I'm sure something ought to be done."

"I shall do gown to Appledore," she said.

He read both letters smilingly.

"May I suggest something?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I don't think I'd go if I were you."

"But — " she was aghast. Her precious one in trouble and her best friend suggesting such treachery.

"Oh, but I must!" she cried.

He patted the crown of his hat.

"Miss Rivington, I don't want to interfere in any way but I don't feel sure it would be wise. You see — " his mouth twitched at the corners, "you see, I was once a boy myself — once."

Of course. That was obvious, and just as obvious he was still a boy. That was why he was so understandable, with his frayed collars, his ingenuous manner, his shyness.

He had become quite serious now.

"Really it would be kinder to stay away. When you arrive, if you go, he will feel rather ashamed of himself for having asked you to come. But — " he wagged a forefinger, "it's a very difficult thing to be kind. Really kind. One had sometimes to be cruel to be kind. . . . I've never been able to do that although I know it's right and sound," he added and in that confession summed up his life's failure.

"Well, I'll think it over," Erica replied. She almost forgot Tristram as she watched the wrinkles under his eyes, the spot on his coat, and his ill-used collar. She failed to understand the deeper significance of his words but admired the readiness of his confession. It seemed as if he had said, "I'm a failure, but I know it." She would have liked to say to him in return, "Oh, and so am I. We're both failures but you've helped me a little and I think I could help you."

"I'm going into Torrington to-morrow," she told him. "Is there anything I can get for you?"

He put his head on one side.

"Well," he said. "If it isn't a great bother —"

"Not in the least. If you tell me —"

"I've no tobacco," he continued. "I've not had time to go into town myself. Just past the George Hotel is my usual shop." He described it. She knew the place well.

"And what sort and how much?"

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He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth half-a-crown and a florin.

"Perhaps —" he fingered the half-crown. "Perhaps a two ounce tin of Tiverton's Mixture." He frowned slightly. "Or — no," he said. "No, I think the same amount of the Waterloo Mixture," and he gave her the florin.

"It's very good of you," he said.

She took the coin, wishing that she had the gift of alchemy and could make a florin worth two and six.

"You shall have it by five o'clock," she assured him.

Back at High Silver, the household affairs put in order, she sat down to write to Edna. She nibbled the end of her pen trying to collect her wits and produce an answer to Edna at once proper and healing. It was a difficult task. Beyond all considerations of loyalty, self, or intrigue, was her very real unhappiness at Frank's downfall. In her muddled mind she idealized him as the victim of treachery, forgetting his failings, his egotism, his materialism: saw him only a fellow creature in pain of a sort. She set out to do her best. She wrote slowly, taking her time because she must be careful. She wrote round her subject and not toward it. The letter consisted finally of five sheets of paper. It was posted early. It was a great mistake.

At five o'clock on the following evening there happened two things of great importance. Edna Lauderdale received Erica's letter. Mr. Bond received his quarter of a pound of tobacco.

In London, in the over-decorated house in Fulham Square, in a chair before the fire, Mrs. Lauderdale read the letter with her pretty mouth in a pout and her eyebrows drawn down. She did justice to the five sheets, reading them through three times, then she turned her head and called through the open door.

"Frank! Can you come here a minute?"

He appeared on the landing, evening paper in his hand, peering short-sightedly at his wife. He had just returned from the city and was not in the best of humors. He had lunched at Tulley's alone, sitting by himself at a table large enough for four in the hope that if only by reason of limited space, somebody else might join him. Nobody had. Nobody ever joined him at Tulley's. His fellow-members nodded a good-morning and left it at that. They were, he decided, a crowd of damn snobs. He wished he'd never joined the place, and a pretty penny it had cost him, too. There wasn't a man in the Club who earned what he would call a solid living by hard work. A crowd of Bishops, soldiers, and men of leisure. This afternoon he'd heard somebody say as he left the smoking-room,

"Who's that fellow?"

And he had caught the reply. "A stock-broker, but he might be a vet."

He had wheeled angrily but there was no sign of animation in any of the numerous chairs filled with Tulley's glory.

His irritation had not worn off.

"Well," he asked angrily. "What is it?"

His wife shrugged her shoulders, tossed the letter to him. "I wrote and told Erica about Tulley's. I had an idea."

He put his pince-nez on his large nose and read. "A lot of rubbish," he said. "I don't see what it's all about."

Edna smiled. "Give it to me," she answered. "Now listen, Frank."

"Of course Frank may find things work out better," she quoted from the letter. "One never knows, does one? After all I feel sure he will finally break down any opposition." She paused.

"She seems to think there *is* a definite opposition, doesn't she? Why should she?"

"I feel," she continued reading the letter — "I feel most upset, my dear Edna, at what has occurred. *Most* upset. I would have given anything to prevent such a thing. Really and truly I would."

Edna replaced the letter in its envelope.

"And it goes on in that strain for five pages. Don't you *see*, Frank?"

He stared at her in amazement.

"You don't really mean — ?"

She raised her hands.

"Well it looks remarkably like it, that's all I can say."

"I shall write to that damned old rascal." He was awake now to the possibilities. "I shall have it out with him." He was working himself up into a white passion of wrath. "He's at the bottom of all this. I know it. I know it. I'll — I'll have him kicked out of his own damned club for this. I'll give them such a scandal as'll set half London by the ears." More

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and more clearly he discerned the trap into which he had fallen. "I knew it all the time. The man's a rogue. Always was. Bruce used to say so. I shan't write to him, I shall go down and see him. I'll have the money back. I'll withdraw my share in the brat's schooling."

He shook with anger. His dark face was white, except for two crimson spots on his cheekbones. And then Edna left her chair and put her arms on his shoulders.

"Dear," she said. "Don't be so terribly upset. It's nothing like as bad as all that. The money you gave for Tristram you gave just because you wanted to help Bruce's boy."

He seized readily enough on that excuse so cunningly given. An emolient to his wounded pride.

Edna was playing desperately for safety. Frank's downfall would humiliate her as well as him. She'd not let that happen if she could possibly prevent it. Flattery was the chink in his armor: flattery and the judicious propping up of an absurd pride. She knew him through and through.

Now he broke into furious speech once more. She went back to her chair and listened patiently for an hour while he made, reconstructed, destroyed a score of plans for the frustration of Stuart Rivington. She let her thoughts wander, only chipping in at intervals with "Quite," or "Just so, dear." At the end of the hour he stopped short, exhausted, rubbed the nape of her neck with two fingers.

"Just ignore it. I think that's best, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Oh, so much the best," she answered wearily. He was too occupied in his newfound resolution to notice the flatness of her tones. Her eyelids were lowered, the lashes brushing together, her lips drawn in in a hard little curve of exasperation. He'd talked himself into accepting her idea, which she'd given him sixty minutes before, and which he now believed to be of his own original and brilliant conception. Really sometimes, with all his fierceness and apparent importance he was quite ridiculous. She had no illusions about him. Ridiculous and boring, that was Frank. But safe — oh, very safe!

In Devon, on the steps of the Vicarage, at the same hour, Erica Rivington was handing to Mr. Bond a two-ounce tin of tobacco.

"No, I won't come in," she said. "I've only brought you your parcel."

He took it from her solemnly.

"I must thank you very much," he said. "I'm sure I'm very grateful."

He plucked at the end of the string.

"Well, au revoir." She nodded brightly, and was off down the drive. He scratched his upper lip, as he watched her retreating, making much headway in that staggering walk of hers. She seemed to be in a great hurry. A strange woman, he thought, very — well, one might almost say — staccato! Seemed nervous.

In his study he cut the string of the parcel because his fingers were clumsy. The paper fell away and he searched in his pocket for his pipe. It was nice to have plenty of tobacco. Now if he was careful, not packing the bowl too tight and thus avoiding any necessary waste by knocking out ashes which might contain still a puff or two, the tin would last him just ten days. By that time if — Well now, if the label on the tin wasn't red instead of blue! It *was* red! Undeniably, disastrously red! She'd gone and got the Tiverton's Mixture instead of the Waterloo. And he'd especially said the Waterloo and given her the florin. Certainly it had been the florin, he remembered perfectly replacing the half-crown in his purse. Half-a-crown was an extravagance. Well . . . Well . . . if women weren't just the most feather-brained creatures. . . .

The red tin sat on the table before him, the color, he thought of all things a temptation, a very symbol of temptation. They'd take it back of course in Torrington and let him have the Waterloo. Perhaps he'd better do that. He'd decided two and six was too much and he'd better keep to his decision. It was just sickening. Perhaps this once —.

Why the dickens did she want to go and make a mistake? She was usually so careful, so quick to notice the halfpenny change, with the good housewife's wit. Either the tobacconist had made a mistake in the price or she'd thought he'd given her two and six instead of two shillings. But the tobacconist would never be so careless, nor — his eyebrows shot up — nor would Miss Rivington! What was the secret of this mysterious sixpence? There

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was only one solution. She'd meant to get the Tiverton's all the time! Oh! The *very* dickens!

He thrust the pipe back into his pocket. What should he do? What did she want to go and give him sixpence for? It was very impertinent. It was very wrong of her. It placed him in a false position. Now if she'd only offered to give him the tin, he could have refused. She'd taken a mean advantage of him. Most embarrassing. He must think it over.

He took out his pipe again, broke the label of the tin unthinkingly, started to smoke. The Tiverton's Mixture was full-flavored, mellow, and without sting; it crept into his soul, making the world a delicious hazy place of ample fragrant fumes. It was extremely wrong of her. He'd have to tackle her with it to-morrow. There now, he'd gone and opened the tin. Really he was very confused and flustered. Too bad, too bad. Perhaps he'd best call now and give her the sixpence. Yes, yes, hit when the iron's hot.

He set off down the drive, hatless, walking rapidly, leaving behind him like a small tug a trail of smoke. It was half-past five. He ought to be able to catch her before she changed for dinner. At any rate he could see if she was in the garden of High Silver, by climbing up the high bank beside the Vicarage Lodge which overlooked the former. He left the drive and mounted the bank. There she was! Arranging flower-pots in the conservatory.

He took his pipe from his mouth.

"Hi," he called. "Hi. Miss Riv-ington."

She looked up, this way, that way, all ways but his way.

"Hi!"

She saw him.

"Oh! yes?"

"I — owe — you — sixpence."

She pretended not to hear, shaking her head.

"Six — pence."

He waved the coin on high, swaying perilously on the bank. In a minute he'd either fall into the Lane or come floundering into High Silver, squeaking explanations, attracting the Colonel's attention. This latter must not occur. Amongst the flower pots she felt extremely guilty. She left the conservatory and approached him, till she, too, stood in the hedge opposite.

"You called me?" she asked, her face crimson.

Mr. Bond was red as well, possibly through the exertion of climbing the higher bank.

"Oh! Ah!" he said. "Yes. I called you."

Really it was very difficult. Again he waved the sixpence at her. Somebody was coming down the Lane between them, he could hear footsteps. He'd get it over quickly.

"You got the wrong tobacco."

Bless the man! Why couldn't he be sensible and take no notice. It was only sixpence. I suppose I oughtn't to have done it, she thought, but I knew he wanted the Tiverton's. He mustn't be silly about it.

"Oh! it doesn't matter if I did make a mistake. It really doesn't."

"But it does! I really can't —"

Dear, dear. He ought to be smacked. She said as she would have done to Tristram, "Don't be silly, Mr. Bond."

He opened his mouth and the pipe fell out. He went scarlet.

"Really —"

But at that moment, a voice too well known greeted them. Beneath in the Lane, stood Stuart Rivington.

"Now you two," he said with a wicked leer.

Mr. Bond slipped, disappeared from view.

Next morning Miss Rivington received a short note and one sixpence.

She went and cried in her bedroom.

Mr. Bond, after giving the two ounces of Tiverton's to a laborer who couldn't smoke it, felt like crying as well.

So by two acts of apparent kindness, Erica Rivington made three enemies. Because she and Mr. Bond were both very stupid but nice people, their relations were of the most frigid order for the next few months.

Tristram came home for Christmas and his aunt made a half-hearted attempt to introduce a seasonable spirit into High Silver, but failed to do so. She was all the time in a state of extreme misery because Mr. Bond had not asked her in person to help with the church decorations. She was anxious, too, about the boy. He related all the happenings at Mostyn Haven: talked of "Loftus" in a manner which made her wonder if his attitude was not as much one

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of admiration as of dislike; hinted at a number of things, but left her always, it seemed, at a mid-point of the narrative. The truth was there were certain things he could not tell, and she in turn could not follow the clues he gave her. Once or twice she attempted to regain his confidence which she considered lost, but which was in reality only manifested in a different way. Each time she was frustrated.

She'd asked once: "What's wrong with Loftus, Tristram?"

She had said it quite bluntly and far too directly. The subject was to him too painful to be broached so openly.

"Oh! he's all right," Tristram had said. "But he's smutty."

That had worried her a great deal. She had thereupon lectured him to the best of her ability and had blundered. It had driven him into himself, and he was sorry that he had ever mentioned the subject since it so worried her. Now that the first term was over, he felt more confident of himself.

He asked her one day, if he could have knickers that buckled below the knee. There must be buckles, not buttons.

"Oh, but why, Tristram? Two new suits and hardly worn. We can't afford it."

"But it's awfully important, Auntie Erica."

How could it be important, she'd wondred. It was some childish fad.

"Everybody else has them, Auntie Erica."

He failed to convince her of what was to him a real and vital necessity. It was the barrier to his happiness at school. The nickname of "Galahad" had stuck; he didn't mind it. It was better than some of them, "Snotty Face", "Pee-legs", "Ikey Mo". But the knickers were catastrophic. They branded him and he suffered under the continual running fire of taunts. Small boys at preparatory schools can endure unspeakable tortures of mind and body.

But Tristram at this time could only perceive that many terms must elapse ere his first irretrievable mistake should be buried. He supposed in time the already well worn joke would be forgotten, but three months is eternity to a small boy. He went back to Mostyn Haven for his second term in very low spirits.

Edna Lauderdale wrote a week later to Stuart Rivington. The old man called Erica down to his study, when she was helping Emily to make the beds and could ill afford the time. For months now there had been comparative peace in High Silver. She saw at once that he was angry. His hands were clenched on his knees and he sat facing her squarely.

"What the devil," he asked, "do you mean by giving me away to the Lauderdales?"

"To Edna — Frank, Father?"

"Yes! Who else do I mean? And answer my question."

Some dreadful complication had come about. What was it now? It was months and months since he'd looked so grim and terrible.

"I only wrote . . . ." she faltered. "Edna wrote to me about Frank and Tulleys . . . I didn't give you away father . . . really I didn't . . . ."

"What did you want to write for at *all?*"

"Oh! Father," she said at last, "what else could I do? Edna wrote, father, so hurt, so upset. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I couldn't. So I wrote and said I was sorry but I never mentioned one word of what I knew. Truly, truly."

He made no response but merely smiled at her, a most wicked and cunning smile that made her catch at her throat and lean back against the wall for support. She moistened her lips and tried to speak.

"Father," it was almost a whisper. "Father, for God's sake . . . ."

He tilted his chin still higher, the smile curving, his yellow teeth bare. He moved towards her, on tip-toe, almost prancing, creeping silently up to her, till he stood above her. His face was quite bloodless, on each temple a zig-zag vein wriggled upwards into his thin hair.

When he spoke it was very softly, and close as he was she could not feel his breath against her forehead.

"Being kind again, Erica? Eh?"

She gave a queer involuntary sob that shook her.

"Being kind, Erica?"

She covered her face with her hands and broke into a torrent of weeping, crouching against the wall, blinded with tears, shutting out the sight of his anger.

She heard his footsteps shuffling across the room, heard the door creak and softly close. He had left her.

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For the rest of that day she went about her duties, dazed and ill. By four o'clock she was climbing up Deepy Lane; the high hedges on each side dull green and moist with a shower just passed. Ahead at the end of the twisting lane, was High Silver and all it stood for; gray days, long nights, loneliness and loneliness . . . .

She had so much love to give and never one to lavish it upon. Connie was dead; father refused it; Tristram was away, learning new things, making friends other than herself, taking her affection for granted as indeed he should; Mr. Bond had been very very cool with her; Edna and Frank despised and held her in contempt. She seemed to hear again that low silky voice,

"Being kind, Erica, h'er? Being kind?"

She shuddered, scrambled off the heap of stones, plodded once more up the hill. Within ten minutes she could see the light of a window in High Silver, a pale square of yellow, the study window with the blind down. Behind the blind, *he* was writing, his neat fine calligraphy spreading line by line, sheet by sheet: spinning like a sinister spider, a web of malice and lies, to Scaife and Roxborough and Bath. Suddenly she remembered it was the third Friday.

To the left, sparkling between a dark clump of trees, shone another light, very bright, shining through a window with no curtains down. A cheery welcome sort of a light, open and frank. She gazed at it till the tears swam again across her vision, gazed with the evening mist wet on her smooth broad face; walking slowly now, trying to forget that curtained window on her right, trying to imagine what it would be like to enter that other room in the house opposite where *he* sat, his bald head more polished than ever under the lamp, his red chubby face all smiling because she was coming to *their* room to trim the spills, to give a touch here and there, to sit by the fire with him in drowsy happy silence, someone to look after, someone to love.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Shocking Aunt Jane

Are American novelists standing on their heads, merely to shock Aunt Jane? Or are they standing Aunt Jane on her head? The English critic, J. B. Priestley, inferred as much in his article in the May FORUM. *An admirable opportunity, this, to "see oursel's as ithers see us":*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I liked the Priestley article, though I gather from it that the English critic reads only those books ballyhooed by that delightful but tempestuous gentleman, Mr. H. L. Mencken. I call Mr. Priestley's attention, not too respectfully, to that amusing, trenchant, and highly readable writer of American fiction, Edna Ferber.

EDNA FERBER.

New York.

As a Canadian, standing upon middle ground, Mr. Coalfleet can take a shot at both camps with impunity:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Priestley makes a skilful diagnosis of a chronic ailment to which American literature is subject, but in pointing out the limitations of revolt as a theme he is putting upon novelists a burden of proof which should, in my opinion, be borne by the people American novelists write about. It may be true that young American writers delight in shocking Aunt Jane, but it's fairer to say that some of the characters in their books are intent on that fell design, and these characters must be assumed to be representative of American society, the inevitable source of literary material. Mr. Priestley reproves American novelists for adopting an attitude rather than a philosophy; but are Americans alone remiss in this respect? Aren't most novelists the world over content with an attitude? Of course every so often each nation produces a great novelist whose art blazes high enough to throw off a philosophical flare, but even he is a philosopher only secondarily, and more than likely he owes a heavy debt to some contemporary or slightly antecedent Comte or Bergson. In any case, a good American novel reveals the soul of Oshkosh to most of us as clearly as a good English novel reveals the soul of Huddersfield; the one soul may seem more barren than the other, — but that shifts the ground of the discussion.

Mr. Priestley would have American writers become serene and produce tranquil, reflective tomes. But what happens when the American writer retires to his tower? From its windows youth is very much in evidence, and very rebellious; there actually *is* Aunt Jane being stood on her head. Can he then in justice to art and truth turn to his typewriter, report Auntie squarely on her feet, God in his heaven, etc? If he doesn't portray the American youth going on from Aunt Jane to more doughty, more constructive exploits, it is doubtless because, from his window, he sees no sign of them. For that the youth should be blamed rather than the novelist.

Meanwhile what are Mr. Priestley's fellow-Britons doing? A good many of them are turning out hundreds of pages about cynical, bobbed-haired young ladies

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seeking jobs at three pound ten a week to help pay the taxes on mouldy manor houses inherited by degenerate brothers, and the American critic is tempted to retort, "The trouble with English writers is that they're forever mooning about a social group that's dead and won't lie down. It's 1926, God's in hiding, all's dubious with the world, and there's surely something more significant afoot than the disintegration of the Forsytes or the lost opportunities of Mrs. Aldwinkle. If Americans are obsessed with Revolt, your new masters are rather overdoing I am dying, Egypt, dying."

On the other hand, if Mr. Priestley is harsh in his judgment of the American's attitude, he is merciful in his judgment of the American's style. The distressing fact is that very few American novelists have a palate or an ear; just as they prefer cocktails to old wine and jazz to chamber music, so they prefer words that kick, and careless harmonies and jerky rhythms that appeal to motor rather than brain centres. For every anaemic English novel penned by a fine hand there are three robustious American novels that sound as though they had been written by foot. Just as American singers have secret aspirations for phonographic recognition, so American novelists have aspirations for film reproduction, and their subconscious eye is focused on a possible ten-million audience with all the dreadful concessions that implies. And if the American reading public, a shockingly tolerant body, continues to encourage lazy thinking and slovenly rhetoric in its literary pets, it will be one more triumph for the democracy which has vandalized so many other proud fortresses.

PIERRE COALFLEET.

New York.

Hear, Hear!

Editor of THE FORUM:

You were most kind to send me that charming bound FORUM for March,—the handsomest piece of magazine bookmaking I have ever seen. I love the black boards, the brilliant little orange "FORUM" in the corner, the flatness with which it opens, the beautiful paper and print, and above and beyond all, the blessed absence of the double columns, which I have hated all my life. You have produced a very distinguished looking article.

I have read with interest most of THE FORUM's contents, though I am "complexionally averse" to controversy. It seldom takes hold of my mind, and it is so compactly prejudiced. Of course, I am prejudiced myself, but I don't want other people to share my prejudices. I don't even want strangers to share my tastes, though a community of tastes is the best possible foundation of friendship.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The March FORUM is a splendid number, and you may well be proud of it. There is not an article in it that I could not (and have not) read. That's the highest praise I can give a magazine. And there is only one that made me "mad"; that's high praise too. It is Stoddard's. Any man who can say there are only seventeen or eighteen million Jews in the world is blind. I have counted more than that in New York, not once but often.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

New York.

$50,000 Professors

Scores of writers have pointed out to us the fallacies in the arguments made by Frank Bohn, in the October issue, who advocated "Fifty Thousand Dollars for Professors". Professor Joseph Jastrow has this to say:

Editor of THE FORUM:

As a dramatic gesture to compel attention to a pressing situation, the "$50,000 professor" may serve,—hardly as a slogan for a campaign of relief. The fallacy is that of the false approach; as a solution it is as unsuited as aldermanic banquets for the underfed. The professor is subject to a variously handicapped life; his poverty adds to his discomfort but is more disastrous in that it is responsible for much of his maladjustment. The diagnosis of his "case" requires a clinically intimate study of the untoward conditions that beset him, thwarting his ambitions, devitalizing his energies, making an obstacle race of his career. The fallacy of the

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glorified salary is glaring in that it makes an idol of the financial criterion, which is foreign to every proper spirit and conduct of the academic venture. The Greek idea, — to have the professor teach without pay, — though regrettably impracticable, is a true solution in so far as it aims to ennoble by avoiding the taint of money. Its consistency and purpose are unassailable, — to safeguard academic freedom; and this the professor must retain despite being paid. The freedom implies freedom *from* as well as freedom *in;* release from the too constant intrusion of the wearing concerns of living as well as from commercial or democratic pressure, or the alien interests of organized wealth or organized politics; freedom in the secure pursuit of his calling, and in the right appraisal of his needs and services.

The properly principled professor resents the estimate of his worth by the figures of his income tax. Not having entered the calling to make money, he is not embarrassed by his conspicuous failure as a financier. The most modest violet in the profession may share with Agassiz the distinction of having no time to make money. The properly principled professor resents the attempts of the authorities or of the public to measure or reflect his merit by his salary. The fallacy of the "dollar" appraisal is the same however applied. The proposal of a gold cure for academic ills is no less incongruous because intended as complimentary; it harbors the same misappraisal, and is projected upon the American horizon by reflection from the commercial-mindedness of an extravagant nation. Is not professoring as important as lawyering, demanding at least as high qualities? Why should not the gifted professor have the same income as the great corporation lawyer?

But why not add the movie idol or the baseball hero? Financial standards are precarious as well as irrelevant. Large incomes often go to those who help others to make larger incomes. The pressure of commercial competition in limited fields is germane, if it serves to demonstrate the value of the professor in other markets, but it must not be misused to justify the sacrifice of principle. Academic needs, — and salary is one and but one of them, — must be determined by academic standards and principles. So far as it is true that "our distinguished minds do not seek out the university . . . flee from it as from a desert isle; . . . are inquiring how they can escape the poverty and the drudgery" the situation must be met, but not by bank-notes alone.

Inclination, fitness, and contented adjustment in the academic career is temperamentally determined; the cherished quality is not common among the money-minded. But this argument need not be closely pursued because it is so slightly relevant. The professor has a salary for the incredibly simple reason that he is expected to pay his bills. There is no more merit in this customary ceremony than in keeping out of jail. A university that would prefer to pay the professorial bills could dispense with the inconvenience of salaries.

What impresses the clear-headed objective observer is the colossal folly and inefficiency of the actually operative system. Millions upon millions are showered upon these cherished Universities of our unreefed continent, and at the very point upon which depends the working edge of the plant, — the highly specialized, rare and trained energies and expertness that are needed to make it a going concern, — all is crippled to a dull inefficiency because those energies must be spent in frittering economies that cramp and maim and deject the personnel of the enterprise.

A "close-up" view is illuminating. In a high-grade university where some professors receive $5000 and others (for reasons that may be relevant but usually are not) receive $6000, the two groups may be quite differently circumstanced toward their work and ambitions. Both may be forced or resigned to concessions and privations; but the man of lower salary may have to order his entire life almost wholly by the unfortunate compulsion of the missing income, either seeking it otherwise or wasting precious energies in devastating economies. The swimmer with his head just above and the one with his head just below the water-line are in quite different positions.

Efficacy, program, and all the freedoms and stimulations of career depend upon that margin, — none the less real for being indefinite and variable. This the public must understand. The profes-

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sor once financially saved is safe; no further application of the salary medicine will effect the cure. Doubtless he would be more comfortable and the public welfare better served if he were liberally supported but that, in more than a Kiplingesque sense, is another story.

The public should know that the maladjustment and worry and lack of edge of the professorial career is not wholly the public's fault; the sin lies on what should be the uneasy but commonly complacent heads of the administration, and their methods.

Salaries are adjusted for the wrong reasons; they are used as an instrument of influence which belongs by right only to the noblest qualities of personality. There is no formula for converting merit into dollars.

Any man wise enough to exercise such an Olympian function would certainly have sense enough not to attempt it. Again another story.

Not that the professor on a $50,000 pedestal would make a sorrier figure than many another exemplar of our social order, whose bank account is out of proportion to any other of his engaging qualities; only that the monument in scale and design singularly fails to express the worthy traits of the academic hero. Nor is it by scattering monuments upon an impoverished and uninspiring campus that salvation is to be attained. The only way to salvage a profession is by a far-seeing campaign that ennobles the entire calling and removes its disabilities. Though written twenty years ago, the words of Professor Palmer still are citable as a fitting summary:

"The idea sometimes advanced, that the professions are to be ennobled by paying them powerfully, is fantastic. Their great attraction is their removal from sordid aims. Their members should be better protected against want, anxiety, neglect, and bad conditions of labor. To do his best work, one needs not merely to live but to live well. Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do. No professional man, then, thinks of giving according to measure. Once engaged he gives his best, his personal interest, himself."

JOSEPH JASTROW.

Madison, Wis.

In the Name of God

Letters continue to pour in, commenting on our Confession of Faith series. Some readers call our series "sedatives", others call it "dangerous drivel", and many suggest denominations we have slighted. Any overlooked in this list?

Editor of THE FORUM:

Permit me to say that I am very much interested in the series of religious confessions being published in THE FORUM during the year 1926. Why not continue the series throughout 1927? There are enough denominations in the Christian church to give you an interesting series for three years.

Below I am giving you a list of denominations which you might choose from if you can continue the series longer than one year.

Disciples. Campbell was the founder. There are two or three branches. This denomination is much larger than six of the denominations which are represented in THE FORUM this year. They number about 2,000,000 members in the U. S. and have spread to other countries. It is the only large denomination which has originated in America.

Moravians. Every member of this denomination is a missionary. I understand that John R. Mott, the great Y. M. C. A. man, is a member of this denomination. About 100,000 in U. S.

United Brethren.

Plymouth Brethren. Have no church government at all. No ordination, etc.

(NOTE: The two last named denominations are separate and distinct, and have no connection.)

Evangelical.

Reformed. Dutch and German.

Holiness bodies. Of these bodies the Nazarenes are the most sensible, and the Church of God and the Penticostals the most extreme. The two latter named bodies are often called Holy Jumpers, etc., and claim to speak with tongues.

Adventists.

Seven-Day Adventists.

(NOTE: These two last named denominations are separate and distinct.)

Universalists.

Mennonites.

Salvation Army.

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Christian Alliance. Not really a denomination. Formed for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to places where no denominations have ever gone.

Orthodox. Greek and Russian.

Russellites.

Old Catholic. Reformed. Broke away from the Roman Catholic last century, I think.

Covenanters. A branch of the Presbyterian Church. They will not vote or hold political office.

Reformed Episcopalian. A small sect.

Non-church Christians. Of course, you understand that I mean Christians who do not belong to any denomination.

Waldensians. What few of these come to America soon become members of other Protestant churches. They have no organization in the U. S., so far as I have been able to learn, but for several hundred years they have constituted the main force of Protestants in Italy, and no sect ever presented a more glorious and brave band of oppressed.

There are several other sects which may be of interest to know about.

CARLOS M. WHITLOCK.

Vicco, Ky.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Just received my first copy of THE FORUM a few days ago, and was a trifle flabbergasted to learn that religious "controversy" as understood by the editors, consists in presenting to the readers of your magazine a long series of articles on "Why I Am A Presbyterian" etc., etc., with apparently only one article that gets at the heart of things, the one by Carl Van Doren.

It is rather discouraging to contemplate such an apotheosis of the academic, especially after reading such a gem as "Communities under Presbyterian influence are God-fearing, law-abiding, *intelligent*, and independent." Isn't that awful tosh? Is there any one of even average intelligence that really believes that?

With a majority of the most intelligent people rejecting Christianity, why, if you think it true (even from a pragmatic standpoint), don't you have a few articles of basic interest? Take the historicity of Jesus, for example; no less a scholar than George Brandes has come out flat-footed in denial of the existence of such a person. A discussion of that would be interesting; or of the relation of Christianity to Judaism. Or why most of our scientists reject Christianity. Or what the relation of Christianity is to crime. Or why any sane person should be a Christian. Or why the Japs, who are not Christians, are "law-abiding, intelligent, and independent." (But perhaps they are not!)

Lothrop Stoddard is always readable and interesting, although I think that both he and Wiggam are rather absurd when they begin to manipulate the Jukes and Edwards families.

However, the FORUM is undoubtedly eminently respectable; and I make no doubt that all the articles will be within the bounds of strict propriety, even if not palpably thought-compelling. It seems to be the antithesis of the American Mercury, which possibly has spoiled me for the nonce. I am only fifty, and have yet to reach the staid and decorous frame of mind necessary for a full appreciation of your magazine.

HENRY L. HARRIS, JR.

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Continuity — Catholic versus Jewish

"Why I Am A Catholic" by G. K. Chesterton in the January issue has apparently drawn blood. Comments are caustic. Witness the following from "The Menorah Journal":

It is easy to observe that at least one error Mr. Chesterton the Catholic, perhaps out of the zeal of a convert, has not escaped, namely, the error of a child who thinks he knows more than his parent. Two thousand years of experience do indeed constitute a long record in this young Western world. Israel's continuous and recorded experience is at least half as long again, and it is infinitely richer, more varied in speculation and expression. It would ill become us to show the cockiness of a stripling! Let our longer, richer experience teach us rather a mellow wisdom, a humane scepticism. Human experience is infinite and unending; all its variations among individuals and among groups have not been plumbed. But Mr. Chesterton goes still further, for he claims:

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"The Church is not merely armed against the heresies of the past or even of the present, but equally against those of the future. . . ."

This sort of irrational and truculent cocksureness seems to me so utterly repugnant to the Jewish spirit that I need waste no words to point out that this is *not* one of the practical uses of Israel's experience that we are seeking. True, history may teach us some lessons (and misteach us more, one fears); true, religion and laws are required to keep society in order, indeed to enable men to live in society. But dogmatism of any kind, whether based on the tradition of a people or a church, or on the logic of any new system of ethics spun out of our personal consciousness — all dogmatism, religious, political, or economic, that presumes to be the *final* arbiter of right and wrong, is bound to be pernicious, immoral, because destructive of man's creative powers. The future of society is unpredictable. It is unpredictable chiefly because of the still potential capacities of mankind. The mind of man has indeed been variously mapped, but the final map (if that is conceivable) is in the mind of God alone. Despite all wise laws to the contrary, human nature itself may well change, at least express itself and mold its environment in new ways. We have before us now a signal illustration. For our modern Western world, and increasingly the hoary East, is metamorphosed by the advance of science and industry. The question is whether science and industry shall destroy the human race or release unprecedented spiritual energies among us. Perhaps this tremendous issue will be fought out mainly in America.

In a way, the first Hebrew fought out a much earlier incarnation of this issue. That is what made him the *Urvater* of Judaism. Abram destroyed the idols of his father Terah and became Abraham, father of our people. A sentimentalist might say that idol-breaking is the Jewish métier in history. At all events, we, the children of Abraham, are called upon to give our allegiance not to Terah, but to Torah; not to fixed dogmatic idolatrous mechanical power, but to Torah, which is rational teaching, ever-growing interpretation by the minds of our most learned in every generation. Of this Jewish history is the record.

Jewish history is the record of much more, of course. Think of Jewish history as the Memoirs of Israel. Imagine Israel narrating his life story (which, very long as it is, is still far from ended) — Israel narrating from memory, buttressed by various sorts of mementos and records, manuscripts, books, monuments, the fascinating tale of his adventures — his struggles, experiments, defeats, victories, martyrdoms, joys, accomplishments, futilities; of his experience and products in every field of human endeavor, of his relations with all sorts of peoples from ancient Chaldeans and Egyptians down to American Baptists. The sheer human interest of it all! Every one of us, children of Israel, may partake of this marvelous experience, may vicariously share in the multiform expressions of Israel, so far as we are willing to bring study and imagination to the enterprise.

If, then, we do not expect or desire to gain from our long history that omniscience and moral certitude which Mr. Chesterton and his coreligionists find in the Church, we can win something far more precious. For us Jewish history means first of all our stream of continuity, our enlarged personality: enlarged infinitely beyond the petty selves of our own body and moment. It means the spring of our being — our roots in life. It means perspective, an emotional stabilizer in the face of successive forms of anti-Semitism. It means the dignity of those who have deep roots, who feel at home in a richly furnished race memory, whose life is subsidized by the accumulated spiritual wealth of creative ancestors, which must stir up within us a sense of debt and *noblesse oblige*.

HENRY HURWITZ.

New York.

Benevolent Benito

"Is Democracy Doomed?" the debate in the April issue, has aroused spirited defense: Editor of THE FORUM:

Reading THE FORUM for April, one can see that it is easy to get excited over a man like Mussolini. The "Man on Horseback" who is always just round the corner. The foundations of society are always about to be overturned. Most of us have not passed beyond the stage of hero

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worship. We see visions of the marvelous and we are prone to nightmares.

Mussolini represents the type of government known as that of the Benevolent Despot, — somewhat like that, for instance, of Porfirio Diaz in Mexico. So far as efficiency and order are concerned, that type is excellent. Its fatal defect is the difficulty of finding a succession of despots that are intelligent and benevolent. The teachings of history show that it can not be done. The Roman Emperors furnish conspicuous examples.

On the other hand, the revolt in Italy demonstrates that the French egalitarian doctrines are a failure — in Italy. The service that Italy is performing for mankind is to demonstrate to the world that absolute democracy is uncongenial to the Latin mind and temperament. We have a large number of Latins in the Western Hemisphere between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn, living under forms of government professedly democratic but actually despotisms and generally the reverse of benevolent. Another concrete example.

Rightly interpreted, the great question now before the political world is not whether a republic is the best form of government, but whether universal suffrage is a necessary condition of such a government. To the student of political science it is very evident that the more advanced portion of the human race has reached a stage of evolution where it rejects the theory of one-man power, but with the inconsistency of us mortals, we have rushed from one extreme to another. From the absurdity of the Divine Right of Kings we jumped to the equally absurd position represented by Vox Populi Vox Dei.

In other words, the future historian will probably record the fact that in the first half of the twentieth century the more intelligent portion of the human race began to ask itself seriously whether the hastily adopted doctrine of the equality of all men was a biological and social truth. Incidentally a man named Mussolini in Italy was at the head of such a faction in Mediterranean countries. The specialist in American history will note the same social movement in the exclusion of Chinese and Japanese first and of European immigrants on a percentage basis later. He will note the lavish expenditure on public schools and the special attention given to the study of Civics in the first quarter of the century.

In short, the doctrine of Universal Suffrage is on trial.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, Ill.

Are Americans Pharisees?

Editor of The Forum:

I have just been talking to an American who has hit upon a simple plan for eliminating the difficulties which beset the world on account of the differences between peoples. "Everyone can keep his own language," he concedes generously, "but in addition learn English. That will make it easy for them to learn the way we do things and the world will go forward centuries in one generation." Time was when I would have been amused at the simplicity of his idea but not since observing the attitude of my fellow countrymen in our insular possessions. I was educated to believe that we are an adaptable, imaginative people, that the essential characteristic of a Yankee was his ability to learn something from everyone he met. This is certainly not true of the Americans who have gone to the islands, and I would like to raise the question whether we were ever an adaptable people and if we were once adaptable and have now lost that characteristic, how has it come about and what does it really signify?

Here in Porto Rico one watches American women pay high prices for food imported from New York, making little or no attempt to utilize the wealth of native products; one hears constant criticism of the island which takes into consideration not what Porto Rico has to offer but only what it lacks of New York or of Keokuk; one meets Americans who have been for years in Porto Rico without learning to speak Spanish; and one hears the term "pig-headed" applied automatically to customs and usages merely because they are different from ours.

I have read various articles charging American corporations with selfish exploitation of the Porto Ricans, and I have seen enough of this absentee landlordism to justify the charge, and in the past I have seen astonishing actions on the part

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of officials whom our government has sent to the island. We are, I think, hardened to the idea that our corporations should be selfish and our government politically-minded and unresponsive, but that individual Americans should be stupid is not so easy to swallow. Is it the war which has made us so sure that ours is the only way? Is it our standardized education which has unfitted us to think in new terms? Or is it that our whole development has been due far more to ruthlessness and far less to adaptability and intelligence than we have been brought up to believe?

VALESKA BARI.

San Juan, Porto Rico.

True Americanism

The ocean, according to this writer, is no longer a barrier but a pathway:

Editor of the FORUM:

The man who understands Americanism, who is a believer in the principles of our Federal Republic, must learn to think, as thousands of Americans have learned to think, not only nationally but internationally.

One phase of Americanism has been expressed by the enormous service rendered with the resources of our country in helping the suffering communities of Europe.

Another phase of Americanism was emphasized when our boys in khaki and our boys in blue took their part with the armies of England and of France in opposing the attempt of military imperialism to dominate the civilized world.

Our Americanism has upon it the responsibility not only of helping to make the world safe for democracy, but of making democracy safe for the world.

The government of our Republic has been utilized as a model by the citizens of Czecho-Slovakia, working under the wise direction of President Masaryk; to some extent by the leaders in Jugo-Slavia, and to some extent also by those who are shaping the government of Poland.

If American institutions are to constitute an example to the world, the responsibility rests upon Americans of seeing to it that, not only for securing peace with justice at home, but for the exercise of a full measure of American influence by American service abroad, our American democracy can properly be referred to as a model.

We hold that when America does its part in the work of the world, not only the citizens of our Republic but believers throughout the world in the principles of representative government will come to understand the purport and the purpose of Americanism.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

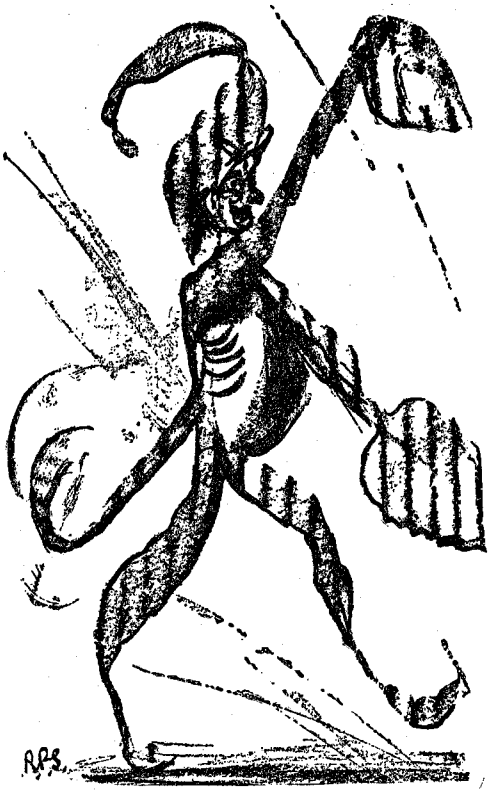
New York.

The Devil May Care

The Devil came swinging down the trail
Flapping his fore-paws and wagging his tail.
"Oh, now I am sure that I cannot fail!"
Gleefully cried the Devil.
"They're scrapping their battleships, fast and fair,
They're less on the sea and they're more in the air.
If Hell should break loose — well, the Devil may
care!"
Oh, he was a right smart Devil!

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

New York.



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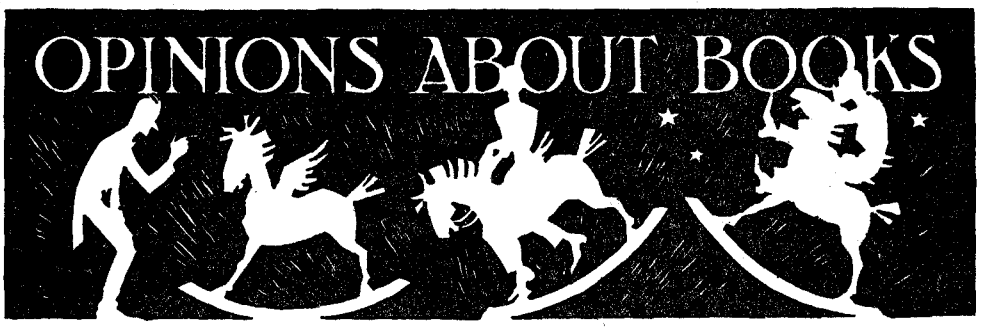

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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Our Times

Mr. Mark Sullivan's book (OUR TIMES. *The Turn of the Century*—1900–1904. Scribners, $5.00) is as curious and unexpected as the themes and episodes with which it deals. As you turn its opening pages or look merely at its illustrations you are amused by the changes,—in the fashions, in the ways of life, and in the personalities of the men and women of what were once our times. For example, I see in their teens or young manhood the people I once knew in America in their maturity or as "sages",—an epithet of the Nineties,—or as grave and reverend seniors. I see Fifth Avenue as I first saw it, all horses and no motors. I see an old-fashioned Washington, physical and psychical. I recall Mark Hanna, Lodge, Wood, Root, Taft, Roosevelt, Hay, Mark Twain, Gould Adams, Howells, Bryan, Mayor Hewitt, Rufus Choate, and a dozen other celebrities as I encountered them a quarter of a century ago. I recall the old streets and roads, the old "Surreys", the old fashions, and the "young girls" and younger "dudes".

All this is pleasant enough but not new,—one has seen the thing done before, though I admit that it is very well done by Mr. Sullivan. He has a "flick" in the nib of his pen, which is distinctly diverting. What makes his book noteworthy is the very able and concise story of the essential thing which marked "the turn of the century in America", and enables it, if we know how to read the signs of the times, to afford us vital lessons and examples applicable to the present day.

The last five years of the nineteenth century and the first five of the twentieth were in America years of ominous anxiety and restlessness,—almost years of revolution,—and this in spite of the fact that American expansion, physical and mental, geographical and scientific, was proceeding at a yearly increasing pace. The population was growing greater, by natural expansion and by immigration. The area of wild undiscovered land was rapidly shrinking to extinction. The men of science and the inventors were opening new windows in every direction. The students of politics and sociology were making new plans and discovering new roads to betterment. Only in the industrial and commer-

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cial spheres was there fear, anger, suspicion, and stagnation.

What was the cause? The cause was one often in existence before, but strangely almost always ignored and forgotten directly the immediate trouble had passed. There is no more inevitable deduction to be made in the economic and political history of mankind than that whenever there is a shortage of currency, or, to speak more accurately, of legal tender, and of the credit which rests thereon, there is social unrest. Men's minds and bodies at such times are wracked by the imperative need to expand trade and by the equally imperative opposition to expansion, offered by what are vaguely called "commercial conditions". The victim is bound, and therefore maddened by chains he cannot break. The patient is suffocated by the opression on his lungs, caused by insufficient air, and in either case delirium is the result. Then suddenly some accident loosens or breaks the chains or opens the windows and immediate relief follows.

That is just what happened in America in the turn of the century, and in Europe at the close of the Hungry Forties. In both cases the disease and the remedy were the same. It had also been the same, though the exhibition was less violent, in the twenties of the nineteenth century, that is, a hundred years ago.

There was not enough money in America in the period from 1894 to 1904 to serve the needs of the nation. The deflation after the civil war was deliberate and thorough. Further, it coincided with a vastly augmented population, and with an increasing scramble throughout Europe for gold for currency and yellow metal bank reserves,— a scramble which at that epoch obsessed men's minds "from China to Peru", and made Bismarck declare that five men were struggling to cover themselves with one blanket. The world, and especially America, was short of the media of exchange, short of trucks with which to get away the goods. But to manufacture goods and not to be able to move them for want of rolling stock is always a tragedy. Men who are hungering and thirsting for material comforts and necessaries are apt for insurrection, when they cannot have them, not because they do not exist, but because they cannot be got to them owing to there not being enough wagons and trucks. The last straw is the knowledge, as often as not unconscious, that the shortage is largely due to laws making it compulsory to use a large proportion of a rare yellow metal in the composition of all rolling-stock. Such an impression, if realized, will work like madness in the brain.

In America at the turn of the century it very nearly did work like madness, and would almost certainly have done so if a happy accident had not intervened and saved the situation. Just as at the end of 1848 the world was saved from a series of bloody revolutions by the discovery of the Californian gold fields and the resultant expansion of currency and credit, so in 1904 or nearby, salvation came from the chemical discoveries which enabled gold to be cheaply extracted by the cyanide processes. These discoveries made the Rand Mines yield up their vast stores of gold. Instead of mankind being crucified on a cross of gold, they were carried away from the place of execution in a beautiful new gold coach! This is the kernel of the story told with great insight, power, and the full sympathy of comprehension by Mr. Sullivan.

Ancient history? Yes, but it has an immense importance and value for the world in general, and for Britain in particular. Owing to the ignorance and self-complacency of financiers and politicians and Treasury officials, and to the bad example they are setting to the rest of the world, we have been experiencing in England an epoch of currency contraction with all its attendant evils. Once more men have been made angry and sullen by the dull stupidity of the exhortation, "You may be hungry, you may be thirsty, you may be ill clothed and ill housed, but no relief can be of any avail unless it reaches you in a legitimate manner, that is, in a partially gilt wagon, and with a cloth-of-gold cover. We are sorry for the consequent delay but you must console yourself by remembering that in old days the wagons had to be made entirely of gold. We move, you will see, 'with the times'."

We are told also that the operation, though painful, is now over and that we shall soon witness an automatic increase of credit. I hope so, but I confess I have my doubts. In any case America is at present outside the golden vortex which is

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about to involve Europe, and quite possibly Britain, in unrest and confusion. But if that happens even America may feel the pinch, — "To-day *me*, to-morrow *you*."

How is it all going to end? Possibly some accident may intervene, as before. Canada may develop a vast new gold field or a new process may draw the yellow metal from rocks hitherto regarded as valueless. Again a new alchemy may turn lead into gold. But why should we wait on such hopes? Why not use our brains and our experience to give us, as they could give us, without inflation, the necessary media of exchange and evaluation?

But I am entering on dangerous ground. At the moment all I want to insist on is how well and how fairly Mr. Sullivan exhibits before our eyes how America fared at the turn of the century, and how narrowly they escaped disaster at the hands of men so maddened by delirium that they mistook poor Mr. Bryan for a prophet and a statesman.

J. St Loe Strachey.

Dean Inge's Book

How Dean Inge was ever nicknamed "gloomy" I cannot guess. It must be that speaking out is as much condemned in England as it is in the United States. He has been called gloomy because he has opinions of his own.

The Dean, as every one knows, is a man of immense learning, cyclopedic curiosity, and a facility in writing that tends to run away with him. He is a genial person, full of wholesome British prejudices and is a brave, honest man whose words do one good. From a philosophic point of view the Dean is an eclectic and builds his house out of the older historic standard materials. The foundation of it is laid in the Gospels; the doors and lintels are from Greece and Rome; there is stained glass from poets of all ages, and a private chapel, lifted out of Plotinus, which no one save the Dean has as yet dared to enter. The parts and members of the architecture do not always fit, — but do they quite in any highly documented intelligence? They would be completely harmonious only in the mind of a new Messiah.

Dean Inge continues the undying tradition of the light essay, in which a certain jauntiness is one of the conventional elements. Dr. Holmes showed insight in his title, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and the words ought to be written up over the whole shelf of British and American essayists. The names of the chapters in Dr. Inge's last book give a fair summary of the topics which have occupied the minds of thoughtful magazine-readers during the last few years. (Lay Thoughts of a Dean, Putnam's, $3.50) His subjects include the Legacy of Greece and Rome, War and Population, Page's Letters, Royalty, The Jews, The Birthrate, Cruelty to Animals, Quantity Production, Modernism, Coué, Divorce, and many other matters.

No one should read the book straight through; for one becomes fatigued over difficult points, as, for example, the boundaries between psychology and metaphysics; between organic and inorganic disease; between the practice of medicine and of healing by faith; points as to the limitation of eugencis, the possibility of nationalism in religion and, above all, the bearing of all such subjects upon the Wrath of God, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Apostles' Creed.

I pause to quote some words of the Dean apropos of public murder trials which read like a passage out of De Quincey's famous essay. "The more self respect the criminal and his family have, the more horrible is their suffering. The whole family shares in the humiliation. Their name is henceforth a disgrace. . . . Have we a right to treat a human being in this way? . . . The infliction of death should never follow automatically on conviction; it should be decided by careful investigation of the character and tendencies of the convict, the crucial question being whether he is curable or not."

The Dean feels very differently towards anarchists like Mirabeau, Trotsky, and Lenin. "These vermin are spawned by all classes. There is only one remedy, — that by which hydrophobia has been exterminated. We suppress mad dogs when they bite, for the disease is contagious." The Dean does not even suggest that a psychiatric expert should visit the revolutionist in jail and see whether he be "curable".

There are two of these essays which

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strike me as the best, the first for its beauty, the second for its truth: "Happy People", and "Spoon Feeding".

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

Smaranda

Lord Thomson is an unusual man, and since this is a chronicle of his own adventures during the war, it follows that SMARANDA (Doran, $2.50) is an unusual book, — at least the first hundred and thirty pages that set forth his war experiences. The first part is, he explains, the tale of a "General Y — who is dead". But no one will be deceived by that. When the war ended it found Lord Thomson a Brigadier General attached to the Allied Supreme War Council, with a fine record to his credit and a career still before him. He surprised his associates by resigning. Five wars and the Treaty of Versailles had made it impossible for him to believe any longer in armies or wars as a means of settling human problems. He went back to England, convinced his friends he had committed suicide when he joined the Labor Party, inveighed against the peace of Versailles, and set himself to enter Parliament on the radical side. Then when the Labor Party won its way to the government of England, Lord Thomson entered Ramsay MacDonald's cabinet as Minister for Air Defense. Brigadier General Thomson of the regular army *had* died; Lord Thomson of Cardington had taken his place.

Americans who have heard Lord Thomson speak need no assurance that he a most skilled narrator. This book confirms his talent, for these are charmingly written sketches etched upon a background of his devotion fo "Smaranda", a war-time dweller in Bucharest. The figure of this brilliant woman, and the writer's waiting upon her, lend much charm and detract not in the least from the historical value of the stories. Rather they enhance the extraordinary artistry of the narration. There are thrills enough to suit anybody, such as the torpedoed transport which sank before Lord Thomson's eyes in the Mediterranean; his dash in a motor car at seventy miles an hour through an advance guard of the Germans in Roumania; his destruction of the oil wells, for it was he who under orders carried out this monstrous act; — these are all set forth with skill and charm and humor and self-detachment, and the lovely and touching Smaranda turns up throughout the pages. There is no denying the conclusion that a most unusual writer has been suppressed and refused his legitimate expression by Lord Thomson's wearing of the King's uniform. He is young enough to give the hope that he will do much more worth while writing in the intervals of Labor Governments.

Not that the book is always even. Lord Thomson's powers of description are remarkable in his "Tale of Western Thrace" in seven chapters which concludes the book, yet it betrays the inexperience of the neophyte. But the record of his war-time thoughts and acts offsets any shortcomings. He was not only a thoroughly disillusioned soldier; he was an extraordinary prophet both during the war and the peace negotiations. The pity of it was that men such as he could not have played a greater rôle in the making of the peace that remains a monument of folly. Meanwhile he is happy in his new career, his new crusade, his new battles. This is what he thinks of his new associates:

"There is a Messianic side to the Labour Movement which makes a strong appeal. Some of the men and women working in it are the salt of the earth, a tonic and an inspiration to less fervent souls. They are not so sectarian as is commonly supposed, nor half so ignorant of the world as many much cleverer people with impenetrable minds. Of course there are humbugs in our ranks, but so there are in every party, and certainly more cant is preached in the name of patriotism than on the prospects of Utopia."

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Some Recent Verse

Verse is manufactured, poetry is created. From the output of the last few months I have selected three books as representing something more than facility of rhythm and ingenuity of phrase. Since the perception of first-hand intensity is so largely a matter of personal reaction in the reader, it is probable that few critics will agree with the choice. Differing as they do, however, both in form and content, these volumes are, in my judgment,

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all written in what one may call blood of the spirit. They are NEW YORK AND OTHER POEMS, by Mary Dixon Thayer (Dorrance, $1.75), TIGER JOY, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Doran, $1.75), and FIDDLER'S FAREWELL, by Leonora Speyer (Knopf, $2.00).

It is at the inclusion of Miss Thayer's book that most critics will cavil. Not only is there nothing novel in the substance, there is often difficulty in the "carry through" from one stanza to another, so that instead of the tiny world which a unified poem should be, we find only a string of islands. Critics of the up-to-date or "spasmodic" school will also object that there is here no faddism of imagery and will therefore deny to the volume all originality whatsoever. Let such critics note the words of Mr. Struthers Burt in a recent preface: "The trouble with most revolutionists, political or artistic, is that they persistently mistake method for essence."

It is the essence of poetry that Miss Thayer gives us; she has, indeed, a sincerity and enthusiasm in which Emerson would have found the very soul of originality. And though she is always spontaneous, she is by no means undisciplined. Her present collection of lyrics is a great advance over her former *Songs of Youth* in firmness of phrase, freedom of rhythm, and even more in variety and depth of thought. She has discovered how to transform experience rather than to transcribe it. For instance, she has a predilection for trees, but it is not mere trees that she gives us, it is a woodland chapel,

Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind.

Her shrine, to be sure, is very different from that which Keats would have dedicated to Psyche. Similarly her love poems build not so much a record as an ideal faith of love, an American *Vita Nuova*.

It is hard to give an idea of Miss Thayer's verse in brief quotation, since her gift is for atmosphere and mood, not for detail. Her title poem voices the strident challenge of New York:

Come to me, Youth of the Ages!
Come to me, clear-eyed and free!
I shall awake you and break you
And make you suffer with me.

More typical is a passage from Autumn:

A leaf, in falling, touched my cheek.
It said, "I love you. Do not speak. . . ."

A more classic tenderness breathes in many of the love sonnets, and the "Prayers" seem wrought rather in the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi than of to-day. Perhaps it is in the very un-modernity of most of her book that one feels the authentic inspiration of Miss Thayer's poetry. Genuine feeling, far from complying with fashion, always refuses to be dated.

Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét has up to now been chiefly known for his dramatic vigor, romantic color, and irony. He has always shown a striking talent for externals, whether of incident or description, and in so far has been a relief from the ego-spouting school now wallowing in the wake of Whitman. But the very fact of Benét's reserve about himself should have been evidence that when he did begin to express his inner nature he would speak with refinement and significance. This he does in the present group of ballads and lyrics. The title of the book would suggest a preponderance of savagery, and some savagery, to be sure, there is. The healthy type to which pirate-loving boys are addicted greets us in "The Hemp" and "Moon Island"; the sex-emphasizing, decency-jolting type claims the narrative "King David", in which the story of Bathsheba is made unpleasant and unmeaning by a skilful primitivism of tone. The youthful artist may for the nonce enjoy vulgarizing what is noble and beautiful, but one hopes that Mr. Benét has now grown past the wish to perpetuate such another piece of bad taste as "King David".

In most of "Tiger Joy" the mood is very far from savagery. A hearty pantheism steeps the splendid "Ballad of William Sycamore", that condensed epic of the pioneer settler, which closes,

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.

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More dashing is the story of the Georgia fiddlers' contest in "The Mountain Whippoorwhill", a masterpiece in suggesting the effects of music in words. Humor and sentiment are well balanced.

Big Tom Sargent was the first in line;
He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-potato-vine.

Spirituality and earthliness made a good blend, as witness Burns, John Hay, and Vachel Lindsay.

Very different from the narratives are the personal lyrics of the volume. Here the mysticism of the seeker is clearly prevalent. It is, to be sure, a search for truth rather than for mere beauty, as we note in the symbolism of "X-ray"; which, disregarding "mortal comeliness", pursues

The passionless search for the eternal bone.

Still Mr. Benét does, in the phrase of Lowes Dickinson, "follow the truth in love." The quiet tenderness of his dedication "To Rosemary", in "A Nonsense Song", is unmistakable. With his typical reserve the poet blends into this mood a whimsicality and delicate verbal art suggestive of Mr. De la Mare. Particularly graceful are "In a Glass of Water before Retiring", "Snowfall", and "Worms' Epic".

Of the three books we have chosen, Leonora Speyer's is by all odds the weightiest, which applies almost equally to its offending and to its achievement. Rich in feeling, in experience, and in craftsmanship, it might be a series of masterpieces, — might be but for too great an insistence on its peculiar virtues. The over-emphasis of the style seems to say: "Feel the thrill of this passion, note the subtlety of this psycho-analysis, observe the harmonized involutions of these rhythms!" The total effect is often therefore, paradoxically, that the better a theme is handled the worse it is handled. How gladly would we not exchange a blatant cleverness in technique for a simpler accompaniment, "vexed by tremblings of the harper's hand!" In all art, — but particularly in poetry, which is to be not heard but overheard, — the recipient must be allowed to forget the means in the result.

This obtrusiveness of form is the more annoying in Mrs. Speyer's verse because she has always something to say. In the "Ballad of a Lost House" we have clearly a penetrating bit of biography, but are we put into quite the right mood for it by the opening line,

Hungry Heart, Hungry Heart, where have you been?

Or, to take the new version of Eden in "The Story as I Understand It", is there not obvious forcing in

See, how the apple-boughs are twisted in their pain,
Weighed down by many a red-cheeked little Cain?

This may work out on examination, but it hardly fulfils the requirement of Keats' dictum that the "progress of imagery must come naturally to the reader". The self-conscious manner of Mrs. Speyer's volume derives from several sources: partly from the strained elaborateness of Amy Lowell, partly from the archaic simplicity of Willard Wattles. Other models also suggest themselves. Of course all good styles are in some degree derivative; a master will always profit by tradition. It is true, however, I think, that a contemporary model is much more likely than a classic to warp the artist's originality. The outstanding novelty of the contemporary infects by its mere novelty, not by the fact that it is a superior form of expression; it seldom is in its unmodified state.

Despite its intrinsic vitality, there is an unpleasing garishness in *Fiddler's Farewell*. Fortunately, however, the inspiration sometimes comes through ungarnished and untarnished. This is less apt to occur with poems in a purely personal key than with those suggested by nature. Passion is Mrs. Speyer's forte, but because of her preciosity of style she is at her best when balanced by an out-of-doors theme. Some of the character studies, such as "Kleptomaniac" and "Little Lover", are delightful; and "One Version", with its modern incarnation of the Magdalene, is unforgettable. But it seems rather in the objective pieces, particularly "Of Mountains", that the poet permeates

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her medium without over-saturation. Note how artifice is forgotten in this form "Measure Me, Sky!"

Horizon, reach out,
Catch at my hands, stretch me taut,
Rim of the world!
Widen my eyes by a thought.

Here the verse quivers like the violin string of a master under the emotional stress. In "Of Mountains" this power is sustained through many moods in a symphony of varied majesty and charm that has seldom been equaled in poetry. The author's contemplation through many changes of light and weather has brought out a new spiritual inwardness of mountains. Here her personality enriches but never exploits. The very irregularity of the verse proceeds, we divine, not from any subjective cause but from the chaotic hugeness of the theme. Does not the mountain express itself in

It hurls itself forever upward,
Turned to blind granite
Beneath the glare of hostile spaces
And of skies estranged?

And yet through this hugeness, through this chaos, runs a meaning. Such is the poet's authority that we finally accept, like a vision from a conquered peak, the human symbolism:

He is the pioneer who climbs,
Who dares to climb
His own high heart. . . .

Surely, we say, "Of Mountains" is among the finest modern interpretations of nature and its author in the foremost group of poets now writing in English.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

Chirol on India

Essentially tolerant and sober-minded, reared in the best and broadest traditions of a Liberalism which while fully alive to the paramount superiority of British interests has always striven to combine them with an enlightened appreciation of the legitimate aspirations of other communities, and condemns with no uncertain voice any undue tendency towards racial discrimination whether on the part of the commercial or of the official classes, although of course local conditions and anxieties must everywhere and always be taken into account, well equipped moreover both by his temperament and training for sifting the evidence too frequently tendered before a Royal Commission, which while it. . . .

But steady on, I am getting mixed. What about its grammar? What is the subject of our sentence above? Sir Valentine Chirol is its subject. And what is its object? INDIA (Scribners, $3.00). And where is the verb, the main verb, which connects subject and object, so that we know their relationship? Where, where indeed is the main verb? I have read all the book, and still cannot find the verb. Sir Valentine did not, it is true, actually perpetuate this sentence (I did that), but it is a fair specimen of his style, — the style of a man who never uses one word where ten will suffice, and is so occupied with being weighty that he forgets to notice whether there is anything in the scales. On page 163 he cannot write "Lord Curzon". It has to be "no other than Lord Curzon himself". On page 11 he cannot write "Hinduism"; five lines of periphrasis seem preferable. When boys on page 134 can't get into State schools and are obliged to go to private ones, the private ones are "mushrooms to accommodate an overflow". Everything he touches becomes remote and formal. We have been in the company of a serious-minded man but he has not taken us to India.

What books do take us to India? They fall into three classes, I think. The books that contain firsthand details are the best, — books, for instance, like Mr. Darling's recently published monograph on the Punjab Peasant. When such books are well written, they make wonderful reading, and even when ill written they leave us no right of complaint, for they have given facts that we could not otherwise have obtained. Then, in the second place come "vivid" books that make whole tracts of India live, — *Kim*, for instance, or the delightful travel notes of Madame Sylvain Levi. And in the third place, come the unpretentious surveys, like Sir T. W. Holderness's, which offer neither expert details nor vivid reconstruction, but present well known and easily ascertainable facts in a convenient form. Had he been more mod-

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est, Sir Valentine might have written a book of this third class. He might have given us a serviceable outline of modern India, of Tilak, Gokhale, and Gandhi, of Curzon and Reading, of Swaraj, of the Dyarchy; and students of all schools would have thanked him, for he is accurate and fair-minded. But though he finds India serious he finds himself more serious still, he cannot stop prepending, circumlocuting, animadverting, encouraging, excusing, pseudo-concluding, and generally playing the super-journalist. All that he has to say could be compressed into fifty pages; the remainder of the book is a swamp of words, and, like one of his own mushrooms, I fail to accommodate its overflow.

E. M. Forster.

A New Lengwitch

Sotch a predictamint wot I'm in it, Mr. Heditor. Dun't esk! I was ridding gradually Nize Baby, wot he wrote it Milt Gross, wot it was poplished yet by Doran, with two dollars. Only I din't pay it de two dollars because I should write yet a review from de book. So I stodded upp to leff wit giggle wit snigger wit chockle so I couldn't hodly ridd wot was standing in de book. So if I couldn't ridd it, how could it come out a review? And if I don't ride de review, so maybe I'll have to give beck de book de poplisher, oder I'll grow up maybe a doity crook. But I like so moch dees book, wot I couldn't give it beck de poplisher, so wot's gonna be? And foidermore, I can't talk it raglar hinglish any more, on account how de pipple in dees book talks. Like dey didn't heard anywhere goot Hinglish, only someone maybe told dem about it. So dey trowing woids like dey was shooting maybe a gun at a target only it was in de dark de target, so de woids just hit where it's conveniable. So you could just as izzy spand your life wit cross woid puzzles, it would be izzier than to ridd dees book. Only once you stodd opp to ridd, you couldn't stop, because you got to know which Ferry Tale it's gonna tell de Mama de Nize Baby next, so de Nize Baby'll gonna itt it opp de crim from whit.

But it isn't funny dees book on account from de lengwitch, because even if it was written in goot Hinglish, de pipple anyhow would be interesting. Because a whole east side from pipple can talk wit mistakes wit grammaticable horrors, and it isn't funny, it's grivvus. But in dees book, de pipple are individuable wit interesting wit different. Foidermore, de spalling wot it looks seemply tarrible, it ain't wrong spalling, it's fanatic spalling, so when you spik it out loud hizzackly how it's spalt, you can talk gradually Milt Gross Hinglish, almost so good like maybe you was wan from de pipple in de book. Rimockable, Mrs. Feitelbaum! Seemply gudgeous!

Viola Paradise.

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